

Current Literature

A REVIEW OF THE TIMES

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CURRENT LITERATURE



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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AUGUST, 1912

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A Review of the World

The Bull-Moose Enters Our
Political Zoo.

THE hound-dog has disappeared from the political zoo. He was kicked once too often. The bull-moose remains. The chief interest just now centers upon him—his strength, his speed, his temper, and the pasture in which he is apt to find most of his provender. In other words, the National Progressive Party seems at this writing to be an assured fact. Its national convention has been called to meet in Chicago on the fifth of this month. Mr. Roosevelt has declared that he is willing to make the fight as its nominee if only one State asks him to do so. The sinews of war, it is reported, have been promised in reassuring amounts. In many States the process of organization goes forward. In a number of States there is hope of capturing the regular organization and turning it over to the new party. The courts are likely to be appealed to as a result. The voter, according to present appearances, will therefore have five different platforms to stand on this year, five different presidential candidates to vote for. He can hitch his wagon to the Republican elephant, the Democratic donkey, the Progressive bull-moose or the Prohibition camel. The Socialists have not achieved a four-footed symbol. They are too serious to deserve one.

Elements of Strength in the
New Party.

IN SOME respects the new party starts out with an unusual degree of equipment. In one month's time it has received a publicity most new parties have to struggle years to get. It has at its head the best-known man in public life in any part of the world to-day, and a man whose power as a political leader is shown, by the presidential primaries, to be as phenomenal as ever. He has a press of no mean proportions to begin with. Included in it are the *Munsey papers*—the *Boston Journal*, the *Philadelphia Evening Times*, and the *Washington Times*. The *Chicago Tribune* and the *Kansas City Star*—two of the strongest dailies in the middle West—are with the new movement. In New York there is the *Evening Mail*, in Philadelphia the *North American*, in Pittsburgh the *Leader*. The *Los Angeles Tribune* and the *Sacramento Bee* were among the first to give the new party their support. The *San Francisco Bulletin*, the *Cleveland Leader*, the *Toledo Blade*, the *Detroit News* and the *Kansas City Times* are probably to be counted on. Among the magazines, the *Outlook*, *Munsey's* and the *Review of Reviews* will, we assume, be with the new movement ardently and effectively. This is but a hasty and incomplete canvass of the press, but it serves to show that the new party must be taken seriously. The



THE BABY ELEPHANT

—Minor in St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Populist party never, after years of effort, had such backing or anything like it. Nor did any other "third party" in our history. There are probably hundreds of lesser journals ready to follow Mr. Roosevelt into a new party if the St. Louis convention does what it is generally expected to do.

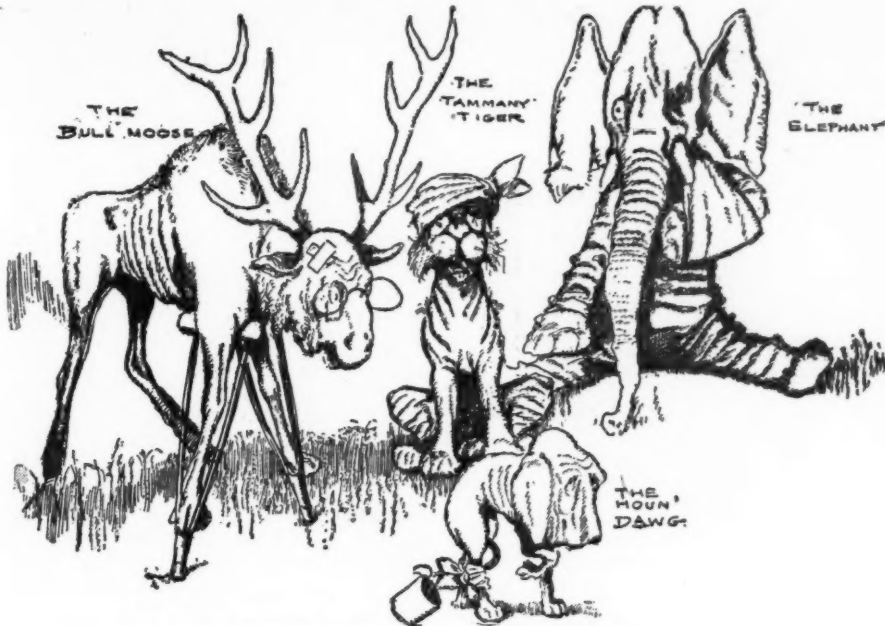
The Signers of the Call.

VERY general in all its terms is the Call issued for the new convention. It is addressed to those who realize that "the power of the crooked political bosses and of the privileged classes behind them is so strong in the two old party organizations that no helpful movement in the real interests of our country can come out of either." It goes on to appeal to those who believe "in the right and capacity of the people to rule themselves"; in "social and industrial justice"; in legislation that shall "promote prosperity"; that shall "favor honest business" and yet control the great agencies of modern business "in the interest of the whole people"; that shall "promote the economic well-being of the honest farmer, wage-worker, professional man and business man, alike," but shall "strike at the roots of privilege" in industry and politics. This Call is signed with sixty-

three names representing forty different States. It includes the names of three governors (Johnson, Vessey, Carey), two U. S. senators (Dixon, Poindexter), several congressmen, several ex-governors, two ex-ministers of the United States. Among the names are Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver (one of three Democrats on the list), Medill McCormick, of Chicago, Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore (ex-attorney-general), W. R. Nelson (of the *Kansas City Star*), J. Franklin Fort (ex-governor of New Jersey), W. A. Prendergast (Controller of N. Y. City), Timothy L. Woodruff (ex-lieut.-governor of N. Y. State), James R. Garfield (ex-secretary of the interior), William Flinn, of Pittsburgh, Gifford Pinchot, Cecil A. Lyon, of Texas.

The Division Among the Progressives.

IT WILL be noted that very few of the men whose names have been most prominently identified with the progressive movement in the Republican party have signed the Call. Among those conspicuous by their absence are Senators La Follette, Cummins, Bristow, Bourne, Clapp, Borah, and Beveridge. Of the seven governors who called on Roosevelt to enter the race for the Republican nomination a few months ago and the others who supported him at Chicago the names of the following are absent: Stubbs, Osborn, Glasscock, Bass, Hadley, Aldrich and Deneen. Very few of the "insurgent" congressmen are on the list—Murdock, Norris, Madison and the others. Just how much significance is to be attached to the absence of such names is, however, a matter of uncertainty. In a number of cases the hope is entertained, apparently, of swinging the Republican State organizations over to the new party, and some of the men named are keeping regular until that feat is accomplished. Stubbs is probably in that number, also Glasscock, and perhaps Cummins and Bristow. Hadley has declared against the new movement, as have also Deneen and Aldrich. Borah has come out for Taft, Osborn (with a proviso) for Wilson, and La Follette is assailing Roosevelt in his paper week after week. Bristow has come out for Roosevelt since the Call was issued. Cummins seems to be attempting to swing Iowa over to him. Senator Lodge, who kept neutral in the contest between Taft and Roosevelt, declared that the decision of



ACCIDENT WEEK IN THE NATIONAL MENAGERIE

—Warren in N. Y. Sun

the Republican Party "to stand firmly for the Constitution and for the independence of the courts" is of "the last importance," and he will give active support to Taft. "Upon Theodore Roosevelt and his followers," says *La Follette's*, editorially, "rests the responsibility of having divided the progressives in their first national contest."

A Personally Conducted Party.

THE one point of most frequent attack in the new movement up to this time has been already indicated—the lack of specific issues.

The new party is spoken of as "a personally conducted party." The *New York Globe*, which supported Roosevelt's fight at Chicago, refuses to follow him now. "The weakness of the new party," it thinks, "is that there is too much Roosevelt about it." The *Springfield (Ind.) Republican* can see, so far, but one clear issue in the movement. It says:

"It will be easy to formulate principles later on to suit the exigencies of a campaign for votes, but in seeking for the primary inspiration of this movement, for the vital principle of its creation emerging clear and distinct out of the clamor and fury of the conflict, what

does one find? In both the resolutions and the speech there is one insistent dominating note—and only one—and that is a furious protest because the Colonel has lost a nomination."

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.), in an editorial on "The One-Man Party" says: "Colonel Roosevelt persists in demanding a Roosevelt party. It is a demand for this and for nothing else." His followers are now asked to believe "that outside of the personality of this one man there is no means of national salvation." This charge is based on Mr. Roosevelt's statement in one of his Chicago speeches in which he said: "It has become clear beyond a shadow of doubt that if I had not made the progressive fight it would have completely broken down, and there would have been no substantial opposition to the forces of reaction and political crookedness." *La Follette's* resents this. "It was only when Roosevelt was out of office and in Africa," it says, "through the united efforts of men who for years had been fighting special interests, that the progressive cause became a national movement." The journals above quoted are all favorable in general to the progressive ideals.



G. O. P.:—REPORTS OF MY DEATH ARE GREATLY EXAGGERATED

—Rogers in *N. Y. World*

COMMENT on this line in the press is almost unlimited in quantity. "He is hunting for issues," says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, speaking of Roosevelt, "and he is having difficulty in finding them." It goes on:

"It would puzzle any human being to define what he is driving at, but from that vague sophomoric drivel about turning the government into an agency for the promotion of social justice it appears that he believes the American government, notwithstanding its Constitution and laws, may be used at any time for any purpose which a sensationalist may think productive of power and votes for an ambitious man."

The *Chicago Record-Herald* notes that one does not expect to find in a Call the full bill of particulars one looks for in a platform. "Yet," it adds, "a few definite articles of faith have surely been looked for in the text of the Call. None such can be found therein. The Call, except for its first paragraph, might be signed by every citizen out of jail who deserves his freedom. . . . Many factors will determine the future of the projected third party, but it is obvious that it must start with definite ideas and concrete proposals." "The whole thing," says the *Indianapolis News*, "is personal, intensely so. The demand is that

one man and only one shall be nominated. The cry is not 'we want reform' but 'we want Teddy.'" The *New York Times* remarks that "living causes survive their apostles," but if Roosevelt were to depart for Africa again, to stay there the rest of his life, "his third-term movement would collapse like a soap-bubble." "The Colonel has begun to realize," remarks the *New York Evening Post*, "that to run a campaign you must have not a grievance but an issue. So we have the interesting spectacle of a man who was impelled into the political arena against his will, looking about for some substantial reason why he should stay there." "A third-term Roosevelt party is all there is of it," is the conclusion of the *Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Human Rights Have Found a Champion."

BUT when we turn to the papers that support the new party we find that the lack of any one specific issue in the Call is a thing to glory in. The *New York Mail* answers the criticism directed at this feature as follows:

"The Call outlines a program for a party for all the people in a sense that has characterized no other party in the country's history. It is not formed to redress a single wrong, nor to bring about a particular reform. It is more universal than any other party or movement in American politics. The time for a victorious and definitive advance all along the line of human endeavor and of public right has come, and the National Progressive party must be the weapon of that advance."

The *Chicago Evening Post* takes a similar view. The Call, it says, "directly refuses to delimit the issues," leaving that very properly to the convention itself. "This fine restraint," it admits, "may give for the moment an impression of indefiniteness," but the vitality of phrases depends upon the men behind them. "Here indeed is the touchstone by which the real significance of the Call is revealed. It is not only the words that count, but the men who utter them." The *Detroit News* repels the idea that Roosevelt has become a menace because of his personal ambition. Quite the contrary: "He has given into the people's hands a curb-bit that will rein in a Roosevelt or anyone else who might assume to be himself greater than the peo-



THAT AWFUL MOMENT

When the man ahead of you tells exactly the same thing you were going to say.

—Hy. Mayer in N. Y. Times

ple. He has worked to put so much power into the people's hands—he has preached so mightily and conqueringly the doctrine that the people must rule—that any 'man on horseback' who arises in this country will find himself riding for a fall; and the cause of his fall will be the Roosevelt policies." Roosevelt's speech of acceptance, the Los Angeles *Tribune* believes, "is destined to live as one of the noblest utterances in the political history of the nation." "Human rights," it adds, "at last have found their champion. Let a united people, disregarding all past political affiliations, rally to his standard."

The Recurring Peril of
Contested Delegates.

TO DELVE into all the facts about the contested seats at the Chicago convention, from which Mr. Roosevelt has extracted the chief war-cry of his movement for a new party, would be a herculean task. There were 252 contests, about 230 of which were brought by the Roosevelt men. There were hundreds of affidavits submitted in some cases where a single seat was involved. To examine all the cases adequately would be like examining all the records in 252 lawsuits. The national committee did not do it. The credentials committee did not

do it. Certainly the convention did not do it. The task was an impossible one under the circumstances. The fact is that these contests—steadily growing in number and ingenuity as the years have gone by—mark the weakest spot in our whole scheme of government by party. If the convention system is doomed to a speedy end, as many are predicting, here is the fatal defect that dooms it. For when the cry of fraud is raised as in this case, there seems to be no court of last resort to which each side seems satisfied to submit, because there is no court provided for whose members are not themselves enlisted personally in the contests to be decided. The Chicago convention went to work just as all its predecessors have gone to work. The national committee completed the temporary roll. The convention was then organized and a credentials committee appointed which reviewed the work of the national committee. Its report was submitted to the convention and adopted. There was no possibility of an impartial judicial decision anywhere along the line of these proceedings. And, strange to say, no one suggested any better method of securing such a decision. The only suggestion was that none of the delegates whose seats were contested should vote on *any* of the contests. To adopt

such a precedent would, of course, make it easily possible, by multiplying contests, to reduce the conventions of the future to an utter farce.



F ABOUT 230 contests brought by the Roosevelt men, it was admitted that most of them were brought "for psychological effect,"—that is to say, as a pre-convention "bluff." Mr. Roosevelt's irreducible minimum derived from this number was 92. The Roosevelt minority of the credentials committee reduced this to 72 and then to 68. But it was never reduced to a point where Taft would have been left a majority of the convention. In his "Thou Shalt Not Steal" editorial, published in *The Outlook* since the convention, Mr. Roosevelt endeavors to make out his case on the contests in the four states of California (2 seats contested), Arizona (6), Washington (14), Texas (8 at large). The change of these thirty votes, he says, would have defeated Taft. But he does not say that he himself would have won in that case, for his vote was about 90 short of a plurality. This point is emphasized by Gilbert E. Roe, of New York, author of "Our Judicial Oligarchy," and former law-partner of Senator La Follette. So far as we know, Mr. Roe is the only man on earth who has taken up all the documents in the contested cases and gone over them to make a careful analysis of the cases. He has done that since the convention and has made a statement of the result to *La Follette's*. He admits that he would have voted, on this evidence, to give Mr. Roosevelt the delegates claimed from the four states above named. But he denies that Mr. Roosevelt was ever entitled to enough of the contested seats to give him a majority of the convention.

La Follette on the Cry of Fraud.



IN THE opinion of Mr. Roe, the cry of fraud raised by Mr. Roosevelt was thus a "false issue." Senator La Follette himself takes the same view. He says in his weekly:

"If he [Roosevelt] had the evidence to prove that Taft could not be honestly and fairly nominated, why did he not direct his lieutenants to present that evidence to the national committee, and then to the convention and the

country, so clearly that the convention would not have dared to nominate Taft and that Taft could not, in honor, have accepted the nomination, if made?

"The reason is obvious. An analysis of the testimony will, I am convinced, show that neither Taft nor Roosevelt had a majority of honestly or regularly elected delegates. This the managers upon both sides well understood. Each candidate was trying to seat a sufficient number of fraudulently credentialed delegates, added to those regularly chosen to support him, to secure control of the convention, and 'steam-roll' the nomination. It was a proceeding with which each was acquainted and which each had sanctioned in prior conventions.

"This explains the extraordinary conduct of Roosevelt. He could not enter upon such an analysis of the evidence as would prove Taft's regularly elected delegates in the minority, without inevitably subjecting his own spuriously credentialed delegates to an examination so critical as to expose the falsity of his own contention that he had an honestly elected majority of the delegates. He therefore deliberately chose to claim everything, to cry fraud, to bully the national committee and the convention, and sought to create a condition which would make impossible a calm investigation of cases upon merit, and to carry the convention by storm."

President Butler, of Columbia University, one of the delegates from New York State, thinks that "every contest was decided fairly and squarely," not once but three times. The only contests which in his judgment were worthy of serious consideration were those in Arizona, California, Texas and Washington. Before voting on these cases, he says, "I took the most competent advice I could get from lawyers who had studied the evidence and the arguments, and who had no personal or partisan interest in the matter." As a result, in no one of these contests did he feel justified in voting to unseat the Taft delegates, tho he admits that with more time at his disposal he might have changed his mind on the contests from Washington.

Professor Hart on the Contested Cases.



ANOTHER long and careful statement comes from Professor Asa Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, who was also a delegate (from Massachusetts), but, unlike Dr. Butler, was one of the most ardent Roosevelt delegates. Professor Hart takes up the matter of con-

tests and begins by admitting that "it is idle to assert that all the merit in those contests was on one side; some frivolous and hopeless contests were pushed by the Roosevelt forces through every stage." He witnessed the proceedings in the credentials committee and describes them as "open, fair and unhurried." The merits of the particular contests are, he says, very hard to ascertain, "but every one of the 500 Roosevelt delegates firmly believes that Arizona, California, Texas and Washington were clear steals." He is of opinion that there was nothing new in the tactics of the majority. The same tactics have been pursued "in hundreds of state and local conventions." La Follette's delegation from Wisconsin was thrown out in the same way eight years ago. "Perhaps," Professor Hart admits, "the convention of 1912 has been no more rough-handed than some previous conventions," and "the Taft contention that they were acting on the usual principles of conventions"—in the ruling by Root that delegates whose seats were contested were not entitled to vote on their own cases, but could vote on other cases—"was true." But the fact urged by Professor Hart is that the Taft managers left out of account three new elements in the controversy, namely: "First, a rising tide of feeling says that fixing conventions is not a proper method of beating your adversary; second, many of the states have hedged about the choice of delegates by primary laws; and, third, there is the personality of Theodore Roosevelt, who is not accustomed to have things taken from him without objection."

Exultation over Wilson's
Nomination.

THE story of the Baltimore convention is one of mighty crashing discords ending at last in a harmony that has since been swelling triumphantly out over all parts of the Union. The refrain of the newspaper comment, from not only Democratic but independent and even Republican papers, is almost monotonously uniform to the effect that Wilson is "the strongest man the party could have named." *Harper's Weekly*, edited by Colonel George Harvey, has no doubt as to this. Wilson, it says, "will poll at least half a million more votes than any other whose name was presented for consideration." The only note of grief heard in the chorus of Democratic exultation comes from



"A BELASCO OF POLITICS"

William F. McCombs engineered the successful campaign for Wilson's nomination. He is now, as head of the National Democratic Committee, to engineer the campaign to elect him. He is a new man in politics. He was born only thirty-six years ago in Arkansas, and is a Princetonian. Wilson was one of his teachers seventeen years ago.


Colonel Watterson, in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and that is a note of resigned grief, as follows: "In a contest between three tickets headed respectively by Taft, Roosevelt and the Devil, the *Courier-Journal*, being a daily newspaper and unable to take to the woods, would perforce be obliged to support his satanic majesty." The *Buffalo Times*, edited by Norman Mack, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who was a Clarke man at the Convention, says that as a result of Wilson's nomination "there is hardly a State which can be assigned to the Republican column as a matter of positive assertion."

Wilson as Viewed in the
Roosevelt Camp.

THE effect of Wilson's nomination on the new Roosevelt party is a matter of general interest. Mr. Roosevelt himself refuses to confess to any apprehensions on that score, insisting that the Baltimore convention, as well as the Chicago convention, showed


the power of the "bosses." But the Roosevelt press joins quite heartily in the jubilation over Wilson. Thus the *Chicago Tribune* finds that he "represents intelligent progressivism within his party" and is "in full sympathy with the nation-wide movement to overthrow the alliance between professional politics and organized money, which is the most important factor in American public life to-day." It adds: "Fought bitterly by plutocrats, reactionaries, and bosses, and made, more recently, the victim of a campaign of misrepresentation and journalistic demagoguery, he has grown steadily in public favor and confidence." Another Roosevelt paper, the *Kansas City Star*, admits that, were Wilson the nominee of a progressive party, he "would appeal without reservation to the dominant thought of his time." But, it says, his nomination has been forced on an unwilling party by the fear of Roosevelt, and the need of a new party is still urgent. The *Louisville Post* has been a strong supporter of Roosevelt, but it declares that the Democratic party now "becomes the party of progress," and Wilson should have "the vote of every progressive community whether heretofore it has called itself Democratic or Republican."

Effect of Wilson's Nomination
on the Roosevelt Party.

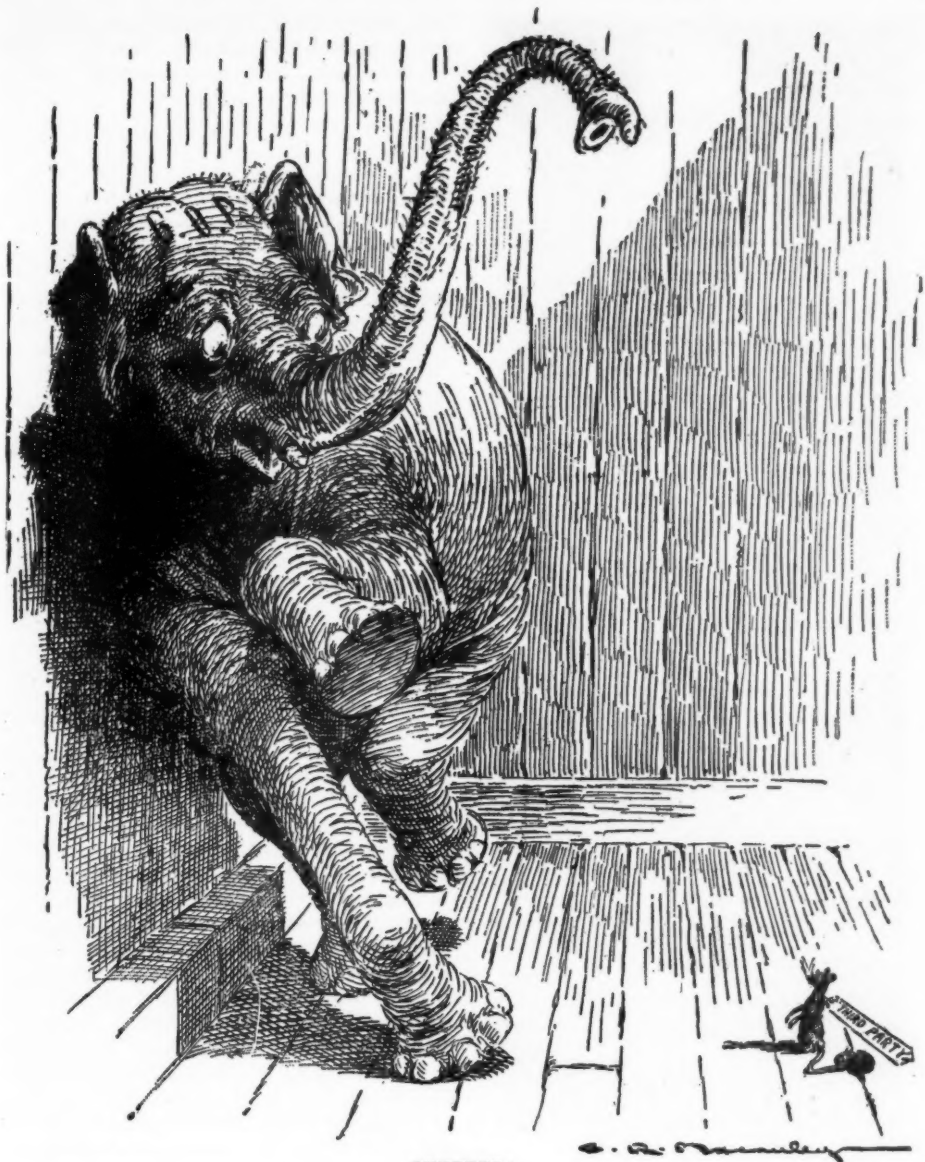
 OTHER papers, less friendly to Mr. Roosevelt, are sure that Wilson's nomination puts an end to third-party hopes. "The only substantial excuse for establishing a third party," says the *Washington Post*, "has been destroyed." The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* says the same thing in almost the same words: "the last lingering excuse" for such a party has been removed. The *N. Y. Evening Post* thinks the outcome at Baltimore made dough of all the Roosevelt cake. There is fine whistling to keep up courage at Oyster Bay, but "the news from other parts of the country is all of discouragement and surrender." Senator La Follette's stand may or may not be indicated in this concluding paragraph from an editorial in the *Wisconsin State Journal*: "Wisconsin next fall will elect a Republican legislature, a Republican governor, a full Republican State ticket, and she will send to Washington a full delegation of progressive Republican congressmen, pledged to support a progressive Presi-

dent and she will cast her electoral vote for Woodrow Wilson. For Wisconsin is a progressive State and as such she stands for principles." The *N. Y. World* observes that "if Mr. Roosevelt could focus his powerful mind upon something besides himself for an instant he would learn why it is that his new-party movement grows more flabby and clammy with every passing day"; that reason being that the people have got what they want in Wilson's nomination. "The best information at hand now," says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "would lead one to believe that long before election Rooseveltism will be dead."

Republicans Find Vulnerable Points
in Wilson's Record.

 UT the "old guard" among the Republican journals are far from admitting the loss of hope for Taft. They profess to see in Wilson's record signs of weakness which will develop rapidly when the campaign gets well under way. They rely, first, upon his position and that of his party in favor of "a tariff for revenue only"; second, upon his close alliance with Mr. Bryan; third, upon utterances in his published volumes in reference to labor unions, immigrant labor and Chinese labor. "How is it possible," asks the *New York Tribune*, "to describe as a moderate a man who said only a few months ago that Mr. Bryan was the one fixed point in democracy?" Bryanism, the *Tribune* insists, is Wilson's present ideal of Democracy, and those who seek to dissociate him from it must ignore his own flat-footed statements. The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) also sees in Wilson's candidacy "another triumph for the Bryan section," and remarks cheerily, "Providence is still on the side of the Republican party." But Wilson's most vulnerable point, according to the *New York Press*, is "his free-trade plank." It says:

"A man in public life who flaunts a boss and attacks the financial masters of the boss looks good to the American voters. But a man whose hand, from ignorance of the practical problem rather than from malice toward anybody, could put the shutters up on American industries will not look so good on closer and more careful inspection. If this is not the issue with which to check Woodrow Wilson's apparently open course to the White House we do not know what issue there is—Taft's, Roosevelt's or any other Republican's—to achieve that result."



SKEERED!

—Macauley in N. Y. World

Women Sob as Lorimer
Leaves the Senate.



AMID the subdued sobbing of women in the galleries, William Lorimer, no longer a senator of the United States, gathered up his papers, shoved back his chair, smiled upon his friends, and walked through the swinging-doors of the Senate

Chamber. He walked out of that public life which has been so long reeking with the charges of corruption, into that private life which, it is said, he has kept uniformly clean and sweet. "When I go home," he cried to the Senate, concluding a remarkable speech extending through the sessions of three days, "one kiss from each of my family, one embrace from all, will tell me



HE NEVER WAS A SENATOR

William Lorimer occupied a seat in the upper house of Congress, voted, and drew the salary of a Senator for two years. Now by a vote of 55 to 28 the Senate declares that he never was elected.

"I am safe and that the blows dealt me here were harmless." Do what you will to me, Senators, but those at home will form around me a hollow square through which all the world cannot hurt me. Expel me from this Senate, if you will, but, as God is my witness, I am the happiest man beneath the sun." Then, by a vote of 55 to 28, the

Senate decided that Mr. Lorimer had never had a title to the seat in the Senate which he has occupied for two years. The resolution adopted was as follows:

"Resolved, That corrupt methods and practices were employed in the election of William Lorimer to the Senate of the United States from the State of Illinois, and that his election was therefore invalid."

The Probable End of Lorimer's Public Career.

THE resolution was carefully framed to avoid any direct charge of personal complicity on Mr. Lorimer's part in the "corrupt methods" attributed to his election. The failure to connect him directly with those methods has been the weakest part of the case against Lorimer. Because of that failure, Senator Tillman, in recording his vote, sent to the clerk the following statement:

"Since I was stricken with paralysis thirty months ago, I have thought often and seriously about death and the hereafter. That I am here at all is in some respects a miracle, and I know I must go hence and meet the Great Judge face to face very soon. I cannot do otherwise than vote as my conscience dictates, and I believe this man is innocent of the charges brought against him."

That was the last thing—except the announcement of the vote—heard by Lorimer before he left his discredited seat. The first thing he heard as he passed out of the swinging-doors was the greeting of several sisters of charity waiting to express their regrets over his expulsion. Whether Lorimer will ever return to public life is very doubtful. If he does, it will be by means of a new campaign before the people of Illinois for "vindication" by an election to the Senate. For that he will have to wait two years. It is almost certain, according to indications of public sentiment in that State, that such a "vindication" by popular vote is impossible. It is considered probable, tho, that he can secure an election, if he wishes it, to the lower House.

Official Fatality Among Lorimer's Friends.

THE case of Lorimer has been a remarkable one for the animosity it has bred and the official fatality it has caused or seemed to cause. In the vote on the case in March of last year, forty-six senators voted for Lorimer and forty to unseat him. Of the forty-six,

not one whose term has since expired has been reelected. They were: Bulkeley, Burrows, Depew, Dick, Flint, Hale, Kean, Piles and Scott. In addition, Cullom, whose term has not quite expired, has been defeated for reelection, and Guggenheim, Crane, and Bailey have announced their retirement at the end of their terms. Penrose has lost control over the party and the legislature of his State. The four senators who were recorded "not voting"—Aldrich, Frazier, Taliaferro, Terrell—are also, for one reason or another, no longer in the Senate. Three others—Carter, Frye, Nixon—are dead. This makes a total of twenty-one, nearly forty-six per cent. of the number that refused to unseat Lorimer a year ago, whose official life has since ended or

seems about to end. There has been something almost uncanny about it. In addition, Taft's friends, rightly or wrongly, attributed to the Lorimer support in the presidential primaries, and the use made of it by Roosevelt's followers, the President's overwhelming defeat in the primary election in Illinois which gave to the Roosevelt candidacy its first great impetus. No wonder Lorimer's friends in the Senate appealed to him to resign without another fight that would put them again on record. Maybe they grew superstitious. Only one man who voted against Lorimer a year ago voted for him last month—Jones of Washington. Five who voted for him before voted against him this time—Briggs, Curtis, Cullom, Simmons, Watson.

The American Eagle Screams
at Stockholm.



HEN the field and track events of the Olympic contests closed in the middle of last month, American athletes had but eight points less to their credit in these particu-

lar events than had been awarded to all other nations combined. In contests of all kinds up to that date they had a long lead on their closest rivals, the Swedes, and even a long lead on the combined forces of Great Britain, Canada, Australia and South Africa. The track and field events consist of a score of contests, about one-half of which are running races, the others being jumping contests, pole vaults, throwing the javelin and the discus, putting the shot, the tug of war, and the pentathlon and decathlon, in which a number of contests are combined (five in one case, ten in the other) to determine the best all-round athletes. In addition to these track and field events, in which American athletes are specially interested and to which our newspapers devote most of their attention, there are fencing contests, swimming contests, contests in diving, riding, shooting, wrestling, rowing, sailing, bicycling—even art contests. The field and track events closed on July 15th; the other events did not close until July 22d. By selecting for consideration the particular events upon which we specialize in America, the American eagle has been enabled in past years to emit a much louder and longer scream than would be otherwise

warranted. But this year, however you look at it, the eagle seems fairly entitled to yell her bald head off. Our athletes have eclipsed those of all other nations. And the Swedish athletes, who come third in track and field contests (Finland being second), had, we believe, American trainers!

Smashing the Records at the
Olympic Meet.



NE record after another has been broken. Young Meredith, of Mercersburg Academy, set a new world's record for the 800 meters flat race, and even the next two men



"OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE?"

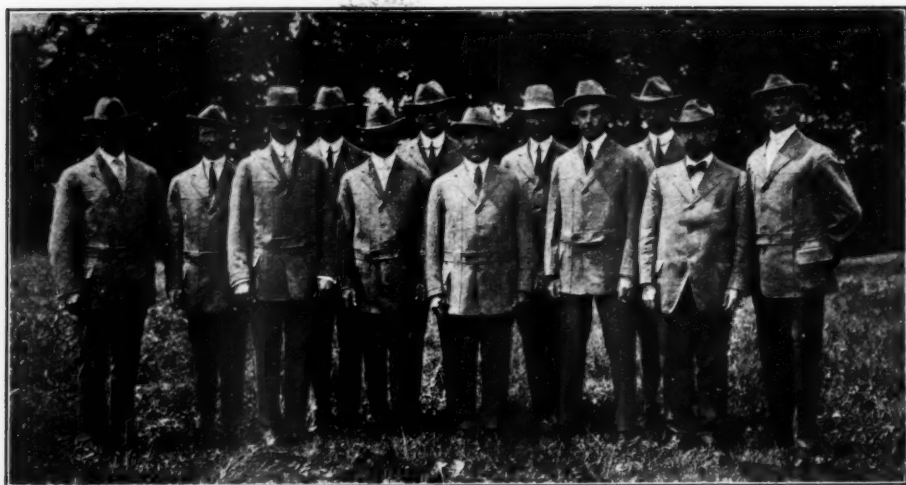
—Triggs in N. Y. Press

(Sheppard and Davenport, also Americans) broke all previous records. Meredith, in the same race, broke the best half-mile record as well, doing it in 1 m. 52½ s. In the running high-jump the world's record was not broken, but three men (two of them—Richards and Horine—being Americans) broke all previous Olympic records, Richards getting over the bar at 6 ft. 4 in. In the 5,000 meters run, Kolehmainen, a Finn, broke all previous records. In the 100-meter swim, our Hawaiian champion, Kahanamoku, failed to beat his own world record, but beat all other records. Young Babcock, of Columbia University, set a new Olympic record in the pole vault—12 ft. 11.6 in. Healy, an Australian, broke the world's swimming record for 400 meters, in his trial heat. McGrath (American) broke the Olympic record in the hammer throw. In the pentathlon, our Carlisle Indian contestant, James Thorpe, was first in four of the five contests, being third in the javelin throw. Of course, he won the pentathlon; also the decathlon. He stands to-day as the best all-round athlete of the world! Drew, the Massachusetts negro sprinter, sprained his ankle in one of the first trial races, and had to keep out of the other events. Jones, the Cornell sprinter, and a world's champion, was somewhat upset by the sea-trip and did not get back into his best form in time to do much of anything. Jackson, of Oxford University, in

one of the most exciting races of the meet, the 1,500-meter run, broke all Olympic records, flashing past four of our crack runners—Jones, Kiviatt, Taber and Sheppard—in the final spurt and winning by two yards. The first three men in the Marathon race broke the record, the first two being South Africans, the third—Strobino—an American. Of the first ten in this race six were Americans. No other race called for such endurance. It was a little less than 25 miles, across country, in a scorching sun. One of the contestants, a Portuguese, died of sunstroke.

Decline of British Athletics.

HE comment on the games in England has been very frank in regard to the poor showing of English contestants and the superiority of our own athletes. The American team was generally recognized, according to a correspondent in the London *Times*, to be "by far the strongest not merely in point of numbers but also in all-round ability," and justified the American boast that we could send over three different teams any one of which would sweep the field. "A finer lot of men," the *Times* adds, "was probably never got together." Our success it attributes partly to "the American genius for specializing and concentration," and partly to the money expended on our team, especially in careful training. "In any case,"



THEY SHOOT VERY STRAIGHT

This is the rifle-team sent from the United States to the Olympic games. They won all the contests in which they engaged and helped roll up the 128 points which placed America well in the lead of the world.

adds the *Times*, "the contrast with our happy-go-lucky ways is almost ludicrous." The *London Standard* attributes the poor results shown by British athletes to the complete absence of discipline and science, which it considers far worse than simple incompetence would be. The *Pall Mall Gazette* calls for "a popular inquest" into the decline of British athletics. The defeats at Stockholm come particularly hard on the British at this time, as about the same time last month, in the presence of the King and Queen, the Henley regatta resulted in a French crew's capturing the Thames Challenge Cup and an Australian crew's capturing the still more important Grand Challenge Cup. Up to 1909, the latter cup had never been wrested from British oarsmen. Since then, it has been lost by them three times out of four, twice to the Belgians, now to the Australians. But the consolation, such as it is, belongs to the British still, that Belgians, Australians and Frenchmen have all been taught to row by British coaches, and that even we in America never knew how to run, jump, swim and walk until we were taught years ago by the British.



Are the British a Decadent Race? TIME was, and not so very long ago," says the *New York Sun*, "when the abiding place of superiority in athletic sports was England." Now, it asserts as undeniable "that the native stock has degenerated." The superiority of American athletes is only partly to be explained, the *Sun* thinks, by better training and discipline; in much greater degree it is accounted for by "a more abundant supply of good physical material." The *London Mail* takes the matter rather seriously, but scouts the idea of physical decadence. It says:

"Athletic contests may be good or bad, but if it is worth while to go in for them, it is worth while to win. The matter is of more importance, as through the comparative failure of our athletes the national reputation of England has been lowered and the impression is conveyed to foreigners that we are a people of decadents. Such an idea is, of course, unjust and absurd, but it cannot be denied that there has been slackness in our preparations for the contests."

A writer in the *N. Y. Times* who signs himself "Briton" draws consolation from another source. Americans, he says, have



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TWENTY-FIVE MILES IN A BROILING SUN

His name is K. K. McArthur, he hails from South Africa, and he is the proud winner of the Marathon Race at the Olympic Meet last month.

carried athletics beyond normal limits. "True athletics is to participate sufficiently to give strength to the limbs, zest to the brain, and serenity to life itself. But Americans strive only for 'records.' The mark of human endurance has been passed, and as a proof many of the boys after winning collapse and are carried from the field. Such a thing as this is at once a tragedy

and a joke. A tragedy to the lives of the boys and a joke because the real point in athletic development has been missed." He calls upon England to "sit tight" and remain moderately proficient, and her boys "will be stronger fathers of a less nervous and happier race."

Broadening the Scope of
Olympic Contests.

A MOVEMENT has begun to broaden the scope of the Olympic games in a way that will render them less exclusively athletic and give greater prominence to artistic and intellectual contests. A congress is to be held in Paris in 1914 to further develop the idea sanctioned in 1906 for including competitions in architecture, painting, music, sculpture, and literature. The original object of the games was "to facilitate intercourse, to promote knowledge, to soften prejudice and to hasten the progress of civilization and humanity." So far the athletic features have been the only ones to which much attention

has been paid. Columns have been cabled over, for instance, about the achievements of American legs and arms, while practically nothing has been said of the fact that Walter Winans, an American resident in England, has just been awarded the Olympic prize in sculpture for his model of an American trotting horse harnessed to a sulky. Formerly even emperors competed in the Olympics for the crown of wild olive and other honors bestowed upon intellectual achievement. "Experience," says the *Times*, commenting on these facts, "does not justify the belief that in these days works of high merit in art and letters are produced in prize competitions," but it expresses the hope, nevertheless, that representatives of the arts and sciences may yet be induced to contest for the glory that may in future attend Olympic awards. Possibly one way to achieve this result, we suggest, would be to have others than the sporting editors sent to report the results of the next Olympic meet.

England Asks Our Congress
to Wait.

HAVING recently settled by arbitration all matters in dispute between this country and Great Britain, such as Alaskan boundaries and Newfoundland fisheries; having decided to celebrate the completion of a century of peace between the British Empire and the United States, we now proceed to get into another row with that empire on an entirely new subject. The new subject is, of course, the Panama Canal. It has already bred several rows. The first one was that of choosing between the Nicaragua and Panama route; then came the row with Columbia growing out of Panama's revolution; then the lively dispute as to a sea-level canal or a lock-canal. Now the subject of canal tolls has produced something like consternation in Canada and elicited from the government of Great Britain a request to our Congress to please wait until its protest can be filed at Washington. It is a cruel request. Congress is not in a waiting mood. A presidential campaign is under way. The dog-days are at hand. And Colonel Goethals has been for eight months issuing hurry calls for Congress to do its part of the work required.

What the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty
Says.

WHAT has Great Britain or Canada to do with this canal anyhow? A great deal, as it happens. There was once a treaty, called the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which stood directly in the way of our building, owning and operating a Panama Canal all by our lonesome. We succeeded in 1901 in inducing Great Britain to agree to substitute for that treaty another which is known as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. It grants us the right, so far as Great Britain is concerned, to own and operate such a canal as a strictly American enterprise. The United States, in the language of the treaty, "shall have the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal." But there was something else in the treaty and that was this:

"The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise."

That is the provision to which Great Britain desires to call our attention. So the chargé d'affaires informs our secretary of state,

who informs our Senate committee, that a polite diplomatic letter is on the way from Premier Asquith. Then the Senate, having drooled along for weeks in no apparent hurry, sits up and mops its face and begins to get busy at once.

No Canal Tolls for American Ships.

NOW the trouble—if there is to be trouble, which is not at all likely—arises in this way. Our mercantile marine, except for coastwise traffic, is nearly non-existent. We can't build ships as cheaply as other nations because of our tariff and our scale of wages, and no ship not built in this country is allowed to sail under the American flag. To help equalize things for our ship-building interests, we forbid any but American-built ships from engaging in our coastwise trade. When the Panama Canal is formally opened January 1, 1915, the coast of the United States will become practically continuous from Eastport, Maine, to Tatoosh, Washington. The proposition is to give all ships engaged in this coastwise traffic—which means American-built ships only, since none others are allowed to engage in it—free passage through the Panama Canal, while charging other ships a toll of not to exceed \$1.25 a ton. Moreover, in order to prevent the railway corporations from throttling the competition by water which it is hoped the canal will engender on freight between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, it is also proposed to exclude from the canal all ships owned by railway corporations if more than fifty per cent. of the cargo is for coastwise trade. Moreover, no toll is to be levied on vessels of American registry in the foreign trade if owners of such vessels agree to their use by the U. S. government in time of war or other public emergency on payment of a fair actual value.

When Statesmen Differ the Hague Court Decides.

IF YOU will now reread the provision in the Hay-Paunceforte treaty already quoted, you will see where Great Britain and Canada come in. Is the proposed legislation in accord with that provision? President Taft says it is. Secretary of War Stimson says it is. Secretary Knox is understood to take the same view. So do the majority of the House of

Representatives and apparently the majority of the Senate. On the other hand, Senator Root thinks it is not in accord with the treaty. So does Senator Burton. Senator Lodge has been doubtful of it. Senator Brandegee, chairman of the Senate committee having the matter in charge, is positive it is not. So is the majority of the House committee to which the subject was referred. And it is reported that several of the legal minds in President Taft's cabinet do not agree with the interpretation put upon the treaty by the President and the Secretary of War. The bill as it passed the lower House (206 to 61) has been largely altered by the Senate, and a struggle in the conference committee seems certain. We see, therefore, a divided cabinet, a divided Congress, and two divided parties.

Driving a Subsidy Through the Treaty.

THE main question raised by the discussion is thus stated by Congressman Gillette, of Massachusetts: "Does this—the clause referring to 'all nations'—apply to the United States itself, so that our vessels must be on an equality and pay the same tolls as other nations, or does it only mean that we shall treat all outside nations alike?" It is held by Secretary Stimson and Knox that a remission of dues to American ships is in the nature of a government subsidy; that we have as much right to grant a subsidy in this way, to our own ships, as Great Britain, Germany, France, and other nations have to grant subsidies to their ships that go through the Suez Canal; that any other nation has the unquestioned right to grant a subsidy to its ships going through the Panama Canal, and to make that subsidy equivalent to the amount of the tolls in the canal; and that what they have a right to do we, who are paying for the canal, surely have a right to do. The British foreign secretary, in answering a question on the subject before Parliament, referred to the Panama Canal as an "international waterway." The New York *Tribune* denies the correctness of the term. "On the contrary," says the *Tribune*, "it is a purely domestic waterway of the United States," since "it has been artificially constructed by the United States at the sole cost of this country, entirely within territory of which this country has a perpetual lease." The treaty of 1901 imposes upon

us a valid engagement to keep the canal open to all nations on equal terms; but that treaty does not make the canal an international waterway any more than the treaty of 1854 made the St. Lawrence river or the treaty of 1846 made the Columbia river an international waterway. It is as much a domestic waterway, concludes the *Tribune*, as is the Kiel canal of Germany or the Manchester canal of Great Britain.

Where the Shoe Pinches
Great Britain.

SINCE foreign ships are not now and were not, when the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was made, admitted to the coastwise trade of the United States, says the *Portland Oregonian*, we do not discriminate against them in granting this favor of a free canal to our own ships, as long as we refuse to exempt from the regular tolls those ships of our own which are engaged in foreign trade and which are thus in competition with the ships of other nations. The *New York Journal of Commerce*, tho it can see no good reason for making the canal free to our coastwise ships, can not see anything serious in the argument that it is a violation of the treaty to do so, since foreign shipping is not allowed to compete in our coasting trade in any case. To extend

the immunity from tolls to American vessels other than those in our coasting trade would, however, it thinks, be "one of the grossest violations of the treaty." The *New York Evening Post* is positive that, as the bill stands, it evades our treaty obligations and touches both the nation's honor and the nation's duty. The *New York World* is equally positive. To advocate the policy, as adopted by the lower house of Congress, it holds, is "to seek to commit the United States to a course of flagrant ill-faith and confessed dishonor." The *Springfield Republican* sees also an "evident violation" of the treaty, but it does not—or did not prior to the protest of Great Britain—foresee any serious objection from any foreign power. But the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* points out where the shoe pinches. It hurts not only Canada, and Canadian railways, but especially the British possessions in the West Indies and Central America: "The trade in tropical fruits, oranges, lemons, bananas, and pineapples produced in Jamaica, Barbados, the Bahamas, and British Honduras brought to the United States will be seriously interfered with when by lower freights through the canal California can reach the eastern markets on a fairly competitive basis."



LOOKING NORTH AT THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS

As the Panama Canal nears completion a serious international wrangle has arisen over our right to send our own ships through free while levying tolls on other ships.

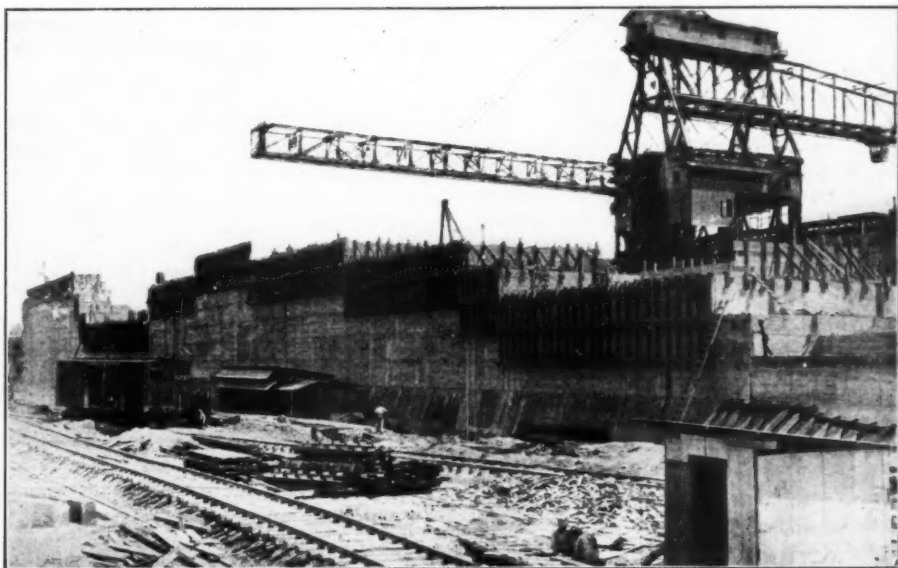
How Canada May
Retaliate.

THERE is nothing in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, the British government admits, to prevent the United States from subsidizing its shipping. But it draws a distinction between a general subsidy paid by a nation either to all its shipping or to all engaged in a given trade, and the special subsidy which Congress proposes to pay, by remitting or refunding tolls, to those particular ships that sail through the Panama Canal. It may be, Great Britain concedes, that no objection could be taken if our coastwise traffic were exempt from tolls, provided such regulations could be framed as would ensure that only bona fide coastwise traffic would secure this exemption. But it is impossible, his Majesty's government holds, to frame regulations that will ensure such a result. Any of the suggestions made so far, it concludes, would result in a preference for American ships and a consequent infraction of the treaty. The New York *Times* calls attention to the fact that Great Britain has in its power retaliation of an effective sort if we go ahead in disregard of her rights or what she thinks are her rights. American shipping is now allowed the use of Canadian canals on the same basis accorded to Canadian ships on Amer-

ican canals. As a result, the United States tonnage on Canadian canals rose from 4,835,320 tons in 1908 to 21,777,297 tons in 1910, and two-thirds of the vessel tonnage on these canals had become American! The Canadians, says the *Times*, are already regretting this concession, and would jump at a chance to annul it, such as our proposed regulations for the Panama Canal would furnish them. But Senator Root warns the Senate of far graver consequences as possible. Under our arbitration treaty with Great Britain we will be compelled to arbitrate the matter before the Hague court if Britain requests it. If we lose—and the Senator thinks we will—it means that, after an award is made perhaps five or ten years hence, we shall have to refund all tolls collected up to that time! "It might mean a ruinous demand upon our credit."

Great Britain's Alarm Over
Panama Canal Tolls.

THE conversion of Prime Minister Asquith to the theory that our Congress is preparing to violate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty has been, according to the London *Post*, somewhat sudden. It is possible, concedes the *Post*, in close touch with British foreign office opinion, that the congressional measure contemplated may not be a breach of



LOOKING NORTH AT THE MIRAFLORES LOCKS

The amount of concrete used on the Panama Canal is unprecedented. It is probable, indeed, that its construction would have been impracticable but for the development of the concrete industry of late years.

the letter of the treaty; but "it would place British vessels at a clear disadvantage." The whole subject was gone into very thoroughly some weeks ago by the Chamber of Shipping in London. The Prime Minister, if we may trust the London daily, was not impressed by the reasoning of this body until the matter was taken up by the rank and file of the Liberals. The Conservative organs had begun to raise the cry that a free-trade government refused to lift a finger to help the British mercantile marine against state-aided competition. The pressure was too strong for Mr. Asquith and he opened the correspondence which brought on the diplomatic flurry of the month. There is nothing to prevent the United States, or any other state for that matter, from giving a subsidy equivalent to the canal dues to any ships making use of the canal. So much is conceded by the *Pall Mall Gazette* (London). Whether the American scheme is or is not a technical compliance with the canal treaty is a matter of some dispute both in England and Canada; but both sides agree that the consequences to British trade must be serious. The Prime Minister has had to listen to many grave representations on the subject. The *Gazette* insists that the only possible remedy for such an unfortunate state of things will be a subsidy for British ships to counteract the proposed American "subsidy." No Liberal daily can imagine Mr. Asquith consenting to such a remedy.

Is the Importance of the
Canal Overestimated?

SPECULATION upon the influence which the Panama Canal will have upon the world's trade seems a trifle wild to the *London Times*.

European commerce, it says, has been subject in the past to two and only two great changes in the map. The first was the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope route to the East, which ruined for a long time the Mediterranean trade and reduced the glories of Genoa and Venice which once had held "the gorgeous East in fee." The second was the rehabilitation of the Mediterranean by the digging, too late for Venice, of the Suez Canal. The direct influence of the Panama Canal upon European trade will not compare with that created by those great geographical diversions, adds the London organ, because the Suez Canal will still present the shorter route between the

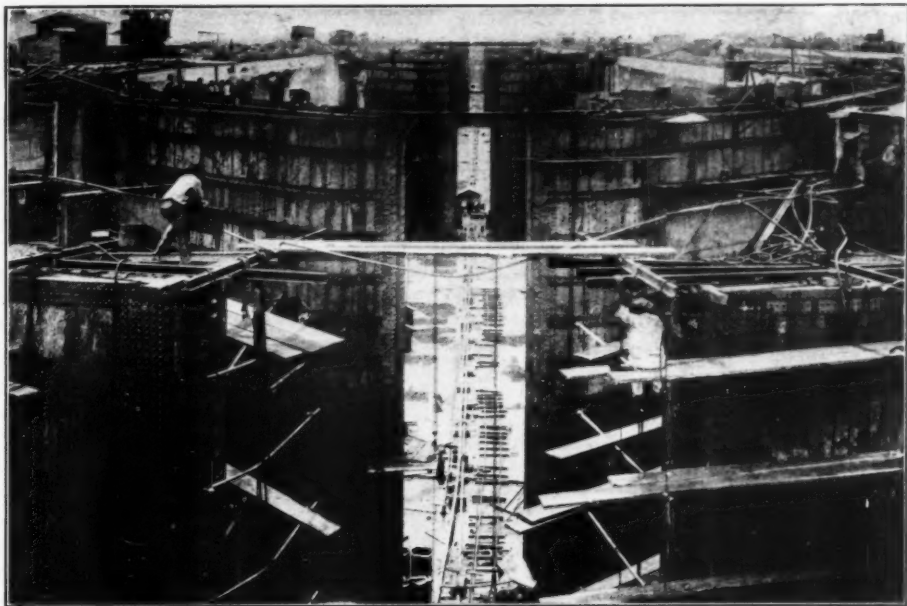
factories of Europe and the chief markets of the East. But indirectly its effects must necessarily be great. Tho Europe will be brought by it no nearer to the East, the chief competing manufacturers on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States will secure a great advantage of distance in the ports of Australasia and Japan. Even more important will be its influence on the three trunk railroads of Canada.

Fortification of the Canal
Arouses Europe.

INSISTENCE by the United States upon every technicality in the matter of canal tolls may revive the question of fortification, in the opinion of the anti-American *Saturday Review*. To this London periodical the whole complication is due to the circumstance that Ambassador Bryce is a traitor to his King. Instead of insisting upon British rights with firmness, Mr. Bryce, we read, exerts himself to curry favor with the Americans, who despise him in consequence as a toady. The only remedy is the recall of this statesman and diplomatist and the substitution for him of a Briton with a backbone who will not let himself be bluffed by Yankee impudence. The Americans, it seems from what the British periodical has discovered, will snap their fingers at treaty obligations as long as they have the incompetent Bryce to deal with, and as an instance of this it points to the determination to fortify the canal. This, however, is an extreme altho influential British view. Our right to fortify is not conceded in so many words, observes the *London Times*, but it is implied through the omission of any clause forbidding it.

Naval Strategy and the
Panama Canal.

GREAT BRITAIN will wish to see eye to eye with the United States in the matter of fortifying the canal, we are assured by the *London Times*; "but it is a question which can not be prejudged without consulting other powers." Other powers may urge that their strategic situation will be considerably affected by the opening of the Panama Canal, and they may argue that the guarantee of its neutrality should not be the care of a single power. This argument will do them little good if the *Paris Temps* be accurate in declaring that our department of State



THE PANAMA CANAL NEARING COMPLETION

This picture shows some of the gates, practically completed, in the upper locks (west chamber) at Gatun. It begins to look as tho Goethals might get his work done before Congress is able to thresh out the problems of rules and rates.

declines now to regard the question of fortifications as still open. "Fortifications which guarantee neutrality," it remarks, "must obviously be capable of guaranteeing a good deal else, and it may be felt that not even the United States should claim so predominant a military position in regard to the canal." The subject may be referred to The Hague, hints the *Paris Figaro*, a suggestion which seems to have given offense to an unnamed American diplomatist, who refused even to transmit "so insulting a thing" to the consideration of Washington. England, we are reminded, is not permitted to fortify the Suez Canal.

Canada's Dismay at Panama Canal Tolls.



CANADA, long anticipating immense advantages from the speedy opening of the Panama Canal, was plunged almost into panic by the mere hint of our plan for tolls. Imposition by our Congress of discriminatory dues, as they are deemed in the Dominion press, would be an act of bad faith against British shipping. Such is the almost unanimous opinion of Toronto dailies. Both the eastern and the western provinces of the Dominion expected a golden harvest from the

Canal. The assurance that Canadian vessels would receive equal treatment with those of the United States had been given in the *Toronto Globe* and other dailies as a guarantee secured by treaty. If this impression be false, certain Canadian provinces will lose their natural advantages in the Isthmian waterway. "It is even suggested in Ontario that if such tolls are imposed Canada should denounce the Washington treaty under which free navigation in the St. Lawrence is secured to American vessels." Free navigation of that waterway, however, as other dailies point out, has been granted in perpetuity to the United States and there is no provision for the denunciation of the treaty. There is little doubt that the Canadian ministry impressed upon London, or so the *Toronto Globe* says, the crucial importance to Canada of the equal treatment of British vessels in the Canal. A conference was held last month in Calgary to consider the relation of the Canal to western Dominion interests, the outcome being renewed pressure upon the Asquith ministry. More than one Canadian daily takes the view that the whole flurry is foolish, as "the honor of the United States is pledged" and that faith will be kept.

Madero Accused of Being
Another Diaz.



ROZCO had the mortification to witness last month a steady dwindling away of the formidable army of some ten thousand men with which he has so long defied the authority of the constitutional Mexican President, Francisco Madero, Jr. It can not be affirmed that the northern revolution is as yet a thing of the past. Orozco is able to wage guerrilla warfare in those parts of his native land which have always proved most attractive to American investors. "At Casas Grandes," to quote the well-informed *Regeneración*, organ of junta opinion, "the rebels will be able to command Sonora and will be in a mountainous country through which it will be difficult to bring artillery." Zapata, leader of the agrarian rising in the South, is understood to have made himself most troublesome last month in the vicinity of the capital. What towns he holds and how the fighting between him and Madero's troops has gone, no one seems to have learned. Madero, however, has been driven to war measures of so extreme a kind that some of his own friends and supporters begin to demur. The President is moving in the direction of dictatorship, complains the careful *Imparcial*. Madero, it is conceded by this reputable organ, may not have the soul of a dictator, but he is driven to Draconian acts in the desperation consequent upon the multitude of his troubles. Not the least of these is the growing cost of food in his capital. Zapata has ravaged the fields for so long that no vegetable can be grown, no crops garnered. Madero's anticipation of a long struggle is inferred, too, from the activity of the factories. They are producing arms and ammunition night and day.

Europe Agrees to Give Mexico
Another Delay.



MADERO has just had the good luck of a reprieve from Europe. It was the influence of our Department of State, the Paris *Temps* understands, which brought Germany, France and Great Britain to postpone their demand for instant settlement of the civil war claims. The bill, when it is met, must be enormous. No sooner will Madero witness the discomfiture of his foes in the field than he must face a frowning Europe. There is suspicion in some old-world capitals that

Madero, taught by the agitation at home, means to defy the powers. His sympathies have been won more and more to the cause of the landless. He feels it to be bad policy to strive for the triumph of those large enterprizes which Europe has been financing in northern Mexico at the expense of the peon. It is feared in Paris and London that Madero will find many characters fraudulent and not a few great concessions illegal. This policy would involve Madero with many influential financiers in Berlin and London. Suppression of the revolution, notes the French daily, will by no means end the Mexican crisis. It will simply be given an international scope.

The Mexican Junta Here
Gets a Setback.



BLOW was dealt the Mexican Junta in this country by the prison sentences imposed upon the Magons and their associates. They have been sent to prison for twenty-three months for violating the neutrality laws. Their activities in behalf of the Mexican rebellion have long been notorious in California. Ricardo Flores Magon and Enrique Flores Magon have been perhaps the most conspicuous of the whole Junta in stirring public opinion in this country against Madero. President Taft has received innumerable communications in behalf of clemency for the pair. It is pointed out that Madero himself, when he was a rebel, violated the very laws for breaking which the two Magons must serve time. Madero, in fact, is accused of having stolen a cannon from the public street of El Paso in aid of his crusade against Diaz. His agents, nevertheless, have been most active in securing the arrest and conviction of the Magons, native Mexicans who have espoused the agrarian peon movement. They would seem to have flooded the mails with inflammatory matter "against a friendly government," to have raised funds for the armies of northern Mexico and to have facilitated the despatch of contraband across the border. The penalty meted out to these men has proved a most disagreeable shock to the refugees in California, but the agents of Madero are said to have felt agrieved at the leniency of the federal court in giving the Magons a sentence which will free them, through good behavior, in little more than a year.

The Endless Camorra Trial
Ends at Last.



AFTER being on trial for the murder of Cuocolo and his wife, the Camorrist behind the bars at Viterbo were found guilty the other day. "An endless trial," the Paris

Débats has been calling it, yet the procedure was never slow. It even manifested at times what our contemporary calls "a furious activity." The court sat and sat and sat in the church, while spectators flocked to the old Italian town. The unfortunate jurors lost all business connections, all ambition and, as some confessed, all hope. For the past six months they have had nothing to occupy their minds except the horrors of this celebrated case. Having had to abandon altogether the slightest concern regarding their private affairs, adds the Rome *Tribuna*, the jurors are now ruined, beggared. Emigration to America is the hope of a few among them. From time to time, as the case dragged itself along, one member of the jury manifested what is called "a sign of agitation." It occasioned no especial remark altho it finally proved up to the hilt that the jurymen had become a maniac. Another dropped exhausted in his seat and died the next day. The two unfortunates were replaced and all began again from the beginning. In the intimacy of their daily round of listening to testimony and pleas, these members of the jury seem to have become great friends. They have sworn never to abandon one another. It is their purpose to form one immense family, either in their native land or in some distant clime. In brighter scenes and under remoter skies they hope to forget their present trials.

The Prisoners in the
Camorra Case.

THE accused at Viterbo have for some time had the sympathy of the whole of Europe, owing to the unprecedented spectacle of their long agony. From time to time it has happened that the period of incarceration of one in the gang has exceeded in duration any term that could be imposed were he found guilty. "Not only has he paid his debt to society," as the Rome *Tribuna* says, "but society actually owes him something in return." A rather ingenious expedient restored the equities of this dilemma. The Camorrist

got what in our parlance might be called a rebate, that is a certificate to the effect that he has done time—a year or two years—to be deducted from any term he may incur in the future in case he had been found innocent in the present trial. The idea, described by the *Temps* (Paris) as typically Italian, seems to that French daily a very happy one and worthy of general adoption throughout the world. All citizens could then, when they are, say, twenty years old, "when the stomach is good" and "time is so slight a matter," "do" from sixteen to thirty months in prison. For this a receipt could be given by the state. "Ultimately they would pay with this receipt some portion of the penalties visited upon them in a maturer age when penitentiaries seem hard to dwell in and inconvenient in the exercise of a regular profession!"

Twenty Days to Present
One Man's Argument.

NOW and then one of the many judges has drifted out of the case or died, and one of the accused has disappeared from the closely serried ranks at Viterbo. The lawyers alone have displayed sustained endurance and vigor. "Master" Lioy, who delivered one of the final pleas, deserves special mention, the *Débats* thinks, because he will ever rank as the most persistent orator of the trial. He pleaded for twenty days, "without stopping except for meals and sleep," in behalf of Carmine de Vivo. The judge listened patiently. The defendant did not. He was weary of his own defense. "Stop that man's talk!" cried Carmine, jumping to his feet in his cage and pointing to his lawyer. "We are all dying of misery here. Three of us are already in the next world." Furious at the interruption, Master Lioy took off his robe and abandoned his client. Judge, jurymen and prisoners were alike in panic. A fresh lawyer would have to be summoned and the defense instituted anew! Such are the technicalities of procedure. A reconciliation was effected. Carmine got three years, but he has receipts for two of these.

The Penalties Imposed Upon
the Camorrists.

IMPRISONMENT for thirty years was the severest sentence imposed upon any Camorrist. This penalty must be followed by ten years of police sur-

veillance. The "great men" of the trial—principals like Di Gennaro, Sortino and Cerrato—got this shrift. Aserittore, who figures now as an informer and again as a conspirator, got ten years. The priest Vitozzi received seven years. The point to grasp in studying the case, says the *Paris Matin*, is that modern Italy can crush her greatest secret society. This Camorra has long been accepted as a government within the government, as a political and social conspiracy too strong to be thwarted or broken up. The result of the trials at Viterbo must break the spell of the Camorra.

It is a vindication of modern Italy, declares the *Figaro*. Many of the dailies which rejoice at the outcome had been among the prophets of evil. They felt that Italy was not strong enough, not civilized enough, not organized enough, to struggle with the evil of Camorristism in its many forms. Already the prestige of the society in Naples is diminished. The case was not merely a test of the courts, as the London *Standard* reminds us, but an experiment to ascertain whether the real government of the land was vested in public officials or private assassins.

Europe Suspects That We
Have Abandoned the
Monroe Doctrine.



UROPEAN naval experts have been taken completely by surprise at the refusal, during the past month, of our House of Representatives to appropriate funds for the construction of additional battleships. On the continent of Europe the episode gives plausibility to the theory that the United States means to abandon the Monroe Doctrine. An invitation to abandon the Doctrine should now be extended to Washington by the powers, observes the *Leipzig Grenzboten*. It must be remembered, says the London *Saturday Review*, that anti-imperialism has always been a Democratic principle, and the House may feel that it is adhering to a glorious ideal. "Will a Democratic President," it inquires, "continue a series of great shipbuilding programs? Such a policy would be entirely contrary to Democratic tradition, nor would it tend towards tariff reduction, which is the one unalterable item of a Democratic platform." It is absurd, says the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, for Europe to rejoice prematurely over the decline of the United States navy, for even were such a decline to take place, the English would constitute themselves the protectors of the republic on the sea and prevent any violation of the Monroe Doctrine, which is a British interest, and which was, in truth, first suggested by England. The English would like to control American world-policy, we are told, and a decline in the United States navy would facilitate that aim tremendously, in the opinion of the Vienna paper.

How Europe Understands
Our Naval Policy.



FROM a European standpoint, as indicated by copious comment in dailies like the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) and the inspired *Temps* (Paris), the function of the United States Navy is conditioned by a tacit Anglo-American alliance of which the American people suspect little and seem to know less. The steady acquisition of influence over Central America by ourselves is considered one consequence of the new situation. France and England are to-day acting in harmony with the United States upon a new conception of world-economy, to follow a summary of the situation in *The Atlantic Monthly* from the pen of Professor Roland G. Usher, of Washington University. "Germany," he says, "evinced a desire to interfere in Venezuela, and the difficulty of the Mediterranean and Persian situations made it clear that no strength could be spared for the western hemisphere. Hence the two nations [France and Great Britain] turned over to the United States their claims to Central America."

Why We Need a Navy of
Modern Strength.



RASS ignorance of modern conditions alone could excuse the idea, avers Professor Usher, that we took possession of the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Panama without England's consent. "Nothing, in fact, but English refusal to countenance interference prevented the concerted action of Europe against us in the Spanish-American war." We need a navy ourselves not so much to maintain our colonies in existence—"for England will not countenance the

presence on the seas of a fleet large enough to dictate to her"—but to relieve the British fleet of the necessity of protecting from other fleets than her own the ocean highway to America and our possessions in the Gulf of Mexico and the far East." Altho, as Professor Usher writes, these facts sink very slowly into the minds of the American people, they are commonplaces of comment in the leading newspapers of Europe. The effect upon them of a seeming decision to weaken the United States navy revives many foreign ideas of world-politics.

Must We Side With England
Against Germany?

IT WILL be impossible for this country, to follow some recent reflections in the French dailies, to remain a neutral in the strict sense in the fierce feud between Great Britain and Germany which more and more threatens the peace of the world. We can not, Professor Usher thinks, choose the side of Germany:

"We must cling to the power which owns both the bulk of the merchant marine of the world, and the navy which can maintain an open road to its own ports and those of its allies. England's geographical position places her squarely between us and Germany and would force us to deal with England before we could reach her. Shipping subsidies would not avail us much: it would take decades to create a merchant marine large enough to replace that part of the English fleet now occupied with our trade; until our navy is large enough to challenge England's with some chance of winning battles, it is foolish for us to build ships which England will capture in the next war; and, until our navy can contest England's supremacy of the Atlantic, we cannot dream of dispensing with her assistance in peace and war. If we must depend upon her at all, it is better to depend upon her altogether, for the benefit is mutual. . . .

"It is a grave error to suppose that England is less essential to us than we are to her. It is an equally grave error for the 'average' man to suppose that she is more essential to the trusts than she is to him. Without the services of the English merchant marine to carry our foreign trade, our factories must shut down. We are at present producing at a rate far beyond our own capacity to consume, and the English and French market for our surplus goods would be absolutely necessary to us, if European war should divide that continent into two camps, one of which would be closed to us by the presence of the English fleet on the other side."

Shall We See War Between
Germany and Great Britain?

THE external facts of the situation between the two powers now striving for supremacy on the sea have just been set forth in *Nord und Süd* (Berlin) by former Prime Minister Balfour. His article is part of a symposium by eminent men which is attracting the utmost attention. The greatest military power and the second greatest naval power, Germany, writes Mr. Balfour, is adding both to her army and her navy. She is increasing the strategic railroads which lead to the frontier. She is in like manner modifying her naval arrangements so as to make her fleets instantly effective.

"There are two ways in which a hostile country can be crushed. It can be conquered or it can be starved. If Germany were master in our home waters she could apply both methods to Britain. Were Britain ten times master in the North Sea she could apply neither method to Germany. Without a superior fleet Britain would no longer count as a Power. Without any fleet at all Germany would remain the greatest Power in Europe. . . .

"If ever by some unhappy fate it became an accepted article of faith in either nation that Germany and Britain were predestined enemies, that the ambitions of the one and the security of the other were irreconcilably opposed, the predictions of those prophets (and they abound in the Chanceries of Europe) who regard a conflict between them as inevitable would be already half fulfilled. But for myself I am no believer in such predestination. Germany has taught Europe much; she can teach it yet more. She can teach it that organized military power may be used in the interests of peace as effectually as in those of war; that the appetite for domination belongs to an outworn phase of patriotism; that the furtherance of civilization for which she has so greatly labored must be the joint work of many peoples, and that the task for none of them is lightened by the tremendous burden of modern armaments.

"If on these lines she is prepared to lead, she will find a world already prepared to follow—prepared in no small measure by what she has herself accomplished in the highest realms of science and speculation. But if there be signs that her desires point to other objects, and that her policy will be determined by national ambitions of a different type, can it be a matter of surprise that other countries watch the steady growth of her powers of aggression with undisguised alarm, and anxiously consider schemes for meeting what they are driven to regard as a common danger?"

Can the United States Remain
Neutral Between Germany
and Britain?

MORE and more important, as the crisis between Germany and Great Britain develops, is the possibility that the United States may be involved in the struggle. It is all very well for Washington to dwell upon its aloofness from old-world affairs, observes a writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, but there is the question of the Pacific, there is the menace of Japan, and there is the clash of interests in the far East. These issues come more and more into the foreground as the tension between London and Berlin grows. The aim of Germany, to give the gist of various articles in the London *Spectator*, is to detach the United States from a dependence upon Great Britain which gives uneasiness to the fatherland. The effort is

to convey the idea to Americans that Great Britain is a decaying power. Germany is the rising sun of world-politics. Meanwhile the German fleet is made stronger until the time has arrived "to talk" to America. This "talk" will not be at all agreeable. Germany, predicts the British organ, will offer her friendship and alliance to this country. If the offer be refused, Germany will regretfully announce herself an enemy. The consequences, we shall be told, must be dire—to ourselves. The only way to escape the impending dilemma is to make our navy strong. As for our notion of remaining neutral in any struggle between such belligerents as Germany and Great Britain, time will undeceive us on that point or the press comment of Europe errs. We shall be as neutral as we can, not as neutral as we wish.

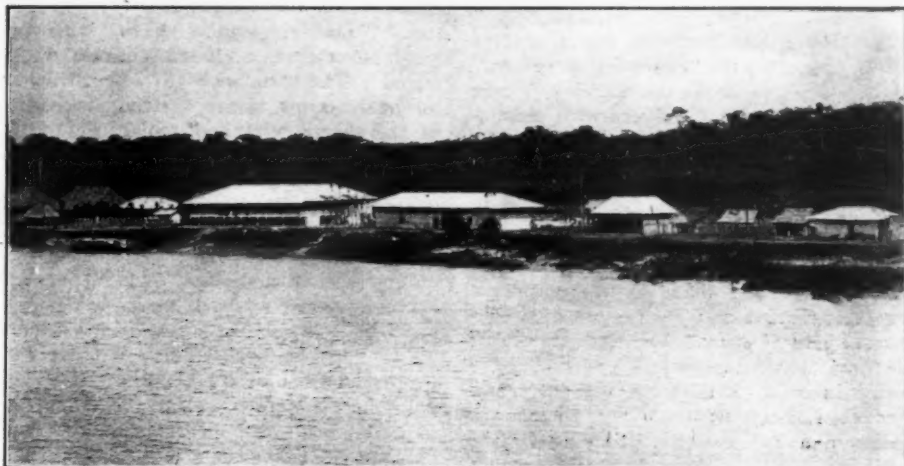
United States Dragged into the
Peruvian Rubber Crisis.

THAT spirited agitation against the Peruvian rubber horrors which grew directly out of the campaign against the Congo involved our own Department of State last month in the crisis which has arisen between Lima and London. Peru, it may be noted, denies the horrors altogether, altho she admits an occasional instance of ill treatment of a native by an employer. "The most horrible stories that came from the Congo," insists the London *Truth*, on the other hand, "are not more horrible than those reported from the Putumayo." The evidence was first systematically gathered a few years ago by an American traveler. The details were confirmed by an Englishman. The British Consul-General in Peru officially investigated all the stories and confirmed many. At last a commission of rubber dealers from London went into the subject on the spot. There is little discrepancy in the reported details, altho their significance is variously interpreted. Our own government made, it is understood, a series of tactful representations to the authorities in Lima. There existed at the time a Monroe Doctrine "scare" in South America, the Buenos Ayres *Prensa* being especially alarmed at the rumor of Washington's determination to build a great fleet and bully all western republics. It thus became extremely difficult

to act upon humanitarian appeals which have been showered upon Washington in the past year. Meanwhile, Peru took offense at the tone of certain communications from the British Foreign Office. They suggested interference by a great power in the affairs of a small one. The whole long-smoldering scandal became international.

Torture as an Incident of
Peruvian Rubbering.

WAR in its most savage phases has no horror comparable with the descent of the rubber hunters upon inland villages in Peru. Armed with rifles, the agents of the exploiters pick their way through the primeval forest not far from the river bank to which they have moored their launch. The quest is always for a village ruled by an important chief. Here always the domestic life of the Indian is led in its perfect simplicity. The wives and daughters of the natives, busy with domestic cares, are "rushed" by tactics which, the London *News* says, make the North American Indian in the time of King Philip's War seem civilized. No age is spared in the general decimation which, in its preliminary stages, takes the form of indiscriminate outrage. Old women are killed outright. Young wives are reduced to slavery in its Oriental form. Girls barely in their teens are handed about from man to man upon a system to which the annals of Turkish brigandage afford no parallel.



A BRIGHT SPOT IN DARKEST PUTUMAYO

There is no rubber region in the world comparable for wealth with this remote region of Peru where, unrestrained by civilization, it is charged, the white exploiters are ruining an indigenous race.

The only possible ransom is rubber. There seems to exist a sort of tariff. One native succeeded by incredible exertion in securing the freedom of his wife with rubber. A daughter was kept until a native purchased her. Such episodes are many.

Sir Edward Grey Looks
Into Peru's Scandal.

TRIBES are held by a terror in the rubber districts of Peru which includes the roasting of Indian boys. Names and places are cited by the *London News*. One, at least, of the enterprizes involved in charges of this sort was of British origin. That afforded the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey, a basis for official action. He directed Sir Roger Casement, His Majesty's Consul-General, to investigate. The report was duly forwarded to London and it fully confirmed, according to a statement in the House of Commons by Sir Edward himself, the worst charges. A communication was sent from the British Foreign Office to the Peruvian government, which expressed its determination to put an end to the present state of affairs. In the meantime, the visit of the British Consul-General effected a decided improvement in the condition of the local Indians—or so Sir Edward told the Commons. Many of the chief criminals had, it seemed, fled the country. The remoteness and inaccessibility of the reaches of the upper Amazon

made investigation and reform alike difficult. It was the Putumayo region that suffered most.

Charges Against Peruvian
Government.



OFFICIAL London was grossly deceived by the assurances of Peru, insists *London Truth*. This paper, like one or two other in London, suspects that the rubber-hunters enjoy so perfect a control over the Peruvian administration that reform is never undertaken in good faith. The rubber-merchants of Peru, we read in a statement signed on behalf of the British investigators by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, still exploit the Indians of the forest primeval in the northeastern parts of the Peruvian republic. The Witeta tribe, dwelling on the banks of the Igara Parana, a tributary of the Putumayo, is all but exterminated. A corps of "beaters" lash the men who do not bring in enough rubber. The tribesmen are beaten into the forest and not permitted to emerge from its recesses until a due load of the commodity is on the victim's back. Out of a hundred living in one village two years ago, ninety were beheaded or beaten to death or shot subsequently to the improvement alleged to have been brought about by the action of the British Consul-General. The rubber districts are far from the civilized parts of Peru. Iquitos, headquarters for the traffic, is filled with adventurers.

Conan Doyle as a
Crusader.

WHEN the Peruvian administrators reported the "beginning of reform" they insisted, the *London Times* says, upon the overdrawn character of the stories now in circulation. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has long interested himself in the world's rubber scandals, declares that the evidence submitted to him from observers in Peru sustains some of the very worst allegations. The slaughter of the Indians of the Putumayo region is carried on upon pretext of a purpose to civilize them. The perpetrators of the worst atrocities operate under charters giving them, it would seem, not only commercial rights but authority to act as judges and executioners. Slaying by the lash, firearms, machetes, the stocks, starvation and even by burning alive, go on wholesale. "These murders have not been committed through the necessity of self-defense," says one Peruvian witness, whose evidence was submitted to the government of his country, "but simply to satisfy criminal instincts and the most sordid avarice." The details were verified to the satisfaction of one or two Rio Janeiro dailies, which begin to contain lurid accounts of the atrocities.

Is Peru Run by the
Rubber Ring?

EVERY statement made during the past few months on the subject of the measures taken by the Peruvian government to suppress the atrocities in the Peruvian Amazon Company's "country" and to punish the perpetrators is false and misleading, according to Mr. E. Seymour-Bell. This gentleman was one of the commissioners sent out by the Peruvian Amazon Company itself to investigate the truth of charges made lately in more than one important London daily. Not long after the report of these investigators had sustained the more serious of the indictments, the corporation involved went into voluntary liquidation. Mr. Bell, who has lately been in the region of Putumayo, again insists that the Peruvian gov-

ernment all along evaded its responsibilities. "The ringleaders have, with one single exception, been left entirely unmolested. The principals of the atrocious business occupy to-day a stronger position in the commercial and social life of the locality. No person has been sentenced to any term of imprisonment." Out of close upon three hundred criminals accused by an investigating magistrate, whose visit followed that of Sir Roger Casement, only nine were arrested. These were punished lightly. Those who try to bring the evil-doers to book are liable to harsh treatment by the Peruvian officials in the capital. One instance is that of the judge of the criminal court at Iquitos, Doctor Valcarel. He issued warrants for the arrest of two magnates of the rubber company, who promptly procured his removal from the bench.

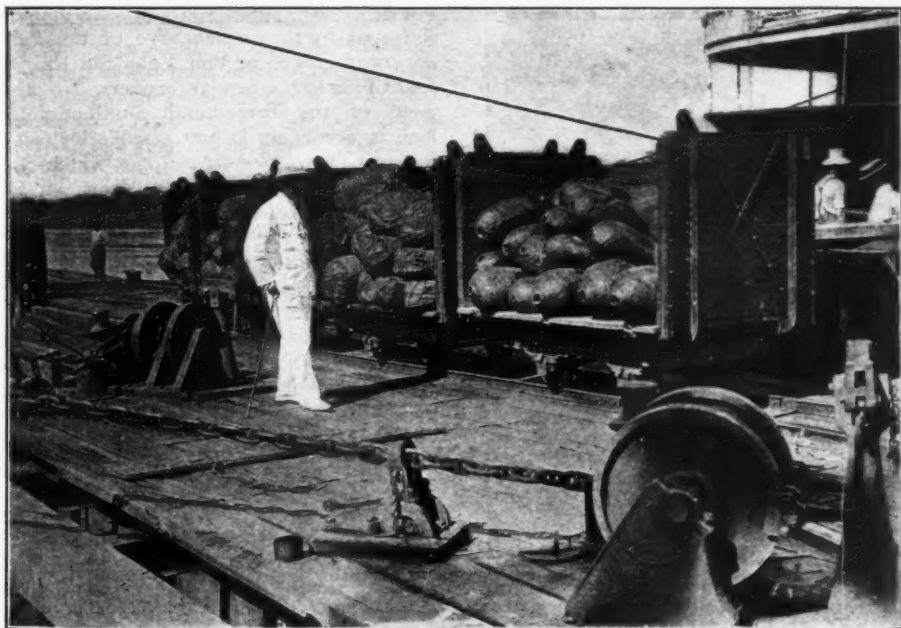
Importance of Rubber in
Peru.

RUBBER is one of the most important of all the vegetable products of Peru. In fact, as we are reminded by the *London Times*, a great deal of the rubber shipped from Para, in Brazil, actually comes from the Peruvian forests of the upper Amazon and its tributaries. The cheapest outlet for this product is not necessarily down the Amazon to Para. Much is shipped over the Andes by means of the Arequipa railway to the Pacific and thence to Europe or the United States. By this means, duties and costs of transport through Brazil are avoided. Altho Peruvian rubber forests had not attracted much foreign capital until within the last few years, that fact was due to the lack of knowledge in the outside world of the wealth of the region which yields the product. Concessions for rubber are given by the government of Peru on much more favorable terms than Brazil ever grants. The export duties from Peruvian ports have not been so enormous as those levied by Brazil. The vastness of the Peruvian rubber field has brought about the rush to Putumayo of which the scandals are the direct outcome. Lima



THE SLAVES OF
RUBBER

These natives of Putumayo, in Peru's rubber country, were happy, we read, until the outside world learned of the vast wealth of the forest thereabout. Then came the exploiter with his lash and a paradise became a vale of tears.



THE PRODUCT THAT COSTS THREE HUMAN LIVES PER TON

Here we see fine rubber in its crude stages on the landing wharf at Iquitos, the headquarters of a traffic denounced as worse than the worst in the Congo.

papers insist that the worst charges are inspired in Rio Janeiro, which has lost much export traffic.

as to develop the rubber resources of the country. The subject is thus disposed of in *Peru To-day*:

The Peruvian Side of
the Case.



GENERAL scheme of administration for the entire Putumayo region has been formulated by a committee of the Peruvian Congress in agreement with the executive. The reforms will be put in the shape of a drastic law for the government of the entire Putumayo region. This much we learn from Doctor Emile Castre, of the Chamber of Deputies at Lima, who deals with the topic of rubber collecting in *Peru To-day*, an English paper published in Lima. The inspired *Comercio*, presumed to speak with authority for the Peruvian government, attributes the stories of atrocities to malevolence and the desire of certain speculators to injure the trade of Peru. In any event, it predicts, the bill now before the Peruvian congress and the new measure to be introduced will convince the world of the determination of the powers in Lima to protect the natives in their rights as well

"As a matter of fact there has been a large and disgusting amount of sensational rot going the rounds regarding the conditions maintaining in respect to slavery in Mexico, and in the montaña of Peru, Bolivia and Brazil. The Peruvian Society for the Protection of the Natives (Pro-Indígena) spares no effort or expense to search out every case of cruelty or compulsory labor that comes to its notice, and the Government acts promptly on the evidence obtainable in preventing the recurrence of such crimes against society, and punishing the guilty parties. It must be understood, and consideration must be given to the fact that the territory of oriental Peru is so vast, the population in the wild sections where indigenous rubber is extracted so thin and scattered, and the boundaries as yet so ill defined that anything like complete supervision is impossible, be the Government as solicitous as it may. Abuses do exist. . . . But that certain isolated cases of personal cruelty due to the disposition of an unfit overseer or other local cause should be seized upon and set forth as representative is unjust and unworthy of some of the individuals and newspapers engaged in the task."



THE NEW WOMAN IN CHINA

These Chinese young ladies are in army uniform because they are soldiers and entitled to bear arms in defence of their country. The revolution in China has brought the new woman to the fore to a surprising degree. This picture is but one of many evidences of her "emancipation."

Yuan Shi Kai Selects a
New Prime Minister.

BY THE appointment the other day of Lu Cheng Hsiang as Prime Minister of the Chinese Republic, Yuan Shi Kai showed the firmness of his purpose to rule the land himself. That is the interpretation placed by Europe upon the choice of a successor to the nervous Tang Shao Yo. The last-named statesman fled from Peking after a few stormy weeks as Prime Minister, and refused, despite the most urgent entreaties, to

return to the capital. His private opinion, conveyed to a representative of the *Paris Figaro*, seems to be that Yuan Shi Kai has sold China to the foreign bankers. No other view of the three-hundred-million-dollar loan is, according to him, tenable for a moment. The agreement upon which this huge sum was promised to Yuan Shi Kai contained no reference to the special interests of Russia and Japan. The fact inspired such drastic utterances in the *St. Petersburg Novoye Vremya*, to say nothing of the *Tokyo Nichi*, that for a time republican China hovered on the verge of bankruptcy. There was no money to pay the troops, who were already making one of the forced marches upon the capital for which they regularly distinguish themselves, until, in some manner not ascertained, Yuan Shi Kai induced the local banks to let him have funds for a week's expenses. The stringency was due to a combination of London, Paris and New York financiers, according to the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, which further understands that the relations between St. Petersburg and Washington are strained, because the United States opposed the Russian contention. Russia, feeling now that her policy in the far East has been thwarted for the moment by this country, is the avowed enemy of the open door.

Alleged American Intrigue
in the Far East.

REPUBLICAN China is far more difficult to deal with than dynastic China, complains the inspired organ of the Berlin foreign office, and it lays all the blame upon American diplomacy. Yuan Shi Kai, we read, has been led to infer that by judicious and well-timed appeals to America he can thwart the aims of Europe. Washington, if this European impression be accurate, once thought it wise to leave American financiers in the far East to themselves. Railroad and mining concessions were not urged. Loans were not offered upon the strength of government action. Our Department of State was satisfied with the open door and the protection of the lives and property of American citizens in China. This policy, the German daily learns, has been abandoned. The United States government watches warily all the moves of high finance at Peking. If, in the distribution of concessions, an important American group is overlooked, Washington takes the alarm.

The greatest sufferer from the new policy would appear to be Russia. Whenever Yuan Shi Kai finds himself pressed unduly by Russia, he takes refuge in the arms of America. This, we read, explains the history of the past few months in Peking.

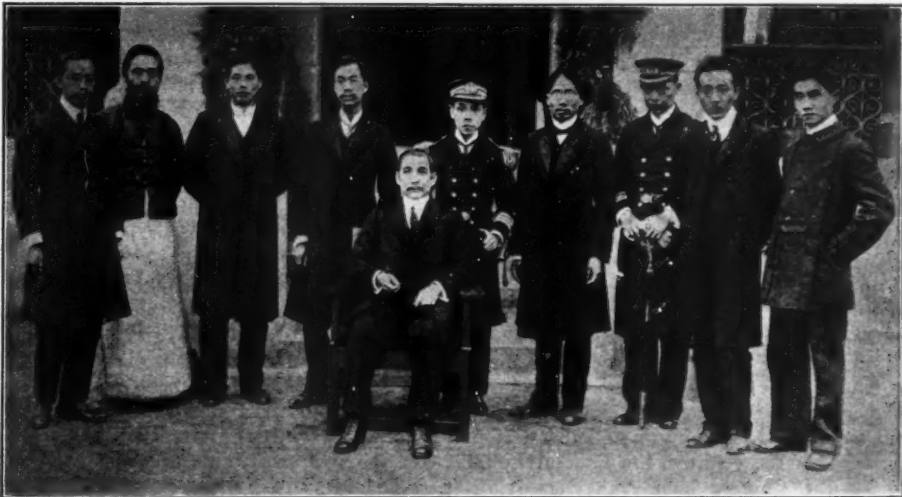
Sun Yat Sen Perturbs the
Friends of China.

ALL WHO wish well to China and who have been inclined to look upon the upheavals of the past year as the close of a period of turbulence must have misgivings, the *London Telegraph* says, with regard to Sun Yat Sen. That most illustrious of living Chinamen, having resigned the presidency to Yuan Shi Kai, invaded the field of economics. Political revolutions, he now says, signify nothing. "With a volatility which has always characterized would-be reformers in the far East, and has over and over again led to disastrous results, Sun Yat Sen declares that, having finished the political revolution, he is proceeding with what he calls the greatest social revolution in the world's history." He has just affirmed that with the full consent of the new government in Peking, he is to endeavor to win the masses of the Chinese over to Socialism. He will adopt many of the ideas of the late Henry George likewise. These ideas, Sun Yat Sen says, are particularly applicable to the vir-

gin soil of China. His program includes government control of the railroads and mines and the universal adoption of the single tax. Native enthusiasm for these reforms is described as "immense."

China's Masses Taking to
Socialism and Single Tax.

PASSIVE resistance is the weapon advocated by Sun Yat Sen in opposition to the capitalistic schemes promoted from the West. That device has greatly inconvenienced American financiers in the construction of the new railways, especially in the vicinity of Cheng-tu, capital of the vast province of Szechuan, which extends to the borders of Tibet and which for months past has been given over to agitation by followers of Sun Yat Sen. The idea of the people, we learn from the *London Times*, was to eliminate the foreign capitalist altogether and to build a railway owned and operated by the government or by the people through the government. The movement spread to the neighboring province of Hupei. The works of Socialist writers, translated into the vernacular, have begun to flood both provinces. The people boycotted the railroad enterprise of the foreigners. Laborers employed to lay rails were intimidated. The viceroys were told to arrest the agitators. That brought on a boycott.



"THE PUREST PATRIOT SINCE REGULUS"

In this phrase we have a characterization of Sun Yat Sen, China's greatest reformer, which adorned an address by Chinese high-school girls. Sun Yat Sen is now a Socialist, preaching a Christianized communism which some international financiers do not like. He gave up the Presidency as too political an office for an ideal economist. He is surrounded here by his chief advisers.



THE PRIME MINISTER WHO FLED FROM PEKING IN PANIC

Tang Shao Yo, first Premier of China under the new republic, fled the capital because, he said, government made him afraid.

Who Is to Spend China's Money for Her?

GREATER than any other source of discord in China just now, however, says the *Paris Temps*, is the question of who is to spend the vast sums which have just been placed at the service of Peking. "With characteristic inconsistency, both the central government and the provincial authorities assert the doctrine that any kind of foreign supervision over the expenditure of foreign loans is inadmissible." It is, they say, an infringement on the sovereign rights of China and an insult to her dignity. Most unfortunately for the country, the *London Times* thinks, the Chinese have contrived of recent years to obtain from European and American financiers ever growing sums without adequate control. The terms of the railway loan which has so recently made

trouble are an example of their success. The construction and control of the lines are vested in the republican central government as an inheritance from the old empire. Altho provision is made for the employment of western engineers the agreement does not contain clauses to prevent mismanagement. The United States government has tried, in the best interests of China, to insure that advances shall not be made without provision for effective supervision of expenditure. But these endeavors have often been defeated. When carried too far they have brought about crises like the one through which Yuan Shi Kai emerges triumphantly. He seems to be on the side of the American view that expenditure should be audited, but the republicans about him deem the practice a violation of the newly secured freedom.

Russia Determined to Control China.

IF THE newly chosen Prime Minister, Lu Cheng Hsiang, whose name is sadly mutilated in the despatches, were not pronouncedly pro-Russian, his appearance as Yuan Shi Kai's right-hand man would alarm certain London dailies less. Having served as Chinese ambassador at the Russian court, the new Prime Minister, according to the *Matin*, imbibed an anti-American and anti-British conception of world-politics. He manifested the disposition markedly, we read, during his brief supervision of the foreign office of the new republic. He has an ambitious scheme for the disruption of the alliance between Japan and Russia which has meant so much in the recent history of Manchuria. This notion, the *Matin* says, is absurd. However, Lu Cheng Hsiang was flattered to the top of his bent by the wily Russians and, as he is naturally a vain person, he thought he could become in no long time the Chinese Bismarck. He will be speedily undeceived if he reads recent comment upon his official career in certain British dailies. They assure the world that he is an inflated figurehead whom Yuan Shi Kai will twist about his little finger. The new Prime Minister, it seems likewise, has no sympathy with the socialistic and radical ideas of Sun Yat Sen. He deems that reformer a good deal of a nuisance and would like to suppress him. That for the time being is impossible, as the masses stand in the way. A word from Sun Yat



THIS MAN IS THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT

His name is Yuan Shi Kai. His aims are a mystery. His policy is peace. His ambitions are the theme of speculation of the civilized world. He is sixty-six, rich and possessed of more wives than some Mormons. He is the first President of the republic.

Sen, says the *London News*, might sweep the whole republic to oblivion.

The Latest Chinese Peril
in Peking.

SUN YAT SEN grows restless at evidence that a clique of international financiers seeks to capture the Chinese republican government.

As evidence of what he means is cited the fact that in order to "put the screws on Peking," the Chinese treasury was not permitted recently to transfer by cable large sums to its credit in London. The banks controlled by Russian, German and French houses insisted that the bullion would have to be shipped from Europe to Asia. This was a mere trick, it is alleged, to bring the government of Yuan Shi Kai to terms with

reference to the three-hundred-million-dollar loan. Hints of the state of affairs were conveyed to the provinces by the agents of Sun Yat Sen, the first consequence being an agitation against foreigners. The provincial assemblies declare by resolution again and again that the establishment of financial and military autonomy in themselves is indispensable if Peking be surrendered to the financial syndicates. The financial syndicate itself is divided into a so-called Anglo-American combine and a clique of continental European money-lenders. The Anglo-American combination is accused of seeking a monopoly of Chinese domestic bonds. The continentals are charged with designs upon the territorial integrity of China.

Persons in the Foreground

THE STIRRING IDEAS OF TOMMY MARSHALL



HEY call him "little Tommy Marshall" out in Indiana in much the same way as the Russians speak of the Czar as "the little father." It is a term partly of familiarity, partly of endearment. From time immemorial we curious bipeds called men have been giving diminutive appellations to those we are particularly fond of. In love letters we are apt to run to "Baby" and "Dovie" and "Little Pet." In politics we get hold of some term like "Teddy" or "Jim" or "Abe." "Tommy" Marshall, we would say, denotes familiarity and "Little Tommy" Marshall denotes both familiarity and endearment. But perhaps the fact that he is, physically, quite small and the further fact that he has for most of his life lived in the same little city in Indiana help account for the way his neighbors speak of him. One thing only we insist on. The name carries no shade of contempt or pity. For "little Tommy Marshall" is recognized, where he is best known, as a very live wire; able to take care not only of himself but of any of his neighbors who get into trouble. "The only bouquet I can throw at myself," he says, "which I feel I have a right to throw, is as a trial lawyer. I can land on my feet in the courtroom, note an exception and talk to a jury."

In nominating Wilson and Marshall the Baltimore convention picked two men essentially very similar. Both men travel on their brains rather than on any magnetic or picturesque personality. Neither one has a "barrel." Neither is a particularly good "mixer," as the professional politician uses that term. Neither has ever held any political office except the one he is now filling—that of governor. Each has had to administer discipline to his party boss—Wilson to Smith and Marshall to Taggart. But most of all are they alike in the quality of their minds and in the refreshing way in which they can, by sheer lucidity of ex-

pression, pack power into a sentence or a phrase without resort to buncombe or the aurora borealis kind of rhetoric. Woodrow Wilson's ability in this line is famous; but since reading up on Thomas Riley Marshall we are inclined to believe that neither Wilson nor any other political leader now living can beat him in the ease with which he can coin his ideas into terse sentences that ring like gold fresh from the mint.

Let us give you a few specimens, picking them out almost at random. Speaking of trusts, for instance: "If you want to bust a trust get a lawyer and put some fellow in the penitentiary. I believe as much as any man in vested rights, but not in vested wrongs. No man can hold my stolen horse long enough to get title to it." Talking of the necessity of education in a representative government: "There are no short cuts to permanent reforms in a republic. It was never meant there should be any. You cannot do it by legislation. The General Assembly might reenact the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, but we would have to keep the policeman on the job just the same."

Sounds simple and easy, doesn't it? So does Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and so does the account of Creation in Genesis. Just before the Baltimore Convention met, Marshall was quizzed about the platform. He said: "The next national platform should be written by three persons—a political economist, a philologist and an honest man." Here is another remark made by Marshall in a speech dedicating a new county courthouse: "Bad legislation is bad; bad execution of laws is worse; and bad judgment of the courts is the worst. When Justice ceases to be blind and winks the eye at a favorite litigant she ceases to be a vestal virgin and becomes a common courtesan." Still another referring to the recall of judicial decisions: "Lincoln held it to be the inalienable right of an unsuccessful litigant to go down to the tavern



THERE IS ONE THING THAT SETS HIM CRAZY

That, Thomas R. Marshall admits, is the "New Nationalism" as expounded by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Marshall is not thinking of that in this picture. He doesn't smile when he thinks of that. He and the lady, who is his wife, have probably just heard of his nomination for Vice-President by the Democratic Convention.

and cuss the court. It is the theory of Roosevelt that it is the right of an unsuccessful litigant to go down to the tavern and overrule the court." Asked a few weeks ago by a reporter about his ambitions, Marshall professed to care little about posthumous fame. "But what about the page in history, Governor?" He replied: "That page-in-history proposition might be more attractive if a corpse could read."

Marshall is classified as "a Progressive with the brakes on." If any one knows an infallible acid test by which to determine just when a man is a Progressive and when he is not, he knows more than we do. Taft claims to be a true progressive, but Roosevelt says he is not. Roosevelt claims to be one, but La Follette says he is not. Harmon claims to be one, but Bryan says he is not. The Progressive movement has

not crystallized far enough yet to make a hard and fast definition. If a true Progressive is one who believes in the initiative, referendum and recall, then Marshall can hardly qualify. He believes in them in a kind of a sort of a way, but he is frank to say that none of them will ever be of any real use except as "a handy bogey man" to correct, once in a while, a flagrant abuse of representative government. He certainly does not believe in a "pure democracy." He talks more like a reactionary on some of these subjects than like a radical. Thus:

"I don't believe that the public, under the stress of great indignation over a great crime, can inflict adequate punishment that is justice. I believe in the checks and balances put in our government machinery by the founders. The individual must have his guaranteed right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness maintained against unjust governing as against unjust punishment. If I have had any reasonable success as governor it has been because I have tried to recognize the rights of the minority."

Moreover he has no tolerance for Mr. Roosevelt's "new nationalism." It is, he says, "the one thing that sets me crazy," for it is "a negation of all the principles on which the government was organized, an effort to wipe out State lines, an attack on the rights of the individual, an attempt to establish a federal autocracy." He seems to take the same views of the functions of the different departments of government that Justice Hughes took when he was governor of New York. The executive, he holds, should not present bills, but principles, to the legislative department. "The governor of Indiana," he says, "has no bills pending before the legislature, but recommendations instead." Taft, he thinks, has gotten into a lot of needless trouble by not observing this distinction. As for the recall of judges by popular vote, or of judicial decisions, he is stoutly and emphatically opposed to those things. Even the presidential primary arouses his scorn, tho he qualifies his words in regard to that by the clause "as it is conducted to-day." "If this presidential primary business keeps up," he is quoted as saying recently, "no one save multi-millionaires or syndicated candidates can ever hope to rise in American politics." On the question of the regulation of trusts by the federal government he is equally sceptical. He has far more faith in state

control than in federal control. "The progress made by the general government," he has said, "in eliminating the trusts has been equaled only by the frog which jumped one foot and fell back two. The trusts can be eliminated by the states." The way for a state to proceed, he went on to say, is to enact laws forbidding any corporation that owns the stock of another corporation from doing business in the state and from using the courts of the state for enforcing contracts.

Is a man who thus looks askance at the initiative, referendum and recall, who flaunts the presidential primary "as at present conducted," who admits that new nationalism makes him crazy, who is openly hostile to the recall of judges or of judicial decisions, and who thinks that the state legislatures, not the federal government, should continue to regulate the trusts,—is such a man to be classed as a Progressive these days? Far be it from us to answer such a question. We are no *Oedipus*. But it should be noted that we have been presenting Governor Marshall's negative side only thus far. On the affirmative side, his Progressive friends point—just as Governor Harmon's friends point—to the record of the legislature under his influence. It has ratified the income tax; it has adopted a resolution in favor of direct election of United States senators; it has passed an employers' liability bill; it has enacted a corrupt practices law and one making campaign contributions public; it has enacted child-labor laws and has authorized the State Railroad Commission to regulate rates. It, moreover, refused to send Tom Taggart to the Senate at Washington, and instead sent Bryan's staunch ally, Kern.

On the tariff question, Marshall is as positive as old John Bigelow ever was. He stands with both feet on the plank that a tariff for protection is unconstitutional and wicked. He is for a tariff for revenue only. In October, 1910, he said:

"Ours is a general assault upon the doctrine of protection in its entirety. We are not bothered about the schedules in the bill; we are not worried as to who constitute the powers of pillage, nor as to who is at the head of the pillagers. We do not say that good will be accomplished by reducing the schedules on one article and raising them on another; by taking them off of shoes and putting them on stockings. We do not bother with those

petty readjustments. We remember that whenever Congress, under the guise of raising money, makes an enactment that in reality raises no money, but simply makes you and me dig into our pockets and hand over our small coin to the protected manufacturers, it has ceased to be a government of equal rights and fair play."

Such are the views of Thomas Riley Marshall, Democratic candidate for Vice-President. The man himself has had an uneventful career. He was born in Manchester, Indiana, in 1854. He graduated from Wabash College in 1873. On his twenty-first birthday he hung up his law shingle in Columbia City, Ind., where he stayed until he went to the capital as governor of the state. He has never, he boasts, done any manual labor he could hire anybody else to do for him. His father was a Union Democrat in the time of the Civil War, and was descended from the Virginia Marshalls. He was never very rich and never very poor. Thomas R. usually walks, even now, or rides on a street car when he goes anywhere. It is a trifle hard even for Mrs. Marshall to induce him to put on anything more formal than a sack coat at state functions. "You can see him," says one writer, "almost any morning in Indianapolis, walking slowly down Market street toward the Statehouse. He is calm and serene and small; mild, quiet, simple and old-fashioned. His hair is gray and so is his mustache. His clothes are gray and so is his tie. He has a cigar tucked beneath the mustache and his gray fedora hat shades his gray eyes." Here is a fuller description:

"His head has a large top and forehead, with something like a mop of silvery gray hair—hair that looks very fine and soft. His forehead and his delicate, well-shaped features are marked with fine lines indicating nervous force, and the thinker as well as the man of action. His gray-blue eyes, deep-set and expressive as a trained actor's, look out frankly from under large eyebrows. His face is broadest at the eyes. He has a moderate-sized, well-shaped nose, a good chin, and a small, blond mustache only partly conceals a mouth that is sensitive, mobile, and still determined. His voice is musical, pleasant in tone, and it has proved sufficient for stump-speaking out of doors, altho you wouldn't think it to hear its soft notes in conversation. The man's hands and feet show breeding, as do the lines of his figure."

He believes the statesmen of to-day are pigmies beside the man who formed our federal Constitution, and if any one is looking for a leader to head a raid upon that document they need not apply to Marshall. Our troubles, in his opinion, arise chiefly from our disregard for that time-honored instrument and from the average voter's lack of a due sense of responsibility.

When Marshall campaigned for the governorship his wife went with him everywhere, and it is said he has never been separated from her overnight for over fourteen years, refusing to go even on a waterways excursion of governors down the Mississippi because his wife would have to go, if at all, on another boat. He has a keen sense of humor and he makes and holds friends easily. Even Tom Taggart remains his friend. Like Wilson, Marshall is a staunch Presbyterian and he is a thirty-third degree mason. He likes the ancient writers almost as well as Mayor Gaynor does; but when he reads for relaxation he reads Dumas or a good detective story. As for honor and glory he says rather pathetically: "I don't suppose I have the ordinary motives for ambition. I have a wife, but she will mourn me as sincerely when I am gone if I never become President. I have no mother, no father, no brother, no sister to bask in the reflected glory of any honors that might come to me. I am the last of my family."

His tribute to his mother is of almost classic beauty and tenderness. It runs as follows:

"I think back through the years, the lean and fat, the good and the bad ones, to my earliest recollection. I see a woman with an eye that flashes swift as an archangel's wing and a mouth that breaks with laughter and hardens at sight of wrong, singing lullabies; a woman who, with hand grasping the Unseen Hand, walks the brier-bordered paths of life unashamed, unafraid, unharmed. She is clad in garments of beauty for me, and age does not soil them, nor years make them cheap and tawdry. Her tongue is without guile, having never been the messenger of a lie. It is seventeen years since her soul went home to God and her fingers became for me the fingers of an angel, but I have not forgotten all she said. She told me there was a Santa Claus, and I believe her. He brings me no longer drums and fifes. But he still brings to me the vision of my mother and the music of that angelic chorus which sang at creation's dawn and at the hour of man's redemption."

JOHNSON OF CALIFORNIA: A PROGRESSIVE IN A HURRY

IT SEEMS to be the fashion in these days, whenever a state needs a new governor, to avoid all the well-known political highways, and to go out with a lariat into the byways and hedges to rope some man who has never held office and never made a political record. It also seems to be the fashion for such men to make good and to be almost immediately thereafter seized by the coat-collar, so to speak, and shoved up into a still more conspicuous position. There was Hughes, for instance, who was initiated into politics by being elected governor of New York, and then shoved on, up into the Supreme Court of the United States. There is Woodrow Wilson, snatched from the quiet, academic shades of Princeton and thrown into the middle of a deep political stream with strong cross-currents, and told to swim for his life before he had had any chance whatever to learn the stroke. And now see what they are trying to do to *him*! There is Marshall of Indiana, and Baldwin of Connecticut, and Dix of New York, and Stubbs of Kansas, and plenty of others who might be named, who have been introduced into politics by the same abrupt method. Time was when a man was expected to begin his political career by being made prosecuting attorney or assemblyman or something of that kind, and to climb to the governorship as to a sort of pinnacle of fame. Now the governorship seems to be the place to begin, and the old-timers who have been learning the game for years, in minor offices, are ingloriously passed by. No wonder they look at each other sadly and say, "What's the use?"

Hiram W. Johnson of California is another of these upstart governors who began at the top and scandalized all the professionals by beating them at their own game before he was supposed to know one card from another. And now, as the time draws near for the third party to gird up its loins, organize its cohorts and select its candidates, the finger of destiny seems to beckon to Hiram, calling on him to take the second place on the ticket and spread that rasping voice of his over the broad Union.

No one who attended the Chicago convention this year can ever forget that voice.

It has no honey in it. It is a fighting voice, and when Johnson is mad—as he was all the time at Chicago—it sounds like a rip-saw going through a hard knot. Tense is the word for it. There is no ease in his platform manner, no attempt to ingratiate himself, no pleasant smile or suggestion of jocularity. Even Heney smiled—a provocative, insulting, maddening sort of smile—at those who jeered him; but still a real, indubitable smile. Johnson never smiled. The first notes of his voice keyed up your nerves to a fighting pitch. We can't imagine anyone's listening to Johnson for five minutes without wanting to fight—either to fight with him or to fight against him. His voice sounds just as an east wind feels. It grates and snarls and pierces, and puts you all on edge. The whole man goes with the voice. Every posture and gesture is one of intensity. His hands are nearly always clenched. His jaw, a good strong fighting jaw, is set. His muscles are tense. He talks rapidly and with no gradations of volume or tone, without any embellishments of rhetoric, without any appearance of self-consciousness. He gives you the impression of a man carried away entirely on the flood of his own feelings.

Here is a description of Johnson in action which we find in *La Follette's*, written by Edmund Norton:

"He stands there, flat-founded on the platform, square-shouldered, short-necked, deep-chested, and slightly rotund—very much like a boxer ready for the bout. . . . Johnson gesticulates very little, but when he does, 'Every little movement has a meaning of its own.' Sometimes he shoves a thought out with a closed left fist; then with a clenched right fist; now with both hands he shoves it into place—where he means it to stay. He is a mechanic, a constructor; and—is he an idealist? Wait and we shall see. Then he hammers the thing down, as on an anvil; fashioning it; first one fist, then the other and finally both, as if tamping the roadbed solid for the coming of the freight."

Norton says that he saw in some of Johnson's audiences in California, during his gubernatorial campaign, "a moral fervor fuzing the assemblies into almost a spiritual frenzy for a few seconds; a mass-phenomenon I have rarely or never wit-

nessed outside of religious meetings." "A political revivalist" is the term used to characterize him by a recent writer in *McClure's*.

Johnson was born forty-five years ago in Sacramento. His father, Grove L. Johnson, who is still active, is said to be one of the most adroit members of the bar in that state and the Progressives charge that he has been "one of the most pliant tools the Southern Pacific machine has ever known." Hiram became a lawyer and for a time, we believe, held some small municipal position in Sacramento. His public career, however, began at the time of the graft prosecutions in San Francisco, conducted by Heney. Johnson was living in that city then, and was associated with Heney in this work for a short time at first, soon dropping out. The League of Justice tried to get him back into the prosecutions, but he steadily refused. Finally they sent Matt. I. Sullivan to see him. His appeal failed. Then, according to P. C. Macfarlane, in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, the following dramatic scene ensued:

"While the two men gazed at each other in a sort of stubborn silence the tinkle of a telephone-bell sounded faintly in the adjoining room, followed by a muffled exclamation. The door opened softly a moment later. Johnson's private secretary, Dennis Duffy, pale and disturbed, stood before them.

"Heney has been shot down in open court," he gasped.

"Sullivan glanced at the pale-faced secretary and then looked at the face of Johnson and noted that it was even paler.

"Are you sure?" Johnson inquired anxiously.

"The report has been confirmed," said the secretary.

"Sullivan is a man who knows how to keep silent. He had not uttered a word. Only he looked questioningly at Johnson.

"That settles it," exclaimed Johnson, with a gesture of finality, "I don't want any fee. I'll take up the case with you, Sullivan. We will finish Heney's work for him. We will send Abe Ruef to jail."

That attempt upon Heney's life, therefore, is responsible for Johnson's public career. For his nomination as governor followed as a result of the graft prosecutions. The Progressives were stirring all over the state before Johnson thought of leadership. When they appealed to him to take the nomination for governor he re-

fused flatly. They kept at him, Lissner and Rowell of Los Angeles, Fremont Older of San Francisco, and others, but without success. It was Heney who, in a four-hour conversation, got from him the promise that he would "go to the bat."

He went. He made a seven-months' campaign of the state, going to every hamlet and village in his automobile. The first inkling the villagers and farmers would have of his approach would be the sound of cowbells strung on his automobile. He made his campaign on one issue. Nearly every speech closed as follows:

"And remember this, my friends: I am going to be the next governor of California, and when I am, I am going to kick out of this government William F. Herrin and the Southern Pacific Railroad. Good night!"

It was some time before his campaign aroused any serious attention. Then it was too late to head him off. In the Republican primaries he had more votes than both his leading opponents. He was elected by a plurality of 22,356, and he proceeded to operate a steam-roller of his own, having captured the party organization as well as the governorship. In his inaugural address he told the legislators that if they didn't fulfill the promises of the platform he would personally go into their districts and call the roll of each member before his own constituents. He fired out of office all suspected of an alliance with the big corporate interests. He got through the legislature twenty-three amendments to the state constitution and then got nearly all of them approved by the people in the election that followed. It was, according to Macfarlane, the most remarkable political upheaval and the most thoroughgoing legislative reconstruction ever known by any state.

Johnson, it may be inferred, is a man in a hurry. He gives immediate opinions and calls for immediate action. "Despite his legal training and attainments," says William Kent, a California congressman, writing in *The Outlook*, "he has much more the attitude of an Arab sheik rendering justice offhand from under a palm-tree than of a conventional 'civilized' judge scraping dust and cobwebs from musty precedent before expressing an opinion." His conclusions are "almost instantaneous" and when he has made them he is a hard man to turn. He



A POLITICAL REVIVALIST

Nobody can hear Governor Johnson, of California, speak for five minutes without getting fighting mad, either at him or *with* him at somebody else. He can set a mixed audience by the ears as quickly as any man living. He is intense himself and he arouses intense feelings in others.

is a Progressive in a hurry and he doesn't pay much attention to the speed laws as laid down by our fathers. "I beg of you," he told his legislature, "not to permit the

bogey-man of the railroad companies, 'unconstitutionality', to deter you from enacting the legislation suggested, if you believe that legislation to be necessary."

THE MOST BRILLIANT POSSIBILITY IN THE FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION



SIMPLE M. Fallières retires from the Presidency of the French republic in a very short time, for the end of his seven-year term approaches rapidly. He has made all his plans for the future. A six-room flat and two servants comprize the establishment he will maintain as a private citizen in Paris. These details challenge attention owing to the efforts soon to be made to seat in the chair now filled by the modest bourgeois no less brilliant a person than Paul Deschanel. How seriously must these efforts be taken? One or two modifications in statutory provisions may be necessary, but the champions of Paul Deschanel do not hesitate at that. France, it is explained, needs a more dominant personality in the chief magistracy than either Loubet or Fallières. What the republic needs, according to certain organs of political policy, is the spectacular person like Roosevelt, or the genius like Lincoln, or the orator like Bryan. One can not estimate the magnitude of the advantages derived by America, observes the *Figaro*, from the conspicuity of the personage in the supreme dignity. France has suffered from the colorless character. People forget that there is a French republic. Nobody forgets that there is an American republic. The explanation is afforded by the men chosen to act as President, and to some extent by the character of the men chosen as candidates for the Presidency. From this point of view, Paul Deschanel as a factor in a presidential campaign is praised by a host of admirers. He may not be elected because he is only President of the Chamber; but the list of his qualifications is, one organ declares, appealingly Parisian.

Paul Deschanel is the artist, the poet, turned politician. So runs an indictment in the *Paris Action*. His election to the French Academy was a well-earned recognition of the greatest living master of

French prose. The poet is expressed in every line of an aristocratic and delicate countenance. "The eyes, almond-shaped and dreamy, moisten at a moving tale of love and flash at a sublime quotation, but they see into no principle of politics. The chin is sensitive, beautiful even, but not strong. The lips quiver too voluptuously. The nose is too long, too narrow for anything but Greek beauty. The round, smooth forehead suggests not thought but emotion." This world, we are reminded, has been too delightful a place for Paul Deschanel. Reared in a hothouse atmosphere of books and pictures, initiated early into all the etiquets, all the waltzes, all the refinements of old civilization, he sees life through the windows of an upholstered motor car as he lounges on soft cushions. His tact in the distribution of boxes of candy among his lady admirers discredits him to our uncompromizing contemporary. He accompanies the gifts with exquisite verses.

Like all the French political leaders, Paul Deschanel dresses in the fashion called by some French papers divine. He is barbered, manicured and brushed within an inch of his life without suggesting dandyism or defective taste. His mustache is waxed "to infinity," as one authority puts it, his hair is brushed back from the forehead and not parted in the center, and his canes are celebrated. Some insist that he never wears a pair of trousers a second time, altho we infer from the *Libre Parole* that the statement is but sarcasm. His most exquisite personal effect has to do with the manipulation of his cane. There is no emotion untranslatable to Paul Deschanel in terms of the cane. He taps one gently with it to suggest esteem and affection blended. He has a way of twirling it that takes the sting out of a request refused. He achieves the triumph of holding a pair of gloves, a rose and the cane all in one hand as they say for him the things



THE STATESMAN WHO HAS MADE POLITICS
AN ART

Paul Deschanel is the best-bred, the best-groomed and the best-read man in the chamber of deputies at Paris. His prose is matchless and his clothes are sneered at as a symbol of his statemanship.

he is too polite to put into words. Of course, he has the advantage of dealing with Frenchmen during these manipulations and they understand such things. Such accomplishments would perhaps only prejudice the career of a British statesman.

Diplomacy has been the special concern of Paul Deschanel during his recent political career. He refused the embassy to Vienna not long ago, but he has traveled

to all the courts as a sort of special envoy of the republic. When ambassadors report that negotiations have become difficult or impossible, when French relations with a great power seem too strained, the personality of Paul Deschanel is the most precious asset of his country. He arrives in the capital of the refractory power with a carefully chosen suite. He gives dinners. He goes to balls. The cane, the waxed mustache, the cigaret case and the well-groomed ease are on the list of diplomatic properties. These things are all the equipment, according to the hostile *Action*, but from the friendly *Temps* one infers that M. Paul Deschanel is a genius in negotiation, a fertile deviser of expedients and compromises. Then he knows the secrets. Vienna has its secrets, Berlin has its secrets, and even St. Petersburg affects reticences. M. Deschanel learns them all. He comes back to Paris so full of these mysteries that his slightest indiscretion might start a European war. But he is very discreet. The *Action* pooh-poohs the idea, but it prevails.

Of real life, of things that are not art, of common men and ordinary phrases, Paul Deschanel has no knowledge. The *Echo* makes that charge. From his earliest manhood, this fine gentleman has had to be dressed. He may not even comb his hair. He never puts on his own shoes. This does not mean that he is helpless; but the suggestion of "fineness," of the rarely aristocratical that he imparts, makes all who behold his handsome person spring to his service. One fairly aches to bring him his hat! Another springs to open the door of his carriage. All bow before him. The sweetness of manner with which Paul Deschanel acknowledges these attentions makes it a privilege to wait upon him. That is why he, suspected of weakness in attachment to republican institutions, is chosen to preside over an assemblage that curses monarchy. His graciousness has the quality of being contagious. When he presides over the Chamber, its members cease to brawl. There is no acrimony in debate. The revolutionary socialist beams upon the banker. It is all part of a general consciousness that M. Deschanel must not be shocked by bad manners. The Chamber under his sway has been likened to a garden party at Versailles under Louis XIV.

One of the mysteries of Paul Deschanel

is his style in discourse, in oratory, in the written word. Upon his reception as a member of the French Academy he was told that he owed the distinction to the miracle of his phraseology. It works out, according to the *Action*, in imparting the appearance of significance to empty words. He seems definite, substantial and precise in statement until one falls to analysis. Then all meaning evaporates. But the beauty remains. He heightens his effects partly by brevity and partly by a peculiar combination of voice and manner. He has a way of looking at his watch while speaking which to the *Action* is inexpressibly impressive. He carries his point in the Chamber sometimes by simply blowing his nose—a noble gesture to our contemporary because it is effected just at the right time. The trick and others like it convey the idea that M. Deschanel is artless, speaking on the spur of the moment. The truth is that he has studied everything the long night previous in bed instead of sleeping. Deputies are convinced and vote accordingly. The art is so perfect that he can bribe with a cigaret in consequence of the charm in his style of offering one.

In the cryptic book of woman, Paul Deschanel seems to have read much and to the purpose. He has the subtle hand of woman when it comes to political manipulation, according to the hostile Paris *Lanterne*. His instincts, it charges, are all too feminine and the triumphs of his career have been of the sort that appeal to women mostly. There are his speeches, for instance, "all pretty" and got up to read like essays. His imagery is taken from the flowers and the skies and the mythologies. "He uses no periods that move men, for he has never interested himself in the doings of great men, but only in the doings of great women." He is most himself in the elegancies of the salon, talking to high-bred and perfect ladies about pictures and religion. The world of Paul Deschanel, as the complaint proceeds, is a feminine world. The proletarian, the wage question, the struggle of masses of men for economic improvement—these bore him. Even his republicanism has this defect. It is not stern, like that of Brutus, but theoretical and amateurish, like the ideals of Marie Antoinette. He is master of the thing detested by the French daily as "petticoat government"—

the adoption of policies that are well-bred and gracious instead of great.

"Tone" must be deemed the masterpiece in the Deschanel box of tricks. "Deschanel," we read in the *Débats*, "he gives tone." The third Napoleon sought to impart it to his imperial court. The result was farcical. The wives of butchers were made peeresses, indeed, but their hands were red and rough, their fingers stubby. They wore gloves to hide the truth, but the world laughed. The monarchy had tone. The empire fell, the republic came in, but there was no tone. The republic never had tone until Deschanel imparted it. The society of the republic refines itself, grows exquisite, evolves its beautiful etiquet, because Paul Deschanel is on the spot. It is all very republican, too, we understand from the *Matin*, but the radical *Action* sneers at this "tone" as an aping of Bourbon buffoonery. M. Deschanel can afford to ignore any jibe. His receptions are too successful. The grand manner, the perfect ease, the atmosphere of civilization make the world's etiquet and the world's manners reveal themselves in the arrangements of Paul Deschanel. One drops in on him a mere financier and leaves a perfect gentleman. One catches the "tone." Such things may be laughed at by the vulgar, but they constitute culture.

Unfortunately for Paul Deschanel, the yellow journals, for they have them in Paris, too, grow enraged at the prospect of his elegance as a presidential possibility. He would revive, we are told, the pomps and parades of the Faure presidency. Félix Faure believed in a spectacular republic. Reviews, processions, ceremonies were the order of the day in his time. They will become the order of the day should Deschanel assume the chief magistracy. France would have the splendors of monarchy cloaked by the republican mantle. How much better, reflects the *Lanterne*, the simplicity of Washington, where the President would inspire only contempt were he to send sonnets with a box of candy to his lady friends and kiss a man on both cheeks at the railway station for no better reason than that he was a high government official. This is the sentiment that finds expression in radical organs when the availability of Paul Deschanel is urged, and it may yet foil the efforts to seat him in the presidential chair.

THE HERO AND THE HEROINE OF THE SUFFRAGET MILITANTS



WITH the release from prison the other day of Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence, the "war" of woman suffrage in Great Britain, avers *Votes for Women*, London organ of the cause, achieved its supreme triumph. The Prime Minister capitulated. A new bill is to make its appearance. Forcible feeding in prison cells is to cease. Militant suffragets will no longer be herded with the common criminal. The husband of the lady just released is likewise soon to breathe the air of freedom. The nine-months sentence will not be served.

Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence had not been a free woman twenty-four hours when the smashing of the post-office windows of England began. It was not alone, avers our militant contemporary, a warning of worse to come. It signaled the formal retirement of the Pankhurst ladies from the position of leadership they have held for so long and the assumption by the Pethick-Lawrences of the responsibilities of command. The lady is denounced in conservative British papers as the most flagrant of all the high priestesses of the policy of war. Only the threat of a defection of the labor group from the Asquith following secured her release at all. The Pethick-Lawrences are affirmed to regard the struggle before them as actual war, justifying war measures. They have money. They have influence. They are gifted. The devotion of the rank and file of militancy to the pair exceeds even the fanaticism inspired by the Pankhursts. The prospect leaves the London *Times* aghast. It understands well the fighting mood of these Pethick-Lawrences, of the lady especially.

It is not possible to plumb the whole depth of the nature of Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, still less to give the world in words a full picture of her personality, we read in *Votes for Women* (London), which grows ecstatic over the subject. Yet it is possible, we are told, to reveal some secrets of the reserved nature now in the glaring light of so much publicity. "Planted deep down in the soul of this woman is the spiritual consciousness of the direction of a higher power guiding and controlling her destiny." In the soul of this lady, it seems,

is a measure of the consciousness "felt and recognized in various forms by all the great reformers and teachers of the world"—among women, for instance, Joan of Arc; and among men, Abraham Lincoln and Socrates. Coupled with this spiritual consciousness of the direction of a higher power, there is in the new leader of the woman suffrage movement an innate sense of right and wrong "which judges and refuses to be judged by the conventional standards of conduct which have been set up in the world around." Those who are brought into intimate contact with Mrs. Lawrence can accept or reject the standard she sets up, but they can not argue with it "because its foundations are deeper and more elemental than the shafts of argument can reach."

Another of the fundamental characteristics of Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence, to follow the same authority, is her passionate recognition of the unity of the human race. "This is with her no intellectual assertion. It is an integral part of her attitude to life." All through her life she has been deeply conscious of this feeling of human unity, not merely in those of her intimate circle, but also in those in different spheres of life, in different countries and in different classes. This feeling has not been merely a sentimental emotion. It has expressed itself in the channel of action. "Particularly has this consciousness of human unity been felt and practiced where women are concerned. It is almost as if women are not separate beings, but part of her own wider self." When they suffer, she suffers with them. When they are humiliated, she feels their humiliation in her own person. "In turning over the pages of Mrs. Lawrence's life," we read, "one is struck by the fact that she has not reached her present standpoint through any theoretical arguments or *a priori* considerations. She has come to it through her passionate love of individuals and her desire to help them. From the richness of her personal and social experience she has learnt the value and the necessity of political freedom."

Her school-days over, Emmeline Pethick, the child of well-to-do parents, spent a happy girlhood in Weston-super-Mare as



HE WANTS HER TO VOTE

She is Mrs. Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence, leader of the struggle in Great Britain to secure votes for women, and he is her husband. Both have gone to prison for the cause and she was released for refusing to eat.

the belle of a somewhat exclusive social circle. But gradually, as she learned more and more of the world, it was borne in upon her that there were women less fortunate than herself whom she could help. She offered herself to the West London Mission, then controlled by Reverend Hugh Price Hughes. She was at once accepted. For five years the girl, even then distinguished for a spiritual type of blonde comeliness, labored as a "sister" among the dregs of the metropolitan populace.

One anecdote of Sister Emmeline illuminates her nature and her work with the perfection of a flashlight. She had been entrusted by the mission authorities with the problem of reaching those women who have passed beyond the pale. Cases combining difficulty with seeming hopelessness never baffled her. One day she was despatched to a police court to test the possibilities of a girl charged with a serious offense against womanhood. This fallen woman was so haughty that she suffered no one to approach her. It was not long before Sister Emmeline, by her simple friendship, had broken down the barrier of reserve and learned the simply tragic tale. There were a little boy and an aged mother to feed and keep warm in winter. Work had been tried. The pittance had not been enough to keep the home together. At last the fatal step was taken. The new trade won good food for the mother and health for the little boy. "The burning shame and dread lest her soul should be contaminated by the tragedy of her body brought with it a desolation of spirit that made her instinctively throw up her pitiful barrier of pride." Sister Emmeline went to the magistrate and undertook personal responsibility for the life of the other. Bit by bit she was able to straighten out the path. The mother is now a happy woman. This tale is told, adds the London organ of the cause, because it is one among a thousand instances.

Sister Emmeline, after years of this experience, entered a fresh field. She took up life in a working-girls' flat and spent upon her food and clothes only a working-girl's wages. The dismay of the family at home did not deter her. The details she mastered concerning the environment of the class she reached now gave the lady her first sense of the importance of woman suffrage. Not, however, until she had been

brought into contact with Frederick Lawrence did Emmeline Pethick obtain a glimpse of the future that would be hers. From the hour of their first meeting, their souls, we learn from the eulogistic study in the London periodical, had mated. Frederick Lawrence—now so illustrious through the addition of his wife's name to his own as Pethick-Lawrence—is a child of the Cornish soil. He has one of the faces for which that soil was renowned, a face hewn, in aspect, out of the solid rock. He belongs to the fair, blue-eyed tribe of Cornishmen, unemotional, of indomitable temper and relentless will. "He appears to impersonate the rock-bound coast against which the waves of the wild Atlantic spend their violence in vain." Like his bride, Lawrence belonged to the favored classes. He had wealth, leisure, gifts and social position. His family had long given members to the Commons and Lord Mayors to London.

More than eleven years have passed since the union of Sister Emmeline and Frederick Lawrence; but to this day their unconventional wedding is a classical theme among suffragets. "Strength called unto strength, deep unto deep, man unto his mate when they wed." The ceremony took place in a public hall, the guests including not only the statesman now so renowned as David Lloyd George but more than fifty old women from the workhouse, all personal friends of the bride's. The marital arrangement effected the addition of the Pethick name to that of the bridegroom. He is now forty. She is a few years his junior. He has been in his day a globe trotter, a champion billiard player and a prize mathematician. His University is Cambridge. His clubs include some of the most exclusive in London. To this day he retains the tastes and habits of the English country gentleman, excelling in golf and in rural sports. Called to the bar at an early age, Lawrence became a poor man's pleader. Before he had reached thirty he was a noted mathematician.

Returning from a tour of the world some six years ago, the couple sought Mrs. Pankhurst, whose crusade in behalf of votes for women stirred their hearts. The mother of the movement won them from the moment of their first meeting and, so our contemporary thinks, "the rest is imperishable history."

Finance and Industry

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF VACATIONS



THAT the working capacity of the average man is increased by a certain amount of off-time, rightly spent, is no longer challenged. The problem facing wide-awake organizations is to induce him to make the most of his opportunity and to turn the period of relaxation to the profit of both employer and employee. Here, as in many modern instances, the business man turns to psychology for advice. One big manufacturing concern in the Middle West, quoted by William Hamilton Burquest in *Business*, distributes thousands of vacation pamphlets written by the company's house-physician for the benefit of its employees. "Let your vacation be an investment in efficiency," reads a salient extract from one of its pages.

"Return from your outing in the country with a glowing surplus of health and energy. While on your vacation avoid rigidly everything that will tend to weaken or undermine your nerves and muscular system. Avoid late hours—don't be a night-owl—taboo gay companions and the delights of the bar. Keep your mind off business matters. Let your physical organization have a complete chance to recuperate in every direction. Go in for adequate exercise, long woodland walks at sunrise, horseback riding, swimming, rowing and other athletic sports. Eat plenty of wholesome food. An important point to remember is this—sleep in a well-ventilated room, and adhere to that excellent old saying—'Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.'"

The pamphlets, enclosed in the pay-envelopes of the employee, with his vacation wages, contain illustrations and a list of desirable summer resorts with varying rates for weekly accommodations. "We have observed," remarks the head of the firm in question, "that a large percentage of employees in any concern will take a keen interest in a doctor's advice. Scientific

management," he goes on to say, "may prevail in an office or shop, and officials may feel elated over the success of their A-1 system of man-handling, and yet they will often overlook the fact that their system can stand further improvement—perhaps another five or ten per cent.—by extending their program of scientific management so that it will embrace the employee's leisure time."

"An employee's physical and mental activities during his holiday or 'off' hours, one must remember, is sure to react upon his daily work-a-day usefulness. That fine and intricate piece of machinery—the nervous and muscular organization of man—needs careful and constant care. But how shall an employer impress the need of adherence to this truth upon the average employee? How shall he induce subordinates to live efficiently? How shall he teach an employee to make his private thoughts and actions conform to the principles of scientific management? An employer can compel a man to conform to those principles pretty closely while at work, but after quitting-time the employer's jurisdiction over him practically ends. There is but one course left open for the employer. He can persuade his employees by counsel, reason and logic, written and oral, to apply the 'efficiency habit' of office or shop to their daily life."

Encouraged by the success of its vacation pamphlet, the firm supplemented the latter by brief noonday talks once a week on "Food and Efficiency," "Health and Industry," "The Psychology of Habit," etc., by the house-physician.

Many employers still grant vacations grudgingly. One large bank in Chicago, however, Mr. Burquest informs us, absolutely insists that every man in the institution take a vacation of two weeks or more, as the case may be. This is a matter not of sentiment but of business. Every man must be away from his desk at least two weeks a year, and during his absence someone else does his work, and thus the oppor-

tunity to check him up is afforded. "Aside from the expediency of giving vacations to bank employees," explains the head of this institution, "it is unreasonable, if not disastrous, to expect a man to plod at his desk continually for twelve months at a stretch."

"Overwork and lack of recreation retard the faculties. To grant an employee a change of scene and association gives him a chance to get a truer perspective on his own manner of life. He can go away somewhere and look at himself in a new light; perhaps he may become aware that he has been wasting his talents, that he has been falling into idle and dissipated habits. His vacation may thus give him time for mature reflection. He may repent and his repentance may convert him into a man of added energy and worth to himself and his employers."

Seniority of service in this institution has the preference in the choice of vacation dates. Often the vacation is extended from two to three or four weeks in recognition of long and efficient service. A department store of some importance in the Northwest grants to clerks who attain a special standard of selling efficiency an extra two weeks' vacation with full pay. Thus top-notch clerks enjoy a four weeks' vacation. "Last

season," explains the store superintendent, "there were nearly forty salespersons out of a sales force of one hundred and fifty who reached or exceeded the standard determined upon as worthy of special recognition on the part of the firm."

"These supplementary vacations for meritorious service are given during the months of July, August and September. Those who win an extra two weeks are cordially welcome to them. Besides, clerks of this caliber need to have their vacations lengthened in order to be in better physical and mental trim. We feel that our 'live wire' clerks are reinvigorated by four weeks of recreation. It is an investment in efficiency, and works good for both the store and the clerks."

"The clerks of less efficient caliber receive of course the usual two weeks' vacation with regular pay. We note that our supplementary vacation policy has improved the annual selling records of these less fortunate clerks, who live in hopes of being just barely able to attain the standard selling record. In cases where their records approached somewhere near the set annual standard, we have allowed them one extra week in addition to the regular two weeks. Thus the spirit of fair play pervades our supplementary vacation policy, which we find has proved a fine asset in developing and promoting efficiency in the force behind the counter."

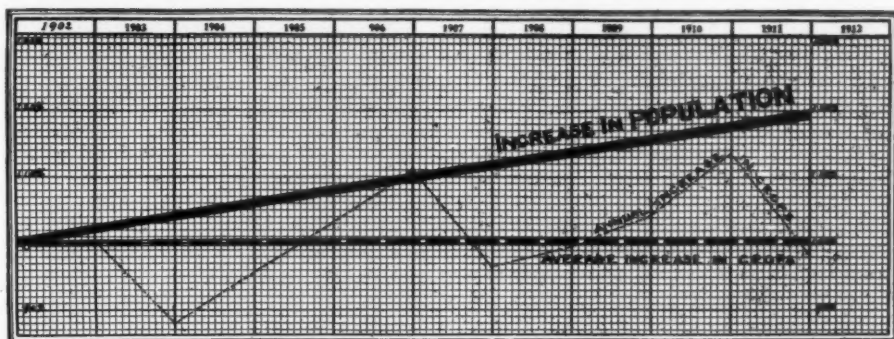
EVERY MAN HIS OWN GREENGROCER



THIS is the slogan sounded by Roger W. Babson in his campaign against the high cost of living. Our real need, he declares, is for more farmers and fewer politicians, more attention to producing crops and less to producing votes, more energy devoted to intensified farming and less to intensified campaigning. "When," insists this brilliant economist in the *New York Times*, "every man makes use of his own backyard, the cost of living will be reduced and the ideals talked of by the progressive will be actually accomplished—but not until then. The first and most important thing for us to do individually and as a nation is to get back to the earth in more senses than one." There are, he tells us, not only captains of industry but also captains of agriculture. Not every man may aspire to be a captain of agriculture, but he may at least raise his own spinach.

Mr. Babson, being not merely a theorist, at once proceeds to prove that his suggestion is feasible. For many years, he says, I have watched the population line rapidly rise, while the production line has risen practically none at all. "I have seen eggs, potatoes, beans, cabbages, lettuce, peas, etc., double in price during the past fifteen years since I drove a vegetable wagon about the streets of Gloucester, Mass., yelling 'Sweet Corn,' 'Potatoes,' etc. I have felt that sooner or later this increase in prices must stop or else there would be a great financial and political crisis." For the purpose of a practical demonstration of his contention, Mr. Babson selected a piece of ground on his summer estate at Annisquam, Mass., about the size of an average backyard, and personally tilled the same. This piece was 30 by 60 feet, of only moderate fertility and on the side of a hill.

The only help he had was in plowing at a total expense of \$2.50. "After plowing,"



Courtesy of New York Times

WHY WE MUST GET BACK TO THE SOIL

"For many years," remarks Mr. Babson, the celebrated economist, "I watched the population line rapidly rise where the production line has risen practically not at all."

Mr. Babson goes on to say, "I dug holes eight inches deep for corn and cucumber hills and ten inches deep for my tomato plants. These holes were about ten inches in diameter. For the rows of beans, spinach, etc., I dug trenches with my hoe. These trenches were about eight or ten inches deep, 'V'-shaped, about ten inches across the top. It took me only one Saturday afternoon, from 2 until 7, to prepare the ground, after which I enjoyed the best dinner of my life!"

"My first purchase was a bag of fertilizer from a local grocery store, and a fifty-cent hoe. I asked for ordinary fertilizer for a mixed garden, and got two fifty-pound bags at a total of about \$1.70. In the 'hills' of corn and cucumbers I put a small handful of the fertilizer. In the trenches I sprinkled it—at the rate of about a quart to a trench twenty feet long. In the case of the tomatoes I put two good handfuls in each 'hill.' For the radishes and lettuce, I mixed it with the ground, using about one pint to a bed ten feet long by three.

"After distributing this fertilizer in the holes and trenches I next went about and mixed the dirt and fertilizer roughly with my hands. This I did the following Tuesday morning from 6 to 7, as the fertilizer did not come until Monday. Mixing the dirt with the fertilizer is very simple and easy, the principal object being to keep the hole at the original size and depth. It is not important to cover seed with more than one inch of dirt, but it is very important to have the seed deep so that, as the plant grows, the dirt can be hoed about it and still leave a depression about the stem so as to hold some water after each rain. . . .

"On the previous Monday noon at the lunch hour I went to a store in the Boston market

and got my seed. This is what I bought and paid:

'Early Bantam' Yellow Corn for 120 hills.....	.20
1 quart Green Beans.....	.25
2 ounces New Zealand Spinach.....	.50
½ pound 'Early Red' Beet.....	.38
1 quart 'American Wonder' Bush Peas.....	.40
1 package 'Long Green' Cucumber.....	.05
1 package Lettuce (Block Seeded Tennis Ball).....	.05
1 package Radish (French Buckport).....	.05
1 package 'Stone Mason' Cabbage.....	.05
1 dozen tomato plants.....	.35
Total	\$2.28

For the rest of the week the writer devoted one hour a day to planting. By Saturday evening the garden was all planted at a total expense of \$6.53, including fifty cents for the hoe and \$1.75 for the fertilizer. He did not touch the plot again until three weeks after. The second week in June he gave his Saturday afternoon to weeding the entire garden. By this time the plants began to grow rapidly, but the miniature farm required no more than about four hours' attention a week from its owner. The first crop of beans and peas appeared six weeks after planting, and then fresh vegetables were in order every day until frost. Here is a conservative estimate of the harvest gathered from an original investment of \$6.53.

65 doz. Corn.....@ .20	\$13.00
50 quarts Beans.....@ .10	5.00
40 pecks Spinach.....@ .20	8.00
(This "New Zealand" Spinach lasts all summer and is gathered by cutting off leaves each day with scissors. It is as fresh in September as in June.)	
50 bunches Beets.....@ .05	2.50
12 pecks Peas.....@ .40	4.80
100 Cucumbers.....@ .02	2.00
40 head Lettuce.....@ .05	2.00
Radishes, Carrots, Cabbage, etc.....	5.00
6 bushels Tomatoes.....	8.50
Total	\$50.30

"Of course," Mr. Babson admits, "there

were some hot hours while I was hoeing the garden, but really the care was very slight after the original planting and the first hoeing. . . . As to picking the vegetables, that was really fun. I did not plant potatoes, celery, or other vegetables requiring hard manual labor to keep up."

"To my mind," the writer remarks in conclusion, "the cost of living can only be checked by each of us producing foodstuffs in his own back-yard. This is a homely remedy, I know, but I have yet to find an economist to dispute the statement."

"Our great social problems will not be solved by Taft or Roosevelt, Wilson or Clark. They will be solved only when you and I and the rest of us voters make the best of our opportunities by producing more foodstuffs ourselves, by going to market ourselves, and bringing home our own purchases.

"When we 'get back to earth' in every sense, then the cost of living will decline; but so long as we insist on sitting on our piazzas and letting every one from the grocer to the doctor run and serve us whenever a want comes into our heads, so long may we expect the cost of living to increase, whoever is President of the United States of America."

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF BASEBALL

THE people of the United States spend approximately fifteen million dollars a year to see baseball games. The total number of persons registered at all professional ball games during a season reaches fifty millions. So rapid has been the growth of baseball enthusiasm that—so we are told by Edward Mott Woolley—owners of baseball teams predict the time when the aggregate of baseball patronage, including major and minor leagues, will be three hundred millions. They believe baseball to be still in its infancy, and on this prophecy they are staking their cash in monster stadiums of iron and stone, and laying out business plans to take care of their profits that they count up in the millions. As a business investment, we are assured, baseball has United

States Steel and all the stocks quoted on the Stock Exchange "beaten to a frazzle." Baseball magnates, Mr. Woolley goes on to explain in *McClure's*, pay salaries of \$10,000, \$12,000, \$15,000, even \$18,000 to their managers and players. One baseball magnate paid no less than \$22,000 bonus for the right to employ a single player. Millionaires like Charles P. Taft, brother of the President, invest in baseball franchises as they do in railroads, and industries. Mr. Taft, backed by his wife's fortune, is the Morgan of American baseball, his investments reaching into the millions. Baseball, we are told, is a business—a wonder business.

The business of baseball requires quick judgment and unlimited financial backing. To the private office of an Indianapolis baseball owner came one day a long-dis-



BETTER THAN STOCKS

The New York Polo grounds represent a solid investment in the business of baseball which as far as profits are concerned beats the Wall Street game to a frazzle.



HIS WORD IS LAW TO THE AMERICAN BASEBALL LEAGUE

Ban B. Johnson is said to combine the money-raising power of a college president with the "sand" of a college half-back.

tance call from New York. "This is John T. Brush," said a voice. "I'll give you five thousand for Marquard." The Indianapolis man laughed: "Nothing doing." Brush at once increased his offer. Again his terms were rejected. At last, after a prolonged wrangle over the wires, followed by silence, the voice was again heard: "I'll make it eleven thousand—and this is final. I want an answer quick." "I'll take you." "Done." Ten minutes later Brush mailed his check. This was the highest bonus paid for a baseball player up to that time. "And what," Mr. Woolley asks, "did the purchaser get?"

"A lanky, awkward, bashful boy of nineteen years that Brush had never seen, a boy that had never pitched an inning of major league baseball, that had never undergone the acid test of facing in a row the mighty batting eyes of Clarke, Leach, and Wagner or Sheckard, Schulte, and Chance. But Brush knew his record. By that marvelous system of newspaper publicity that has made baseball, Brush and his great manager, John J. McGraw, knew that Marquard had won for Indianapolis the championship of his own league, that he had won a marvelous proportion of his games, that he had struck out so many men, and who those men were and how



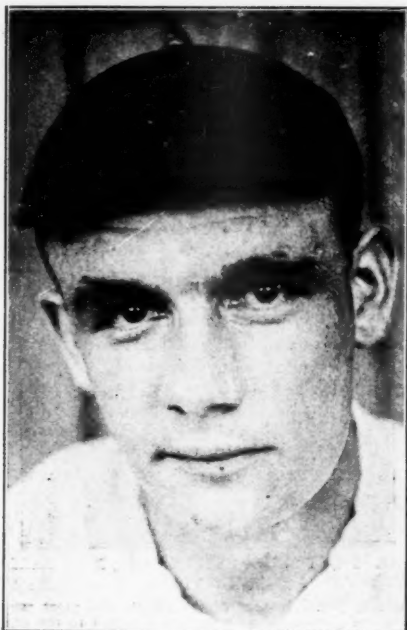
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF BASEBALL MAGNATES

John T. Brush, owner of the Giants, the most astute among the financiers, who prefers baseball to the stock exchange. "If," remarks Edward Mott Woolley, "you wish to know the ingredients of business management and baseball, you must study Brush's methods of building up his aggregation of players."

good they were and how hard they were to strike out. And McGraw's scouts, whose business it is to hunt ball-players, had seen the 'Rube' in action. Brush knew what he was buying—or thought he did.

"Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the nerve, daring and judgment required of the modern baseball magnate. Within recent years this business of owning ball teams has grown into a calling that has enlisted the brains and capital of many big men—big altogether aside from the technique of the diamond. It is a business that is unique, strenuous and often health-destroying; and it has put the owners in a class with the Wall Street broker or the operator on the Chicago Board of Trade."

John T. Brush began his baseball career twenty-five years ago in Indianapolis when he invested twenty-five thousand dollars in an Indianapolis baseball team. He secured a membership in the National League for his team, but not long afterward received notice that the membership was to be reduced and that he must get out. He refused to quit, but finally compromised for \$76,000—more than has often been paid for a seat on the Stock Exchange. Even then he would not relinquish his membership nominally. Shortly afterward he bought



BOUGHT BY LONG DISTANCE

\$11,000 was the amount offered by John T. Brush in New York to the baseball owner in Indianapolis to whom Marquard's services were pledged. To-day the announcement that Marquard is going to pitch at the Polo Grounds is good for a crowd that will pay more than his original purchase price.

the "Reds" for a song and sold them out ten years later to August Herrmann and others for \$146,000. But his tale did not assume the real tinge of magic until he bought the "Giants" for \$200,000 from Andrew Freedman, traction financier. Then he touched the team with his magic business wand.

"If you wish to know the ingredients of business management in baseball, you must study Brush's method of building up his aggregation of players. It was he more than any one who developed this art as it is practiced by all modern owners. The scouts from the 'Giants' are scouring the land continually for players whose peculiar abilities, one way or another, fit in with Manager McGraw's analyses of his needs. When McGraw says the word, Brush pays the money—three, four, five thousand dollars for a youngster, ten thousand dollars for a veteran, whatever is necessary to get the man he wants. And then, of course, you must study the Brush financial methods and the enterprize that has given New York, at the Polo Grounds, the most magnificent baseball stadium in the world. 'Yet the finest grand-stand will not make a successful baseball business,' says Brush. 'The

organization and upbuilding of the team must be given the first place. Without this, baseball ownership fails. . . .'

"The 'Giants' now constitute the most valuable baseball property in the country, being held at more than a million dollars, not including the grounds, which are leased. Brush has made immense profits from the team, ranging from \$100,000 to \$300,000 or more annually.

"The risks and strain of the business are illustrated in Marquard, the pitcher whom Brush bought for \$11,000. Dealing in human muscle and skill is full of strange contradictions and unforeseen happenings. For three seasons after Brush bought him, Marquard 'fell down' ignominiously. Hailed as the '\$11,000 beauty,' he soon became known to the 'fans' as the '\$11,000 lemon.' Then he suddenly emerged from his disgrace and became a sensation. It was the limelight of the big club that broke him up temporarily. But Brush never lost faith in the youngster, and Marquard has justified his judgment. To-day the announcement that Marquard is going to pitch at the Polo Grounds is good for a crowd that will more than pay his \$11,000 purchase price at the gate."

The star system is as profitable in baseball as it is in the theater. Ty Cobb, "Matty" and others of his caliber, are as big an attraction at the gate as Maude Adams is for the box office. In that respect Hans Wagner might be compared to Ethel Barrymore and Ping Bodie to John Drew. Brush would not take \$50,000 for Mathewson.

Another million dollar baseball holding is that of the celebrated "Cubs," owned partly by Charles W. Murphy and partly by Charles P. Taft. Murphy, having been led into baseball finances himself by Brush, was instrumental in leading the Taft family into successful baseball enterprises. Mrs. Taft owns the ground used by the Philadelphia National team. Sporting authorities assert that the Tafts are financially interested in the Louisville and Cincinnati teams, and in the Boston Nationals.

"Through the Tafts, Chicago baseball links itself naturally with Cincinnati. There is a picturesque ownership of baseball in Cincinnati, altho not a story of riches. It is an ownership, too, that has a strong flavor of the political element which has worked into the business end of baseball. In Cincinnati it goes without saying that August Herrmann and the Fleischmanns make up the bulk of this political factor, while thirty per cent. of the stock is divided into eighty lots and held

mostly by small politicians. Originally George B. Cox, former boss of Cincinnati, was a backer; he is said to have differed with Herrmann over the management, whereupon Herrmann bought him out.

"Herrmann now owns more than fifty per cent. of the 'Reds,' the Fleischmanns holding twenty per cent. Baseball has sown no magic gold in Cincinnati, tho that city is known as the cradle of the game, and is still a red-hot baseball town. In ten years the aggregate dividends have been only forty per cent."

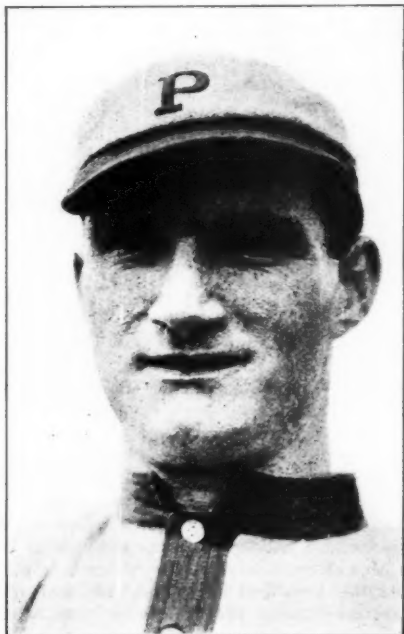
The Fleischmanns follow baseball as a side line. Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the "Pirates" of Pittsburgh, made his entire fortune in the baseball business. He has prospered to such an extent that last year he invested \$22,500 in one pitcher, O'Toole. One of his most notable achievements is his magnificent Pittsburgh stadium, costing—land and grandstand—about three-quarters of a million dollars. Cleveland boasts of a feminine baseball magnate, Mrs. Helen Robinson Britton and her mother Sarah C. H. Robinson. Philadelphia is something of a mystery so far as ownership goes.

"The stock is held nominally by Horace Fogel, president of the 'Phillies' corporation.



YOU CANNOT BUY HIM FOR MONEY

Matty's drawing power at the gate is equalled only by that of Maude Adams at the box office.



THE MOST EXPENSIVE OF PITCHERS

\$22,500 was the amount invested by Barney Dreyfuss, one of the pirates of Pittsburgh, in one pitcher, O'Toole.

Mr. Fogel was a telegraph operator and then a newspaper writer on the Philadelphia *North American, Ledger, Telegraph, and Star*. He was a baseball official in Indianapolis and New York before he took charge of Philadelphia. The major part of the stock is said to be distributed among a number of prominent men, some in Philadelphia and some elsewhere, who prefer to remain in seclusion. Of these, Charles P. Taft is reported to be one. E. F. Albee and Percy G. Williams, theatrical managers, are others. The club is fairly prosperous financially, having earned something like \$70,000 last year on a valuation of perhaps \$300,000. These figures, of course, are estimates, but they are made by men in a position to come near the facts."

The American League, organized ten years ago as a rival of the National League, but now working in harmony with the latter, is headed by Ban Johnson, who is said to combine the money-raising power of a college president with the "sand" of a college half-back. It was Johnson that recently suspended Ty Cobb of Detroit for assaulting a spectator who had insulted him. The story of the Detroit "Tigers," as related by Mr. Woolley, would make a good chapter in a baseball fairy book. Before

this story began the Club had received some bad jolts.

"S. F. Angus, a railroad man, who owned the club in its early days, dropped \$60,000 in it. Then William H. Yawkey bought it, and engaged Frank J. Navin to manage it for him.

"Any time you want a half interest,' said Yawkey to Navin, 'you can have it.' Navin had been bookkeeper for Angus and had little money himself. There was no written agreement; please remember this, for it is part of the fairy tale.

"The next two years, 1905-1906, Yawkey lost \$45,000, while the original investment had been only \$35,000. Then Hugh Jennings, affectionately dubbed 'Hughie' throughout the land, was drafted from Baltimore and made bench manager for Detroit. That year the 'Tigers' won the league pennant, and the profits were \$50,000. It was then that Navin said to Yawkey: 'I think I'll take formal possession of my half interest.'

"With some men, contracts are superfluous; Yawkey is that sort of man. There might have been a lawsuit, but there wasn't. The verbal understanding was carried out to the letter, and Navin came into a bonanza. With his profits he purchased an equal partnership. His total investment in the club was now \$17,000.

"Then the next year the 'Tigers' captured the pennant again, and the net profits were \$75,000."

Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago "White Sox," Mr. Woolley goes on to say, "is the most distinctive figure among baseball owners. He is said to have made all his money in baseball. His club is in the million-dollar class. His original investment was \$30,000. Comiskey owns the grounds, the franchise and the stands—all paid for.

J. P. MORGAN'S GREATEST FAILURE—THE STEAMSHIP TRUST

TWO of J. Pierpont Morgan's greatest creations, the Steel Trust and the Steamship Trust, are at present in imminent danger of dissolution at the hands of the United States Courts. While the Steel Trust may be called Mr. Morgan's most successful achievement, the Steamship Trust may well be classed as his one monumental failure. This in spite of the fact that the latter embraces practically all important steamship lines clearing from the port of New York, including the International Mercantile Marine Company, the Cunard Line, the Hamburg-American Line, the North German Lloyd, the White Star Line, the Holland-American Line, the Red Star Line, the Allan Line, the International Navigation Company, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and the British and North Atlantic Steam Navigation Company. Among those who may be called upon to appear as witnesses is J. Bruce Ismay, whose name is linked so unenviably with the *Titanic* disaster. There is grave doubt as to whether the Government will be victorious. It is difficult for some to see how violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law can be proved against companies engaged in traffic between American and foreign

ports. But even if the colossal merger continues it cannot be looked upon as one of Mr. Morgan's successes.

The Steamship Trust, declares a German writer, Dr. Paul Overzier, has fulfilled neither the hopes nor the fears that arose when it was formed. "Neither from the commercial nor from the financial standpoint can it be looked upon as a success."

"Chronic overcapitalization has always blocked its development. It was founded, among other things, for the elimination of competition among the British lines, yet its establishment was itself the cause of the bitterest rate wars that the history of shipping has ever recorded.

"The United States, also, has drawn little advantage from it. Exactly as was the case before the establishment of the trust, only four ships in the North Atlantic service—those of the American Line—are under the Stars and Stripes. The yearly report for 1905 of the International Mercantile Marine Company expresses regret for this, and states that, owing to the uncertainty that any law would be passed for aiding American shipping, it had not been deemed advisable to place new ships under the American flag. Not only that—two 8,000-ton ships of the American Line, which before the foundation of the trust had been ordered from American shipyards in the hope that the subsidy bill, then under discussion, would be passed, were sold in 1906, since,

owing to the disadvantages and higher costs incident to carrying the American flag, these ships could not compete with foreign steamships."

Dr. Overzier's book, from which this passage is taken, is entitled "The American-English Shipping Trust—the Morgan Trust." The author, in the words of the *New York Times*, to which we are indebted for our quotation, portrays this momentous chapter of maritime history with German thoroughness. He gives full credit to J. P. Morgan as an organizer of trusts, but he asserts that the palm for originating maritime mergers must go to German financiers, notably to Hugo Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American Line, who, long before the date of the American merger, had allied his company with the North German Lloyd and other big handlers of ocean freight and passenger traffic. What stopped Morgan's combine when it set out to devour every ocean steamship line was the impregnable opposition of the two big German concerns, which, when they finally agreed to affiliate themselves with the American colossus, retained their full independence. They, if any one, have profited most from the combination. Their fight for independence was made without subsidy from the German Government, whereas the Cunard Line, the formidable English antagonist of the Shipping Trust, received the most substantial sort of backing from the British Government.

Dr. Overzier skilfully analyzes the state of affairs that brought about the creation, out of American and British elements, of the International Mercantile Marine Company (stock quoted at 4), the nucleus from which the whole structure of the present shipping trust has sprung. His description of the decline of the American Merchant Marine is buttressed with an array of disheartening figures. Briefly told, the history of our merchant marine is as follows:

"In 1798 its gross tonnage was 123,000; in 1810 it had grown to 981,000 tons. In the former year American bottoms carried 10 per cent. of the transatlantic trade; in the latter year they carried 90 per cent.

"In 1850 the tonnage of our ocean-going craft was 1,440,000; in 1860 it was 2,380,000. The total tonnage in that year of American vessels, both ocean-going and coasting, was 5,350,000, as against England's total of 4,660,000 tons.

"Then came the crash. The civil war swept our merchant marine from the face of the waters. As early as 1870 England was already far in the lead. To-day the American merchant marine is negligible in the world's commerce. In 1840 it was the carrier of 82 per cent. of the freight between the United States and other countries; in 1860 it carried 66 per cent.; in 1870, 35 per cent.; in 1880, 17 per cent.; in 1890, 12 per cent.; in 1900, 9 per cent.

"Low-water mark was reached in 1901, when the total was 8.2 per cent., exactly one-tenth of the proud total carried in 1840. Since then there has been a slight increase—not beyond 10 per cent., however."

This state of affairs, galling to American pride, was not materially modified until after the Spanish-American War and the sudden advent of the United States as a world power. Up to this time the American railroads were practically dependent on the whim of the gods of maritime transportation. The first step toward independence was the merging of American railroads. As soon as that was accomplished, the balance of power abruptly shifted from the steamships to the railroads. The German steamship lines, it may be added, were shrewd enough to grab one or two railroads in the scramble that preceded the merger. The railroads working as a unit were able to determine on shipping points and to pour their freight into the vessels of whatever steamship company was most to their liking. "Our ships," remarked Ellermann, the principal stockholder of the Leyland Line, when counseling surrender to the Morgan combine, "go out empty; our profits must be made on the homeward trip. But the Americans now want this home freight, and, by combining with their railroad system, they have the power to get it. If we do not sell them our ships, they will buy or build others, and we shall be forced to perfectly useless efforts to overcome the railroad-steamship combination. Therefore, this is my advice to you—sell!"

Morgan found a powerful ally in the head of the great British shipbuilding concern of Harland and Wolff.

"The Leyland Line was first blood for Morgan. Next came the International Navigation Co., whose head, Clement A. Griscom, was among the foremost in promoting the new trust. It comprized the old Inman Line, between New York and Liverpool, the American Line, plying between New York and

Southampton, and the Red Star Line, between New York and Antwerp. At the same time the trust acquired the Atlantic Transport Line. Then it turned its attention to bigger game—the White Star Line, one of England's proudest boasts, which possessed what was at that time the largest ship in the world, the Celtic, of 21,000 tons register. At first Bruce Ismay, the company's director—he who leaped into prominence recently when the Titanic sank—resolutely spurned all Morgan's advances, nor could even the latter's threats to use the Morgan railroads and the steamship lines already acquired in a war against the White Star move Ismay to reconsider his decision to stand out against the merger."

"It was hard for Ismay to part from the beautiful ships which he had inherited from his father," remarks Dr. Overzier, "but he was unable to withstand the pressure brought to bear by Pirrie, so that finally the prosperous concern of which he was the head also fell into the hands of the Americans and they could once more boast of possessing 'the biggest ship in the world.' Next the trust secured the Dominion Line, belonging to the Liverpool firm of Richards, Mills & Co., and reached the highest point of its development as an individual entity. The lines that affiliated themselves with it later did so by means of agreements preserving their independence."

According to the figures of the German author, Morgan paid \$11,201,081 for the Leyland Line. For the International Navigation Company and the Atlantic Transport Company he paid \$43,315,000, for the White Star Line over \$50,000,000, for the Dominion Line approximately \$11,000,000. As part of the purchase price each Company received preferred and common stock in the Trust. Next the Trust turned its hungry eyes to the Cunard Line, but Lord Inverclyde, its head, showed that he and those with him were determined to fight the new combine to the death.

"Using the prophecy of a desperate impending struggle as a wedge, they wrung from the British Government an enormous subsidy. One of the conditions on which they obtained it was that they should build two fleet steamers, convertible, in case of war, into cruisers. These, the *Lusitania* and *Mauritania*, were launched in 1907 and promptly wrested from the North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse the 'blue ribbon of the seas.'

"Failing in their endeavors to swallow the Cunard Line, the heads of the American-

English trust turned to Germany, where the huge Hamburg-American-North German Lloyd combine, with its subsidiaries, reigned supreme over maritime affairs. For a while, according to Dr. Overzier, Morgan tried to absorb these concerns as thoroly as he had the White Star and the other English members of the trust, but everywhere his efforts met with unswerving resistance."

A battle royal followed between the Cunard Line and the commercial hydra. The Cunard Line held its own. Blow followed blow. At last an agreement was reached in two successive conferences held at Cologne and London. Morgan's dream was realized: he had established the greatest shipping combine the world has seen. But at what cost, at least to others! Those companies which, while allied with the trust, have retained their financial independence, are growing and prosperous. The stock of the North German Lloyd is quoted at 116. The stock of the Hamburg-American Line has soared to 135. The Cunard stock is rated at 138, one £ being the unit, on the exchanges. But the stock of the International Mercantile Marine, the darling of Morgan's heart, has sunk to a pitiful figure (4 for the common, 17 for the preferred). The Panama Canal, however, in Dr. Overzier's opinion, may yet revive its fortunes.

"The main advantage which the opening of the Panama Canal will bring will fall first of all to the United States. New lines will be put in operation between the east coast of that country and the west coast of North and South America, Eastern Asia and Australia, for the providing of which the International Mercantile Marine Company will be in the van. Perhaps, when such lines are started, the financial situation of the trust will improve and its importance increase.

"But here, also, the farseeing eyes of Ballin and Wiegand (head of the North German Lloyd) have caused them to take measures calculated to prevent the damaging of the interests of German steamship companies by the Americans. According to article 8 of the agreement between the trust and the German lines, it is stipulated that, whenever either of the parties starts a new line, the other party is entitled to a one-third interest in the same. As the opening of the Panama Canal will occur while this agreement is yet in force, the above clause will prevent any difference from arising. If the trust establishes new lines, the German companies will have the right to one-third of the profits."

Science and Discovery

HOW THE NEW PHYSICS CREDITS THE IDEA OF PERPETUAL MOTION

THERE is a formidable science called thermodynamics with alleged laws accepted until only the other day as final. The first of these, writes that brilliant physicist, Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, is a restatement of the great principle of the conservation of energy. He has no intention of trying conclusions with that principle—just yet. There is a second law of thermodynamics, however, to which the distinguished scientist invites our attention. As stated by the renowned Clausius, this law maintains that “it is impossible for a self-acting machine, unaided by external agency, to convey heat from one body to another at a higher temperature.” Or, as formulated by Lord Kelvin, “it is impossible, by means of inanimate material agency, to derive mechanical effects from any portion of matter by cooling it below the temperature of the coldest surrounding objects.” This “law,” now says Professor Duncan, can be said to be correct only when dealing with masses of matter and not with the individual molecules.

Recently the question has arisen as to whether this supposed law is always and ever valid in its relation to living beings. Professor Duncan's elucidation in *Harper's Magazine* notes that Clausius refers solely to a self-acting machine when stating the law, and Kelvin expressly limits it to things inanimate. Helmholtz, indeed, years ago indicated that the law might lack validity in its relation to animate nature. Recently, in the pages of *London Nature*, renewed attention has been directed to this question by Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton in an address before the Röntgen Society. The conceivable invalidity of the law with reference to living beings may best be introduced by considering Professor Duncan's words in *Harper's* regarding its invalidity with reference to gases:

“Using the classical illustration due to Clerk-Maxwell, suppose we have a vessel containing a certain volume of gas at a certain temperature. In accordance with the molecular theory of gases, this gas consists of particles immense in number and moving with high rotational and translational velocities. The velocities of these particles are not alike—some being swift and others slow—the mean velocity being what we call temperature. Now, suppose with Clerk-Maxwell that a partition divides this vessel into two equal parts, that the partition itself contains little massless doors, each in charge of a little demon whose function it is to open a door when he sees a swift-moving particle approaching from one compartment and a slow-moving particle from the other compartment. Evidently the process would, under the intelligence of the little demons, tend to aggregate the swift-moving particles into one compartment and the slow-moving particles into the other. But the collection of swift-moving particles would have a higher temperature, the gas comprising them would expand; the slow-moving particles would have a lower temperature and would contract; consequently the high-temperature particles would press back the partition, if it were movable, against the low-temperature particles, and *work* would be done upon it. The vital matter is that no *work* would have been done upon the particles that produced this mechanical effect. The intelligence of the demons has acted instead of energy.

“Of course, all this is eminently hypothetical, but it has a most interesting relation to the recent discoveries of the ultra-microscope. By means of this beautiful instrument the so-called Brownian movements of small particles assume a significance hitherto undreamed of. For example, the particles of colloidal gold suspended in a liquid are like a swarm of dancing gnats in a sunbeam. They hop, dance, jump, dash together, and fly away from one another, so that it is difficult to get one's bearings. The smallest particles observed have a diameter of 1.7 millionths of a millimeter. The bizarre movements of these particles are believed to be due to the jostling received from the surrounding molecules.”

Now the question is, may not the lower and smaller animate organisms be so related to the molecules and Brownian particles of the medium enveloping them, air or water, that they may act as selective sieves to these molecules? Professor Duncan means by this that certain organisms may be able to choose and make use of surrounding particles and molecules having energies beyond the average. If this were so, it would constitute an evasion of the "law." We do not know that it is so but we do not know that it is not so, and this last circumstance is very important. It is wholly conceivable, and its consequences, adds the able physicist, would be stupendous. As Mr. Swinton says, we should have immediately at hand the means of producing the perpetual motion dreamed of by the ancient philosophers. We should only have to cultivate the right kind of organisms in sufficient masses and they would do the work for us. Moreover there would be nothing lost. The heat that was thus accumulated locally for our needs would dissipate itself again into the common store, as would the mechanical effects after they had done their work. The unordered molecular motions of which the Brownian movements give us an indication would only need to be directed in the particular manner needful to give us the power that we require.

From this standpoint, Dr. Duncan believes men will look to March, 1903, as a great historic date in the development of man. For it was in March, 1903, that Curie and Laborde announced the heat-emitting power of radium bromide:

"The fact was simple of demonstration and unquestionable. The heat emitted is sufficient to maintain the temperature of the radium at 2.7 degrees Fahrenheit above that of its surroundings. This means that every hour it emits enough heat to raise its own weight of water from the freezing-point to the boiling-point; it means that after the lapse of ten thousand hours it has emitted enough heat to raise the temperature of a million times its weight of water one degree. It is true that in doing this work the radium atoms disintegrate, but at so slow a rate that after the lapse of 1,760 years only half of them have been destroyed.

"If one could utilize the energy of a ton of radium bromide through a space of thirty years, it would suffice to drive a ship of 15,000 tons, with engines of 15,000 horse-

power, at the rate of fifteen knots throughout the whole duration of this time—thirty years. To do this actually requires a million and a half tons of coal. These are not fanciful figures; the energy is there. But, as a matter of fact, it is unlikely that man will ever produce more than half an ounce of radium a year. Why, then, do I ascribe such importance to this fact? For this sufficient reason. Science is to-day amply convinced that the radium in radium bromide is by no means peculiar or unique in the possession of this enormous store of energy, but that the calcium in gypsum, the sodium in common salt, or any one of the elements of matter has as well this enormous energy-content. They all show it through their own radio-activity. The peculiarity about radium and other radio-active elements is mainly that they happen to be very markedly unstable; it is their great value that they have made us aware of the transcendent energies that reside within the atom, any atom of matter. The evidence of these atomic energies in the common elements is rapidly accumulating. It is a matter of common knowledge, for example, that the impact of X-rays upon a plate of lead will let loose far greater energy than is received through this impact. As Sir William Ramsay has recently said: 'If some form of catalyzer could be discovered which would usefully increase their inconceivably slow rate of change, then it is not too much to say that the whole future of our race would be altered.'



Courtesy Harper & Brothers

THE PROPHET OF THE NEW CHEMISTRY

Doctor Robert Kennedy Duncan looks forward to a transformation of our civilization by chemistry in a fashion more startling than that predicted by Socialists.

AN AVIATION EXPERT'S DEFENSE OF THE DIRIGIBLE



VIATION tragedies in this country and abroad have tended recently to discredit the dirigible airship at the expense of the aeroplane.

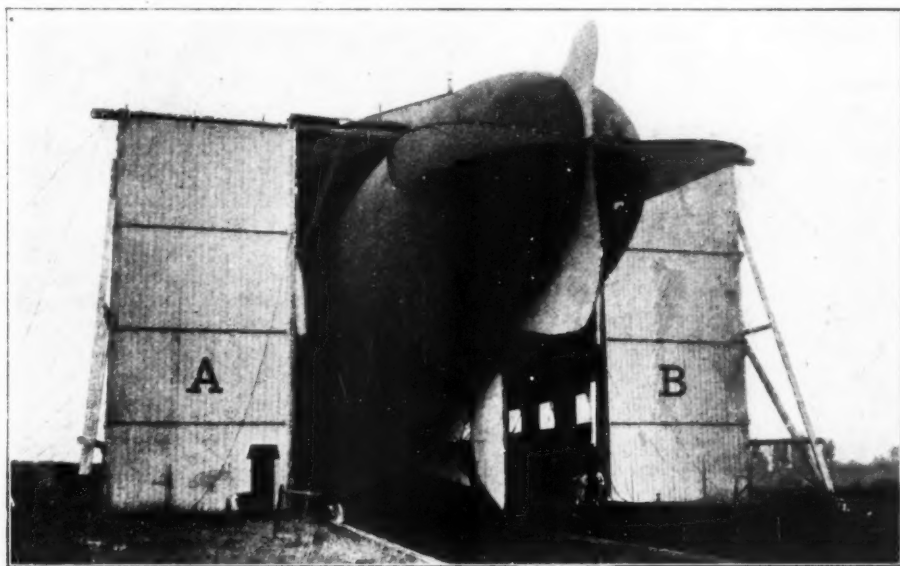
This much is conceded by that distinguished British expert, Major H. Bannerman-Phillips. The lay mind, he notes, infers that the aeroplane is reasonably safe when guided by a competent hand. The dirigible, on the other hand, is presumed to be a risky craft even when navigated by experts.

The truth is that the dirigible airship, with its huge gas bag and its elaborate apparatus, is not only the safer of the two types of craft, but deserves mention as a reasonably safe form of aerial navigation. This may be affirmed despite the Verman tragedy and notwithstanding the accidents in Germany which have made the name of Zeppelin synonymous in so many minds with misfortune. In fact, the world is thought to be on the eve of a new era as regards airships, the aeroplane sinking into second rank beside its rival. That is why the German government persists in its experiments. The theory that a dirigible could not protect itself in warfare against

an aeroplane is scouted by German military experts. They have planned a considerable acquisition and development of dirigibles of the rigid type, such as the Zeppelin, and vessels of the largest size, such as the Siemens-Schuckert, a non-rigid type. These vessels combine capacity to carry great weight with ability to cover great distances safely with numerous passengers.

These developments, observes Major H. Bannerman-Phillips, in *The United Service Magazine* (London), give considerable food for reflection in view of the frequent disheartening accidents and failures which have caused the path of aerial progress to be strewn with the wreck of famed dirigibles and have given the public the impression that they are unsuitable for overland work even if they be proven available for drifting at sea. Germany has just arranged for the building of five dirigibles of the most powerful type within the next three years:

"Their great size and lifting power, amounting to several tons, and the fact that these large rigid dirigibles are being or will be equipped with guns, apparatus for wireless telegraphy and searchlights, the efforts which have been made to improve their power of ascension and descent without losing ballast



THE ENTRY OF A GIANT DIRIGIBLE AIRSHIP INTO HER DOCK

This procedure is highly dangerous to the safety of the craft unless managed by skilled hands. Here we have a French airship, running on rollers. It is difficult to avoid wreckage in a gust of wind if the weather be at all "blowy."

or gas, and the steps which have been taken to provide means for discharging high explosives, coupled with the persistent experiments in bomb-dropping which have been carried on in Germany, are conclusive evidence that altho their primary rôle may be strategic exploration and reconnaissance, they are intended to be used for aggressive purposes also, possibly for incendiary raids, attacks on seaports and dockyards, hasty demolitions at important nerve-centers well to the rear of an enemy's battle-front, and for harassing distant communications, stampeding cavalry and transport horses in their lines, and demoralizing an enemy by night attacks on camps and bivouacs. For aerial night work of any kind the airship is indispensable—the aeroplane practically useless in its present stage of development—and these facts have been fully recognized by the responsible authorities in both France and Germany, whatever the patriotic but technically only half-educated enthusiasts in either country may think.”

The most powerful German dirigible, and one which gives the greatest promise for aggressive night as well as day service, is the Siemens-Schuckert, with engines of 480

horse-power and a cubic capacity of 460,000 feet. This vessel has often been seen sailing over the German metropolis not only in fair weather but in foul. It has made over forty trips without accident and has reached a speed of forty-five miles an hour. The *Schwaben*, of the Zeppelin type, made over a hundred and fifty passenger trips the past year without an accident or breakdown. She contains 634,500 cubic feet of hydrogen in seventeen separate gas cells, within a rigid framework covered with an envelope stretched smoothly over the framework with particular care to ensure a minimum of air friction. It is 462 feet long, and has reached a speed of forty-five miles an hour. The bow is egg-shaped and head resistance has been reduced to a minimum hitherto unattainable in this type of airship. Many arm-chair critics considered her too unwieldy with her enormous equipment of air rudders and stabilizing fins, but the trials of this ship in the air vindicated her builders until her recent mishap.

“The experiments made in the case of the second *Deutschland*, a Zeppelin airship, con-



MAKING READY TO LAY TO

The propellers are the most conspicuous feature of the mechanism that can be made out here. The large number of men required to anchor an airship is one of the embarrassments connected with management of the dirigible. As expertness is gained from experience this difficulty may disappear.

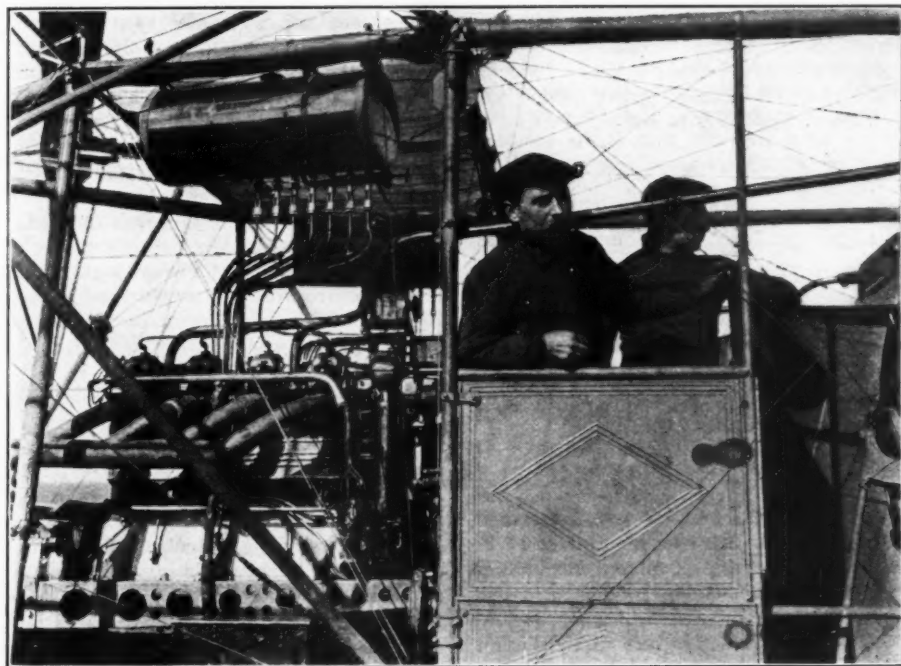
structed to replace the first vessel of that name which was wrecked by a storm over the Teutoburger Wald, showed that it could be raised by aerodynamic reaction of the elevating planes alone, with only two propellers and two motors in action, from a static level of equilibrium of 2,132 feet and 4,756 feet, equivalent to a lift of two tons, and this without any additional ascensional power due to expansion of gas or getting rid of ballast. By using three motors and four propellers in conjunction with the elevating gear, the vessel was made to ascend to 5,904 feet, equivalent to a lift of nearly another ton, and it remained at this level, carrying a crew of nine men, four passengers, over 200 pounds of fuel and oil, and two tons of ballast. With such a reserve of ascensional power, the commander of an airship would be justified in disregarding the chances of disablement by aerial artillery from the earth's surface, for at a height of over 5,000 feet his vessel, with its 46-foot beam, would be a small mark for the gunner, and the speed would be all the greater on account of the thinness of the air at such an altitude, making it exceedingly difficult to judge and keep the range.

"In the case of the *Schwaben* it was found that even the removal of the elevating planes to the rear of the vessel, and the reduction

of their total lifting surface to a revolutionary extent, compared with those of the *Deutschland*, did not in the least interfere with the power of the former to rise by aerodynamic reaction. The greater speed of the *Schwaben* and the smoothness of the cylindrical hull appear to compensate fully for the loss of aeroplane 'surface.'

"It is a matter of common knowledge that the great majority of mishaps to dirigibles have occurred when close to the ground, when anchored in the open, or when entering or leaving their protective shed. The immunity of the *Schwaben* from accident has been due not only to her power of propulsion but to the improved arrangements which have been made comparatively recently for handling rigid dirigibles in Germany. The most modern sheds have mechanical docking devices which enable complete control to be maintained over an airship until it is safe in the open air."

When a start is to be made, the vessel is hauled out to a safe distance from the shed along the rails provided for the purpose. Passengers and ballast are taken aboard. All the steel hawsers are released from rollers by a simultaneous movement, remaining attached and pendent from the



AMID THE MECHANISMS OF A DIRIGIBLE

This airship, it should be noted for the benefit of the inexperienced, is not an aeroplane, but a true navigator of the air, with a corps or crew of experts aboard.

airship to be in readiness for mooring again.

Another problem which appears to have been solved is anchoring in the open at places where there may be an open space but no protective shed. This is extremely dangerous, and perhaps will always be so in the case of rigid dirigibles, but in Germany many of the leading towns have provided anchorage over clear spaces. To take advantage of these mooring facilities, the Zeppelin dirigibles are fitted with four cables radiating from a ring attachment pivoting around a strong pin in the reinforced framework of the bows. Four blocks of concrete have been sunk in the ground at every prepared anchorage, and are so arranged that the four bow cables, when fastened to them, form a pyramid with the apex at the bow of the airship. The removal of ballast from the bow end of the vessel gives a lift there which stiffens this pyramid and the rigid dirigible moves around the apex as if it were a mooring post, swinging freely head to wind and avoiding the danger of being caught broadside on by gusts. These details comprize the science of aerial navigation, being no more complicated in themselves than the science of navigating the water. It is too often overlooked that without the science of the navigator, a ship at sea is fully as dangerous to its passengers as a ship in the air could ever become. For example, the docking of a dirigible, that is, its restoration to its shelter along two sets of rollers run on lengths of rail, is a nice piece of applied science, perfectly safe to an expert but highly perilous to the inexperienced:

"Under favorable circumstances this re-attachment to the rollers and the subsequent moving back into the shed are a comparatively simple matter, but if, on returning to

the shelter, there is found to be a breeze blowing at right angles to the line of the rails, the process of reentry is rendered somewhat risky and difficult, and the vessel has to be handled differently. Under these circumstances she is brought to a stationary position over the track, not parallel to the rails but with the bow heading into the wind. One of the front cables is hitched on to the rollers nearer the shed on the windward rail. Then, working on this set of rollers as a fulcrum, the airship is slowed gradually round by hauling on the rear end, steadying it on the sides and at the same time pulling the lee side of the vessel down till it becomes parallel to the rails. The remaining cables are then made fast to the rollers, passengers alight, and ballast is removed, and the dirigible is hauled into the shed along the rails.

"The only fault to be found with this method is the number of men required to handle the vessel. Possibly means may be found to reduce this number in time."

It may be said of all the German airships that once clear of their sheds they are able to travel in almost any weather, as has been shown by the journeys they have made in rain, in strong winds and in severe cold. The Germans, our expert concludes, are not following the will-o'-the-wisp of imagination in pursuing the conquest of the air by persevering construction of dirigible after dirigible. The enthusiasts of the aeroplane, brilliant as some of the exploits of the Wright and other machines may be, will in the end find the dominion of the air wrested from them. The explanation is the simple fact that the dirigible is like any ship in requiring mastery only of the science of navigating it. The aeroplane requires mastery not of navigation but of flying—a far more difficult and dangerous undertaking.

THE LATEST AND GREATEST TRIUMPH OF THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY



SOME months ago that noted British chemist, Doctor F. E. Matthews, placed a quantity of metallic sodium in a test tube with isoprene, one of the derivatives of the higher alcohols. Having prepared his test tube, Doctor Matthews went upon a vacation. Returning in two weeks, he found that the

isoprene was rapidly turning into rubber. In the course of eight weeks, it had become a solid mass of pure rubber. Further tests revealed that the action is practically quantitative and that besides being rapid it is not seriously affected by the ordinary changes of atmospheric temperature.

In other words, as appears from the report of Professor R. H. Perkins, published

by the Society of Chemical Research in London, this sodium treatment of isoprene is a plain process perfectly adapted to normal production. Unfortunately for the discoverer, who applied for a British patent, Professor Karl Harries, the German chemist, had long been experimenting in the same field. He tried to secure a British patent recently, only to be confronted by the claim of a rival. The struggle for control of the discovery, known to the chemical world as that of synthetic rubber, promises, according to London *Nature*, to be long and bitter. It may have to go to the House of Lords, since the issues involve what some authorities pronounce an industrial revolution.

The mere idea of synthetic rubber is by no means new. The thing itself, as our British contemporary points out, is the latest and the greatest triumph of the chemical laboratory. Thirty years ago, indeed, Sir W. A. Tilden in England and M. Bourchadet in France found that under certain conditions isoprene was convertible into real rubber. Other workers have found that chemicals allied to isoprene undergo a similar process of conversion into a rubber-like form. But there has never been any certainty of this conversion. Sometimes it happened and sometimes it did not happen. The yield even in the best cases was not good. It was impure and, altho undoubtedly rubber, was so far removed from the perfect product as to be useless save as a curiosity. Then the process was either one that required an indefinite number of years—there are samples in London begun in 1882 which have as yet become scarcely more than viscous—or it required a high temperature or the addition of reagents that affected the quality of the rubber. As a result of these successive failures, even experts have come to regard the production of synthetic rubber as a very unlikely thing.

The sensation of the announcement of the solution of the problem at last was heightened by reports of experimental results. A motor car was fitted with two tires of synthetic rubber and the other two of the best Para rubber. After a long test race, the synthetic rubber tires showed no signs of wear, while the Para rubber tires were distinctly the worse for wear. The reason for the production of so small a quantity of the new product is that the

research work and experiments have only just ended.

The production of synthetic rubber from isoprene by the sodium treatment was not sufficient, the British paper says, to entitle Doctor Matthews to claim that he could produce rubber in any practical sense. It was necessary to discover a cheap substitute for isoprene, or rather a cheap source of that chemical. The most likely substances for the purpose were coal, petroleum, wood, sugar or starch. Eventually starch from grain or tubers was chosen at a price of less than two cents a pound. It was even found that isoprene could be obtained easily from fusel oil, which is found as a by-product of ordinary alcoholic fermentation of starch. The problem now was to find a cheap way to make fusel oil. Professor Fernbach, of the Pasteur Institute, was called in and after careful research he discovered a new fermentation process which yields fusel oil at a fifth of the old cost. This alone is a notable discovery of great importance in the manufacture of celluloid, artificial leather and other products.

Similar work had to be done on acetone, and the chemical press of Britain insists that it can soon be produced at one-half of former costs. To sum up in the words of the report to the Society of Chemical Research in London already mentioned:

"The importance of this discovery can hardly be exaggerated. Cordite cannot be manufactured without acetone. Almost all the acetone used by the British War Department has at present to be imported from the United States, where it is manufactured from wood pulp. As a measure of precaution the British Government has therefore to keep immense quantities in stock, tho whether these stocks would suffice for a prolonged war is doubtful. With the new process acetone can be manufactured at home at a fraction of the cost, and in time of war the manufacture could keep pace with the national requirements. Every other country except France, which still uses her notorious 'B' powder, depends equally upon acetone, so that the new process, it will be seen, gives this country a military advantage of some importance. It should be stated that altho the English and German chemists have arrived more or less simultaneously at the production of synthetic rubber, they have reached the goal by different routes. As a consequence the new methods of producing fusel oil and acetone are a victory of British science."

WHY THE NATIVE AMERICAN DOES SO BADLY AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

ENTHUSIASTIC as have been our newspapers in praising our champions in the Olympic games of the month just ended, it is a safe inference that native American contestants have done but indifferently well. They cut a poor figure at the Olympic games at London, says that distinguished ethnologist, Doctor Charles E. Woodruff, of the medical corps of the United States Army, and they will fare no better on the present occasion. The victories at Athens six years ago show, says Dr. Woodruff, that to a large extent the American winners were foreign born or the children of foreign-born parents. The old pre-revolutionary stock was in a conspicuous minority. Moreover, it was discovered that the successes were almost exclusively in short events requiring enormous expenditure of energy in a short time, while in slow contests of endurance the Americans were outclassed by Europeans. Results so far achieved do not modify the inevitable inference.

The facts are interpreted, notes Doctor Woodruff, as another of the many proofs that this land of ours is highly stimulating; but, as in the case of all other stimulants, exhaustion follows in time, tho perhaps it may require some generations to be noticeable. Northern races have always died out when they migrated as far south as our land, for it must be remembered that most of Europe is north of the fortieth degree of latitude and the races which first stocked this country always lived north of the fiftieth parallel. The results of the 1908 Olympic present fresh evidence in support of these general conclusions. Doctor Woodruff looks into this evidence a bit in the columns of *The Medical Record*, so that we may not overdo the matter of athletics in the physical training of boys.

"When we analyze the victors among them [the American Olympic contestants], these facts are still further accentuated. Of those who won first, second, or third place, 10 per cent. were foreign born, while 14 per cent. of the non-athletic population of equal age are foreign born. About 43 per cent. were native born of foreign parents as compared with 17 per cent. in the general population, and

only 47 were native born of native parents as compared with 68 per cent. as shown in the census. Of the twenty-seven winners whose ancestry is known, three were foreign born, six had foreign-born parents, six had one foreign parent, six had one or more foreign grandparents, and one had foreign-born great-grandparents. Only one was of old stock, one of colonial stock, and three were native born of native ancestry variously stated. Considering the names it is safe to say that 85 per cent. or more of the winners are of stock which emigrated since 1840. It is not true that the Olympic games were victories for old American families, as so commonly believed.

"Now does this mean athletic decay of the old stock or a temporary greater superiority of the new? Perhaps both conditions exist. The stimulation of southern climes is one of the best attested facts in medicine and anthropology, and the subsequent decay of migrants too far south is also settled. The native children of foreign parents grow bigger than their ancestors, are taller, have larger chests, larger bones and muscles—tho much of this is due to better feeding—but they are also quicker, brighter, and more energetic, which is the result of stimulation. So we find great ability for physical spurts in the first, second and third native generations, after which there is either reversion to the former normal slowness or actual decay. This stimulation of newcomers differs only in degree from the identical nervous tension of northerners recently arrived in the tropics—a stimulation which completely deceives them as to the dangers of the climate and tempts them to overexertions which are followed by exhaustion or even collapse. The new stocks in America likewise feel better and are more energetic than their cousins who have remained at home under the protection of the mists and fogs of northern Europe. The athletic craze in America could not exist without this stimulation and we find all kinds of clubs and associations patronized by our newcomers, and there is not the slightest doubt that, as in the tropics, they are overdoing the matter."

The birth places of the native Olympic athletes from America present more interesting facts. Practically all of them were born north of Mason and Dixon's line. The six who were of southern birth were so near that line that they could scarcely be considered exceptions—three in Missouri and one each in northern Kentucky, north-

ern Virginia and Arkansas; and three of the six were winners. The part of the country furnishing no Olympic athletes at all has the highest percentage of native-born citizens. It has been said that this is due to the fact that no attention is paid to developing athletes in the South; but the absence of athletes is the reason why there is so little time given to sports. That is, the further south, the quicker the physical decay.

The only three foreign-born winners were from Ireland, and it is surprising to Doctor Woodruff to note that nearly all the contestants were of Irish, Scotch, English and German ancestry. Latin Europe was represented by one lone Cuban. The contestants average five feet ten inches in height and 158 pounds in weight, even including the little runners like Hayes, who ran the Marathon in London. These figures are away above the average for the native American population.

"American athletes have long held the records for short, sharp contests, and when these Olympic games were over, it was loudly proclaimed that we had now invaded other fields and were victorious in events requiring endurance; but the Marathon race was the only one, and subsequent events have shown the superiority of Europeans. Even a Marathon cannot be said to be a test of real endurance, for it lasts less than three hours, while the normal man is built for low-pressure strains for days. The points which placed our team at the head were short races, jumps, vaulting, throwing weights, and light-weight wrestling. It is still true that our excellence consists almost wholly in a curious form of nervousness which permits of the expenditure of all our force at high pressure for a short period, so vastly different from the normal nervous slowness which compels a low-pressure expenditure over long periods. Instead of being a matter for congratulation, we can well pause and ask ourselves if it is not a sign of overstimulation which bodes ill for the individual victors. Professional athletes are notoriously short-lived, whereas they should live longer than the rest of us.

"College amateurs tell a different story, according to Dr. Anderson, of Yale University. The death rate of the athletic alumni ('Y' men) in the last fifty years, as far as known, was 7.2 per cent., but 12.9 per cent. of the non-athletes died in the same time. As the latter class contained all the short-lived weaklings who could not indulge in

strenuous sports, and the former were picked men of perfect physique with longer expectation of living, it is questionable whether these figures do not show some damage to the athletes. The athletic naval cadets break down in after-life sooner than the non-athletes, and all cadets are picked men on an equal footing as to longevity. Whether this breakdown is due to the congenital or acquired neurotic condition which made it possible to expend much energy in a few seconds as in our short contests—an almost constant symptom of even high grades of neurasthenia—or whether it results from the strains and exhaustions of training remains to be determined. The tuberculosis, which carries off an undue percentage of both professionals and amateurs, may be due to the original exhaustion or that of training."

The contestants show a remarkable tendency to blondness—the types which originated under the clouds and mists of northern Europe and which are now known to suffer more than brunets from the nervous instability due to excessive light. They are the ones we would expect to excel in sudden spurts of energy. Of eighty-two whose complexions are described forty-three have blue eyes, thirteen gray, six light brown, seventeen brown and only three dark brown. Only nine have black hair. Among the winners brunetness is even rarer.

Almost all the points and events not won by the American teams were secured by the nations of the northwest corner of Europe, the rest of the world taking so little that it can be considered a victory of the big brawny northmen who have been the world's rulers from time immemorial, and who are largely blonde. Methods of training have very little to do with the matter, if anything at all:

"The athletic superiority of the ancient Greeks is curiously like that of our own, for they too were Aryan northerners who had migrated to a stimulating climate, Greece being at about the latitude of forty. They died out because of their climatic unfitness, and the same thing happens in America: but the constant influx of immigration restores the type here and America seems destined to be the athletic leader for all time—at least in events requiring a spurt of nervous energy; but the slower, more stolid nervous system of northern Europe will always be the winner in low-pressure sports requiring endurance over extended periods. The youthful games

on the two sides of the Atlantic will always differ like baseball and cricket because of this difference in nervous tension. Low-pressure games like golf are the only ones suitable for both nations and survive because men can play them long after they have lost ability for those requiring youthful high tension. It is to be noted, too, that the middle-

aged European can indulge in the athletics of youth longer than we can, because they age slower and also because of the lower pressure needed, as in cricket. So let us try to introduce low-pressure games in which we can indulge until our hair is white, and do away with the system which exiles us to the bleachers thirty years too soon."

METCHNIKOFF'S ALLEGED DISCOVERY OF PERPETUAL YOUTH



IN THE large intestine of a human being there exist quantities of poisonous substances called phenols and indols. These have been proven by Metchnikoff to be responsible, so we read in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), for that slow disintegration of the system known as old age. The poisonous substances referred to can be neutralized or done away with, Metchnikoff adds, by sugar only or by the substances classed as sugary. Unfortunately, sugary substances, taken into the human alimentary canal, are digested prior to their arrival in any form in the large intestine. This difficulty faces even the lactic acid treatment, at least to some extent, which, as all know, Metchnikoff has advocated for quite a year.

How, then, can sugar be produced within the colon subsequently to digestion? That was the problem confronting the renowned scientist until the other day. He asserts that he has discovered a microbe which produces sugar—glycobacteria. It has been established by experiment within the intestine of the dog, its only normal habitat. If it be objected that the dog does not live very long, Metchnikoff replies that it is a carnivorous animal, and animal food produces the largest quantity of the poisonous substances which it is sought to destroy. Were it feasible to feed the dog a great amount of vegetables, the animal would become immune, Metchnikoff insists, from diseases arising through the existence in its intestines of the deleterious indols and phenols.

Having established the presence of glycobacteria—a microbe hitherto unknown—in

the dog's intestine, experiments were made with it upon human beings. In every instance the test of the germ was successful. The poisonous elements from which old age arises were reduced in quantity or expelled. Metchnikoff has included himself among the objects of experiment, altho he insists that old age does not trouble him, despite his sixty-eight years, owing to his care in diet. This comprizes mainly vegetables rich in sugar, with a due allowance of lactic microbes. Hence his capacity to toil long and arduously without thinking of a period of annual rest.

Metchnikoff adds that some individuals secrete phenols and indols in such small quantities that ordinary care in diet will rescue them from old age as we know it. Those who resort to the new glyco-bacterial treatment should use the lactic acid preparations as well. The aged will in no long time feel a new efficiency, comparable only with that feeling of perpetual youth so vainly sought by Ponce de Leon.

Skepticism marks the attitude of some scientists on the whole subject of Metchnikoff's latest announcement. The danger to the system from the poisonous substances dreaded by Metchnikoff seems to Doctor Armand Gautier, a scientist of repute, to be greatly overestimated. The phenols and indols affect health, he thinks, very slightly. Doctor Gautier has administered them to patients without injuring them in the least. No good can result from their elimination from the large intestine. The fallacy in Metchnikoff's position, according to his critics, is the assumption that the large intestine is a superfluous growth left over from an evolutionary period long since past.

EMERGENCE OF THE NEW AGE OF OIL FROM THE OLD AGE OF COAL



AMERICANS generally have failed to note the passing of the age of coal and the arrival of the age of oil, through local circumstances to which that greatest of living engineers, Dr. Rudolph Diesel, has lately directed attention. As between coal and oil, America seems to Doctor Diesel to lag behind the old world. He attributes this partly to the fact that coal is yet abundant here. This tends, he says, to encourage waste and inefficiency in all forms of applied science. It particularly promotes the manufacture of low-priced and inefficient engines, as the statistics of boiler explosions here demonstrate. He also attributes our tardiness in entering the oil age to the great demand for quick manufacture and the turning out of very large quantities of product. He predicts, however, that America will, like Europe, discover oil. Our resources in oil are so vast that the failure of this country to understand it and utilize it suggests the proverb that a shoemaker's child is never shod.

Coal, then, in its crude raw shape is doomed. The statement was made in an article written a month before his death by the late William T. Stead. The statement is endorsed by London *Engineering*. "Coal will survive as a motor power only by consenting to be converted into tar and tar oils. Doctor Diesel maintains that tar and tar oil produce three to five times as much power in the famed Diesel engines as the coal from which the tar is generated would produce if fed direct into the furnace. All our coal mine towns will become gas-works yielding tar. The gas will drive dynamos, supplying the towns with electricity. The coke will remain, but the motive force for the steamships of the world will be fed by pipe lines from the coal mines to the ports." What a new world is opened to our view! Thus Mr. Stead, an outburst which our scientific contemporary does not deem unjustified. No wagons, no stokers, no smoke! Dr. Diesel is thus the master magician of the world.

"Think of it! The invention of one comparatively simple engine has doubled the power of man over Nature. Imagine all the steam-driven engines in the world with their

millions upon millions of horse-power generating almost inconceivable force at the service of men, and then imagine this mighty power suddenly doubled. How paltry seem the conquests of warriors, the annexations of provinces compared with this sudden duplication of the power of production of the world! Man has, as it were, in a moment been invested with sovereignty over an empire vaster in its unimaginable resources than any of which Napoleon dreamed.

"The Diesel engine is an engine which is driven by oil. Not oil fed into a furnace to generate steam, but oil used direct. And it is not, like the motor omnibus, dependent upon petrol. It can be worked with almost any kind of oil: mineral oil, tar oil, even castor oil will do at a pinch. Dr. Diesel called my attention to the probable effect of his engine in increasing the value of our tropical possessions. You may exhaust your coal, you may empty your oil wells, you may cut down your forests, but in the earthnut which can be cultivated to an illimitable extent in the tropics you have an inexhaustible supply of force drawn year by year from the sun which will never fail you. Every year we are burning 200,000 tons of oil in our navy. If instead of feeding that oil into boiler furnaces we applied it direct to the Diesel motor we should multiply its driving force by 250 per cent. That is to say 200,000 tons would become as it were by some strange alchemy supplied with the power of 500,000 tons. For the Diesel engine working side by side with an oil-fired steam engine of the latest type at Turin Exhibition did the same amount of work with ten tons of oil that was done with twenty-five tons by its steam rival.

"This being the case, it is only a matter of time, and of a very short time, for the Diesel engine, or some modification of the same, to drive the steam engine off the scene as completely as the steam engine cleared off the stage-coaches of our grandfathers. In distant regions remote from coalfields and from railways the economy effected by the Diesel engine is almost inconceivably great."

The basic principle employed in this type of internal combustion engine, we read in *The Electrical World*, was conceived by Doctor Diesel as recently as fifteen years ago. The earliest model was constructed to determine whether atmospheric air could be compressed to such an extent that the corresponding temperature would ignite fuel oil, or rather liquid fuel. This model was not operative as a practical

engine and was destroyed by an explosion very soon after its first trial. The second model was capable of operation only for very short intervals, but supplied the means of obtaining the first indicator cards from an engine constructed on this principle.

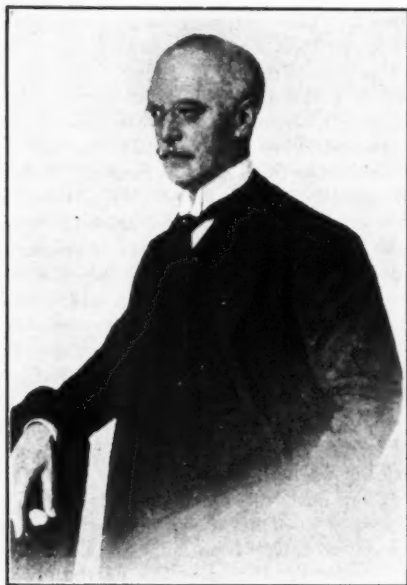
"While the Diesel engine has been highly successful when operated on crude oil, it was also found possible to operate with almost any variety of oil found anywhere in the world. In 1904 Colonel E. D. Meier was successful in operating one of these engines on water-gas tar, and this cheap variety of fuel has been regularly used in certain plants since that time. The original Diesel engines were operated on a four-stroke cycle and were without exception single-acting. Modern engines of this type are built in capacities up to 250 horse-power with one cylinder and up to 1,000 horse-power in the multi-cylinder type. By means of additional ports, uncovered at the end of the combustion stroke, it has been possible to eject the products of combustion and introduce a fresh charge of air with the aid of a scavenging pump. This permits compression of the new charge of air on the succeeding stroke, at the end of which a charge of fuel is injected into the red-hot air, and the next cycle then commences. By means of this two-stroke cycle it has been possible greatly to reduce the weight per unit of output. Double-acting engines, now in the course of development, will reduce the weight still further."

There have been developing during the past few years, we read in *The Engineering Journal*, two distinct methods of using oil fuel. Either oil is consumed in a furnace under a boiler or the oil is burned in the engine. Burning the oil in an engine directly transfers as much as is practicable of the heat so generated into work on the piston of an engine. The invention of the carburetor made the use of gasoline practicable for small engines. The step ahead of this was the Diesel principle, as it has come to be called. In the application of the Diesel principle there is no carburetor, no ignition apparatus, and very crude oil can be used with the engine. It is the triumph of oil over coal. In the words of an expert in the *London Mail*:

"It has been said with a large measure of truth that the greatest revelations in human affairs are those which attract least attention at the outset. They operate slowly in the beginning; like rumor, they start moving at a snail's pace and gather momentum as they

proceed; hence at first their influence is little felt and is generally overlooked. Only the master minds of Europe saw, with Goethe, what now seems to us an obvious fact—that a new age opened with the cannon of Valmy. Only the ablest engineers and economists realize the meaning of the tremendous change now imminent in the mechanical world when oil replaces coal as the source of power, heat, and light."

The cultivation of a certain kind of nut is likely to be immensely stimulated by the Diesel principle in engineering. It may be, as one writer in *Chambers's Journal* points out, that the nut plantation of the future will bear the same relation to the factory that the coal mine does now. Factories are supposed in some instances to derive commercial advantages from the vicinity of a mining region. In the development of the century, it seems likely that tropical regions will be given over to crops of a kind of nut from which oils can be most easily procured. There are provinces on the habitable globe for which at present no agricultural use can be found. There are nuts which it scarcely pays to cultivate. The Diesel engine will entail therefore radical transformations.



THE CREATOR OF THE AGE OF OIL

The most illustrious engineer in the world to-day is probably Doctor Rudolph Diesel, whose engine is declared by competent authorities to be one of the epoch-making inventions.

Religion and Ethics

MR. FULTON CUTTING'S PLEA FOR A CLOSER CO-OPERATION BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE



THE great need of the hour in the religious world, according to R. Fulton Cutting, the well-known publicist and philanthropist, is a working partnership between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. "The church," he says, in a newly published series of lectures,* "is living too much for Christianity and too little for civilization." There are 100,000 needless infant deaths in this country every year, nearly 2,000,000 child laborers, millions of school children hampered by easily removable physical defects, 50,500 tenement-house rooms totally without windows in New York City alone, and 218,147 churches with a membership of more than 35,000,000, and church property valued at over a billion and a quarter. Is there any relation, asks Mr. Cutting, between these statistics?

The fraternal spirit, he continues, is abroad. Greed, injustice and oppression continue to exist in the relations of man to man; but "the soul of the community, as expressed in the forms of government and in law, is more humane, more God-like than in any previous age." More and more society recognizes its obligations to its poorest and weakest members. More and more the State is pressing into the eleemosynary field.

If the Christian Church expects to hold her own, Mr. Cutting intimates, if she intends to perform her historic part in the development of that democracy which she herself may be said to have initiated, she must ally herself more closely with the powers and functions of government.

"The church, through her religious orders, was the educator of society. It was they who

first practiced scientific farming. They were the road-builders of the dark ages, the drainers of swamps and fens, the patrons of architecture and painting, and they supplied at the same time, in their own organizations, the object lesson of a model society.

"In the monastic life, indeed, was the germ of modern democracy that was at length to find its opportunity in the organization of society consequent upon the teaching of Luther and Calvin.

"If the church could but believe it, she is still doing the identical work, still rendering this same service to society, altho less directly than in the past. Democracy is her child. Her parentage is unmistakable. Her lineaments are plainly discernible in her offspring. The brotherhood of man, the infinite value of the individual, the glorious liberty of the sons of God—are the fundamentals of democracy, and the social organization of the Christian Church expands into the corporate society of to-day."

In the past, Mr. Cutting goes on to argue, the church has made the mistake of regarding the State as an alien, and has essayed to capture it boldly—to make and unmake its governors, to write or annul its laws in a spirit of partisanship and prejudice. The result has always been disastrous. The church as an organization, Mr. Cutting holds, cannot consistently enter the electoral field. Christianity infused democracy into the State, but did not superimpose it. She does not need to capture society in order to moralize it. The hierarchy is an illogical expression of her spirit. How, then, it may be asked, can she employ the social organization for which she must stand sponsor? Mr. Cutting replies: "Surely, by a practical recognition of her relation to it through its administrative functions."

"Through them she must infuse her genius into the democratic institution as she did into the aristocracy which it superseded. She has

* THE CHURCH AND SOCIETY. By R. Fulton Cutting, J.L.D. The Kennedy Lectures for 1912, in the New York School of Philanthropy, conducted by the Charity Organization Society. The Macmillan Company.

learned enough by bitter experience to reject the expediency of a purely political policy, and as a matter of fact the reaction has carried her somewhat into the wilderness. It is true that her laymen as individuals are largely and increasingly occupied with public affairs, and the church's inspiration to good citizenship is one of her noblest services to society. As an organization, however, she is believed to be out of sympathy with the reasonable aspirations of the plain people—to be an unwilling participator in the evolution of organized society. Her apparent indifference to the efficiency of public institutions, which mean so much to the welfare of the poor, misinterprets her actual intention. She certainly exhibits little enthusiasm as a corporate body for the possibilities of material advantage which the multitude discern in popular sovereignty. Yet, while they would resent any attempt upon her part to control the activities of the community, they are ready to welcome her fraternal action whenever proffered."

In many places to-day, it is true, the churches are so poorly supported that after providing for their own needs they have no energy left for civic effort. But this fact only furnishes Mr. Cutting an additional argument in favor of his thesis. The church, like the individual, he says, must learn the lesson that "he who loses his life shall find it," and "the church that ingenuously puts the welfare of the community in which it is situated above its individual supremacy will discover in the increased vitality of its membership the true meaning of applied Christianity." Mr. Cutting goes on to say:

"An interesting illustration of the success of this policy comes to us from Kalamazoo, Michigan. Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, educated for the Unitarian ministry, commenced her work in Dakota. Called thence to Kalamazoo, she found a tiny, struggling congregation, with little prospect. There were a few young people in the church, and a Sunday-school of four members, three of whom belonged to one family. She commenced to teach these children about their town, and how they might become good and faithful citizens. As there was no kindergarten in the city, she started one in her own church. This was maintained until the city itself took up the work and kindergarten education passed into the system of public schooling. She also established classes in cooking, and, when in course of time the city included this form of training in its public education, she made use of the kitchen she had built in preparing ten-

cent suppers for working women. She established a Women's Civic Improvement League, one of the first labors of which was to demonstrate to the town authorities how the streets should be cleaned; and the city learned the lesson thoroly. She discovered and compelled the remedy of shocking abuses in the slaughter-houses which supplied the meat for Kalamazoo, and with the experience gained she drafted a bill covering meat inspection in the State, which was passed by the Legislature, and enables every town and city in Michigan to control the conditions under which its meat supply is prepared. Small wonder is it, with this record, the tiny organization which she founded has become one of the first institutional churches of the country. A large gift of money from one of the parishoners made it possible to erect a beautiful new church building."

Mr. Cutting feels that the public school as a governmental institution should especially appeal to the church. The commencement of a new movement for the utilization of school buildings as civic centers, he points out, makes the movement for an extension of church activity particularly felicitous and important. "Everywhere," he urges, "the church should be organized for definite cooperation with the school, and the pastor and his people should proceed at once to get into touch with its teachers, superintendent and the district educational authorities."

"There are nineteen million children in the public schools of the United States, and they are receiving there no direct religious or moral instruction. For five days in every week except in midsummer (the school term is usually short in the South), for five hours each day, these children are in immediate touch with and under the influence of their teachers. The opportunity for molding character in the plastic years of childhood is vast. Once a week, for an hour, the Sunday-school endeavors—with only a fraction of the children who attend public schools—to make up for the deficiency in the moral training of the secular institution.

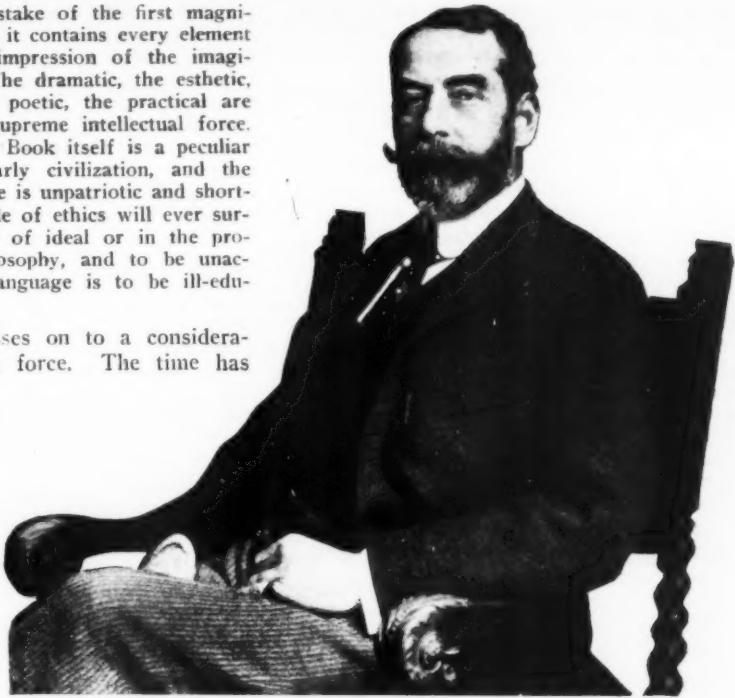
"The question of moral and religious training in the public school, now conspicuously absent from our curriculum, cannot be permanently banished by the discordance of religious beliefs. It must be again insisted that the aim of secular education is to qualify the individual to take his place in society and to make him a cooperator in its evolution. And this demands more than intellectual training. . . . The exclusion of the Bible in both France and America, or at least of the Old

Testament, is a mistake of the first magnitude. As literature, it contains every element necessary for the impression of the imagination of youth. The dramatic, the esthetic, the illustrative, the poetic, the practical are all conveyed with supreme intellectual force. In this country the Book itself is a peculiar heritage of our early civilization, and the prohibition of its use is unpatriotic and shortsighted. . . . No code of ethics will ever surpass it in sublimity of ideal or in the profundity of its philosophy, and to be unacquainted with its language is to be ill-educated."

Mr. Cutting passes on to a consideration of the police force. The time has come, he avers, for the church to aid and advise, rather than criticize, the policeman. "A constructive policy is demanded — the policeman's positive quality is yet to be developed, the intimacy of his relation to the spread of the Kingdom of God disclosed." Many religious people, Mayor Whitlock

of Toledo has said, think that an efficient police force is one that suppresses saloon-keepers, drives disorderly houses out of business, and enforces the Sunday laws. They forget that people can not be made good by force. They do not see life as it really is. What is needed, Mr. Cutting declares, is the right sort of a working alliance:

"Let us attempt to visualize an ideal relation between the church and the police—assuming that the former is sufficiently intelligent not to demand a revolution, and the latter amenable to reason. The Christian people of a community would have a committee on policing, its members on terms of social intimacy with both the superior and subordinate officers, the various churches establishing such a relationship with the representatives of the force detailed to their immediate neighborhood. This committee would be organized with an experienced social worker as its executive officer, and would be large enough to provide for subcommittees on the law—on places of amusement—on gambling—



HE CALLS ON THE CHURCH TO INSPIRE THE STATE

R. Fulton Cutting, founder of the Bureau of Municipal Research, President of the New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, and former President of the Citizens' Union, exhorts the church to take a more active part in vitalizing the administrative functions of the State. "The church," he says, "is living too much for Christianity and too little for civilization."

on the social evil—on juvenile delinquents—on the saloon—on the jail—on relief. It would have Big Brothers and Big Sisters. The head of the force would make frequent reports to the mayor for publication, tabulated so as to make the statistics illuminating, enabling the committee and public to gauge the value of the method being employed to promote virtue and to repress vice. Frequent meetings would be held between the police head and the committee, to discuss projects for increased usefulness and to report upon the progress of the general program. Occasionally citizens' meetings would be called in one of the churches to give the officials an opportunity to present to the community any new project for police usefulness, and to provide opportunities for the recognition of special merit in officers whose courage and efficiency had earned for them the commendation of their fellow-citizens. Social functions would be arranged, to cultivate better acquaintance between cooperating parties. The committee would exercise its common sense in carefully abstaining from trespassing upon any of the prerogatives of the police or from attempting to intrude into its domain; the

police would afford the committee the fullest information compatible with its relation to the community as a whole."

In the improvement of public health and in the checking of child labor, Mr. Cutting feels that the church has her own important work to do. He would even have her take a more active part in municipal house-keeping, and he concludes his survey with an account of what she has actually done in this direction:

"There is one incident in city life which gives peculiar opportunity for the expression of public opinion and which specially demands that expression. It is budget-making. In this process there is balanced the generosity and the extravagance of a city community, its waste and its beneficence. At this time it is decided whether we shall have a 'motor parkway' or a tuberculosis sanitarium, an army of superfluous employees or more pure milk stations. In the past five years budget-making in New York City has changed from a

perfunctory session attended by two or three ill-informed zealots to a campaign of several months' duration in which participate, with intelligence and earnestness, the clergyman, the social worker, the reformer, the taxpayer and the financier. The papers, months in advance, discuss the prospective expenditure of the coming year and the public are learning to discriminate between the plausible and the genuine in departmental estimates. This change of public opinion has been brought about through the efforts of an unofficial agency, the Bureau of Municipal Research, which for years has been calling attention to budget alternatives, has shown methods of eliminating budget waste, has helped city officials change the whole method of budget-making, and kept public attention focused upon budget spending throughout the year. New York ministers have lent aid to the Bureau's efforts through a ministers' conference held in the spring of 1909 to consider in advance proposals for 1910's budget, by two Budget Sundays, and by many visits to two official budget exhibits."

ANATOLE FRANCE'S GLORIFICATION OF DOUBT

IS THE power to doubt a higher one than to believe? Is it, in fact, the highest achievement of humanity? Most of us would answer these questions decidedly in the negative, in these times of activity and conviction; but Anatole France, who to-day enjoys the reputation of being the greatest of contemporary French writers, has taken the lonely position of scepticism, not only in French letters, but one might say in the world. Doubting, he declares, is a sort of esoteric art, a power that only a few isolated minds enjoy. Quite recently he has twice had occasion to reiterate this strange and unusual state of mind.

His latest novel "*Les Dieux ont soif*" (Thirsty Gods) is a unique study of the French revolution, wherein he portrays in painful and satirical colors the so-called "Age of Reason." In the *Journal des Débats*, M. André Chaumeix declares that Anatole France's is an absolute nihilism.

"What predominates in this book is his art of picking everything to pieces, of successively dissecting history, men, even reason, to the very point of leaving nothing in the world but the disorder of the strongest instincts—which remain elementary in spite of

civilization—the cruel struggle of sex and hunger. The only superiority that M. Anatole France seems to recognize is that of pleasure, which vanishes so quickly and which must be born over again and again without cease, and that of the intelligence which delights in the sterile joy of seeing all things being reduced to cinders. And this is why the master, who for a long time upheld the tradition of French letters, now seems so isolated from his own epoch, which has become one of action and of belief."

Last month M. France was chosen as president of a new society of disciples of Montaigne, called "*Les Amis de Montaigne*." M. France was selected, it seems, because he is considered to be a modern reincarnation of the gentle sceptic. In making his presidential address, the distinguished novelist declared that the true art of doubting might be learned from Montaigne better than from anyone else. His tribute to the author of the "*Essais*" (which we take from *Le Temps*) was in part as follows:

"Shall I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, what I admire most in Montaigne? It is his gift of contradicting himself in everything he says. By this sign we recognize a happy and bountiful nature. The richest and most

fruitful natures are also the most abundant in contradictions. When one is a whole world in oneself, one cannot often be consistent. To feel much and to understand a great deal is a condition which entails contradictions—either successive or simultaneous. Let us respect as much as we ought the man who is resolute and firm in his convictions. Happy those who know but one truth and who stick to it with indestructible confidence! Happier—or at least better and greater—are those who have surveyed things from every side, who have seen them under multiple aspects and full of contrasts. They have come close enough to the truth to realize that they shall never reach it. They doubt—and become benevolent and gracious; they doubt—and they have strength with sweetness, liberty and independence; they doubt—and they become the

moderators and the good counsellors of this poor humanity which is so insanely enslaved to certainty, and which does not know how to doubt. This is because doubting is by no means a popular art. To practise it skilfully, we must have a Montaigne. Let us learn from him the technique of true doubting, indulgent doubting, the doubting that teaches us how to understand all beliefs without being misled by any; that teaches us not to look down on men because they make mistakes, even to share their errors when they are consoling to ignorance (of which we ourselves possess so generous a share)—or even their lies because of the poetry they contain; to sympathize with them when they are unfortunate or wretched; to love them and to serve them not according to fixed rules, but as we ourselves would be loved and served."

IBSEN AS A PROPHET OF THE NEW WOMAN



ESTERDAY the followers of Ibsen were championing him as the greatest of modern dramatists. To-day they present him as a prophet of the new woman. Two recent and important interpreters,* one American and one English, as well as Ellen Key, in her essay on Ibsen's women, now published in an English translation,† emphasize Ibsen's attitude toward womanhood. "The woman question," writes Professor Heller, of Washington University, "above all in its spiritual bearings, springs into extraordinary prominence in Ibsen's works. It is, perhaps, the one subject on which the notorious mental interrogation mark with which he loves to conclude his plays straightens itself frankly into an emphatic exclamation point." Ibsen, Professor Heller goes on to say, was not only a prophet; he became "the most pronounced woman emancipator of the age." He visioned the reorganization of society through women. He antedated by many years Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "Man-Made World" when he wrote: "Modern society is no human society; it is merely a masculine society."

One of the ethical *Leitmotifs* of Ibsen's plays, from "The Doll's House" to the

tragic Epilog, "When We Dead Awaken," is the marriage question, which is so inextricably bound up with the woman question. Ibsen reiterates, again and again, says Professor Heller, that "marriage can be happy only when it rests on the basis of common ideals; that only when a man and a woman have the will and strength to give and to take with equal measure may they merge their lives and be entitled to equip a new generation with the gift of life." Ibsen struck his first note of prophecy in "The Doll's House" when he made Torvald Helmer say to Nora: "Before all else you are a wife and a mother." And the woman answers: "That I no longer believe. I believe that before all else I am a human being, just as much as you are—or at least that I should try to become one."

"Instead of dallying with the old debating club question, Shall woman study?—vote?—practice a profession?" Professor Heller continues, "Ibsen hoists into the light the main consideration, Shall woman truly live?" Nora Helmer, shutting the door on her doll's house, answered yes. The play was first produced in 1880, and "a great hullabaloo" was raised about the poet's ears in consequence. Yet to-day, a writer in the London *Nation* points out, "no one battles for the right of a Torwald Helmer to keep his Nora in a doll's house." Not that Nora has ceased to exist. "Every street in Europe has none the less its terraces of cages." But Ibsen's ideas, Mr. R.

* HENRIK IBSEN: PLAYS AND PROBLEMS. By Otto Heller. Houghton Mifflin Company.

HENRY IBSEN: A CRITICAL STUDY. By R. Ellis Roberts. Secker, London.

† THE TORPEDO UNDER THE ARK. By Ellen Key. Translated by Mamah Bouton Borthwick. The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company, Chicago.

Ellis Roberts, his English critic, maintains, have won "not acceptance nor agreement, but the right to go unnoticed." "It is an illusion," the *Nation* reviewer comments, "to think that Ibsen has grown out of date. What was fresh in his day is now a permanent question. The problems which his generation sought to reject as difficulties too harsh for statement are now the problems which each of us knows he must face and solve."

In Ibsen's next play, "Ghosts," the woman, Mrs. Alving, dominated by the "ghosts" of social prejudices, answers the question, Shall woman truly live? in the negative. But "suppose the avoidance of a matrimonial rupture should involve the ruin of the family," writes Professor Heller, "the moral and, under conceivable circumstances, even physical blight of the progeny,—what a fearful price to pay for the good opinion of unthinking, prejudiced defenders of the stock virtues! By a series of hypothetical questions such as the foregoing the works of Ibsen are severally instigated and linked together. The reply to the query this time is the most harrowing tragedy of modern times, 'Ghosts.'" Mrs. Alving's "duty" as a wife binds her to a dissolute husband with the result that, as the night of inherited idiocy settles on her son, she promises to take his life with her own hands. "That the tremendous and incredibly subtle psychological invention," Professor Heller continues, "whereby a mother is confronted with child-murder as her solemn and sacred duty, raised up a perfect fury of indignation, will be readily understood." But herein Ibsen showed himself again the true prophet. The problems of heredity and parental responsibility are no longer met with blind indignation but with resolute inquiry.

"The color of Ibsen's ideas," Mr. R. Ellis Roberts maintains, "is chiefly shown in his plays by two ever-recurring factors: one, conscious; the other, it would seem, unconscious to the author, at least, in his early manhood. The conscious factor is his insistence on love as the one explaining, redeeming, atoning power in the world; the unconscious is the superiority of women." This superiority, Ibsen holds, consists in her recognition of love as the supreme power in life. It is love, for instance, and not force, nor any outward law that makes Rebecca blest, Ibsen's one "overwoman,"

"with her intellectual grip," to quote from Professor Heller's analysis of her character, "her uncanny perspicacity, and fierce instinct for self-preservation and tenacity of selfish purpose," relinquish all. "It was love that was born in me," this corrupted soul and great criminal says to Rosmer. "The great self-denying love that is content with life as we two have lived it together." And it is love, coupled with "freedom on her own responsibility," not her husband's coercion, which saves the neurasthenic "Lady From The Sea." Hedda Gabler is a composite picture of the loveless waste of womanhood in fashionable life. That her death comes in a swift dramatic act of self-destruction, instead of the usual slow disintegration of personality, does not lessen the truth of the picture.

John Gabriel Borkman is Ibsen's superman, or "super-scoundrel." He is "the sublimation," says Professor Heller, "of the unscrupulous, ruthlessly daring type of the speculator, the superman in business at whose shrine so many thoroly honest and just as thoroly weak-minded people are everywhere found worshipping." But he gets the truth from the lips of a woman—the woman he has loved and cast aside because she interfered with his ambitious projects.

ELLA. You are a murderer! You have committed the one mortal sin!

BORKMAN. You are raving, Ella!

ELLA. You have killed the love-life in me. Do you understand what that means? The Bible speaks of a mysterious sin for which there is no forgiveness. I have never understood what it could be; but now I understand. The great, unpardonable sin is to murder the love-life in a human soul.

In "When We Dead Awaken," which may be taken as Ibsen's final word on the woman question, "the theme here resumed," Professor Heller concludes, "is that of a self-conscious woman who is treated by the man she loves as a piece of property instead of as a personality." The *Nation* writer, in his most remarkable interpretive review, penetrates yet further. "The lesson of 'When We Dead Awaken,'" he says, "is the lesson also of Tolstoy's 'Resurrection.' The unpardonable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost, is the denial or the refusal of love. Brand sacrificed it to an impassioned sense of duty; Borkman to a financier's

ambition; Rubek regarded it as a precious 'episode' in the development of his art. To all of these men there came a moment of revelation through the mouth of a woman." The writer continues:

"The battle of life, as Ibsen sees it, is a struggle between the claims of love, the individual relations of human beings, on the one hand, and the coercive force of abstractions, conventions, theologies, communal moralities, and the ambitions which handle dead things, on the other. In that struggle it is always the men who stand for the inhuman, impersonal factor, and always the women who perceive and obey the claims of love. Men in this drama are the abstract minds, the political animals; women have the concreteness, the reality, which sees that, in this world of individual souls, the thing that matters is the rare and passionate relationship. The fact was not that Ibsen presented women as superior to men. It was rather that in this struggle he was with the women on the side of individuality against Helmer's regard for

convention, Borkman's ambition and Rubek's art. . . . Ibsen's theme was the warfare of love and women against institutions and abstractions."

Or, as Ellen Key characteristically expresses it in her essay, "The Torpedo Under the Ark":

"In the new realm, where Ibsen is prophet, he has not given to faith and hope the same place which they had in that empire whose sun is setting. Doubt and questioning ('sceptis') are for him greater than faith and hope. But for him also love is ever the greatest, and in his great women he has glorified not only a woman's love, but also, at the same time, a new and greater mode of loving. . . . That woman's love—if the word is taken in its largest, most comprehensive sense—more surely than any other feeling divines the way to the greater happiness for the individual, as well as for the whole race, is Ibsen's great belief regarding woman."

SHOULD SMITH GO TO CHURCH?



OUR writers are assuming the rôle of prophets, and our novelists are summoning us to new religious crusades. Not long ago we noted in these pages the earnest spiritual summons put forth by Winston Churchill. Now it is Meredith Nicholson who calls attention to the religious indifference of the people, and who makes constructive suggestions with a view to increasing the efficiency of the church. His appeal is printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He addresses himself to the spiritual problem of "Smith," a man who in this connection is typical of the vast average of twentieth-century Americans.

Mr. Nicholson is of the opinion that Smith ought to go to church. Yet he does not go, or goes very seldom, and Mr. Nicholson does not exactly blame him. After all, he asks, what is there in the church for Smith?

"I confess to a persistent need in my own life for the support, the stimulus, the hope, that is inherent in the teachings of Christianity; nevertheless the church—that is to say, the Protestantism with which I am familiar—has seemed to me increasingly a wholly inadequate medium for communicating to men

such as Smith and myself the help and inspiration of the vision of Christ. There are far too many Smiths who do not care particularly whether the churches prosper or die. And I urge that Smith is worthy of the church's best consideration. Even if the ninety-and-nine were snugly housed in the fold, Smith's soul is still worth the saving.

I don't want to go no further
Than my Testament fer that.

"Yet Smith doesn't care a farthing about the state of his soul. Nothing, in fact, interests him less. Smith's wife had been 'brought up in the church,' but after her marriage she displayed Smith to the eyes of the congregation for a few Easter Sundays and then gave him up. However, their children attend Sunday school of a denomination other than that in which the Smiths were reared, and Smith gives money to several churches; he declares that he believes churches are a good thing, and he will do almost anything for a church but attend its services. What he really means to say is that he thinks the church is a good thing for Jones and me, but, that, as for himself, he gets on comfortably without it.

"And the great danger both to the church and to Smith lies in the fact that he does apparently get on so comfortably without it!"

The Smiths who have drifted away from the churches will not, in Mr. Nicholson's judgment, be brought back to the pews by

even the most scholarly discussion of doubtful texts. Smith is neither a Biblical critic nor a theologian. He is not interested in the merits of the Book of Daniel. "The fact that certain gentlemen in session at Nicaea in A. D. 325 issued a statement of faith for his guidance strikes him as negligible; it does not square with any need of which he is conscious in his breast." Smith's trouble is not so much with faith as with works. He feels that the church is inefficient. He regards religion as "a poor starved side-issue," not as a source and guiding spirit in the phenomena he observes and respects.

The economic waste represented in church investment and administration is a special object of Smith's criticism. He knows that two groceries on opposite sides of a street are usually one too many. "We used to be told," Mr. Nicholson comments, "that denominational rivalry aroused zeal, but this cannot longer be more than an absurd pretense. This idea that competition is essential to the successful extension of Christianity continues to bring into being many crippled and dying churches, as Smith well knows." And he has witnessed, too, a deterioration of the church's power through its abandonment of philanthropic work to secular agencies, while churches of the familiar type, locked up tight all the week save for a prayer-meeting and choir-practice, have nothing to do. What strikes Smith is their utter wastefulness and futility.

The lack of harmony in individual churches is another difficulty that disturbs Smith. He cannot understand why people who profess the religion of Christ should be all the time quarreling. He notes that in almost every congregation there is a party favorable to the minister and one antagonistic to him.

Yet Smith is not altogether unappreciative; nor is he indifferent to the call of revitalized democracy. Says Mr. Nicholson:

"He has confessed to me his belief that the world is a kindlier place, and that more agencies of helpfulness are at work, than ever before; and to restore the recalcitrant Smith to the church it is necessary first of all to convince him that the church honestly seeks to be the chief of such agencies. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Charity Organization Society, and the settlement house all af-

ford outlets for Smith's generous benevolences. And it was a dark day for the church when she allowed these multiplying philanthropies to slip away from her. Smith points to them with a flourish, and says that he prefers to give his money where it is put to practical use. To him the church is an economic parasite, doing business on one day a week, immune from taxation, and the last of his neighbors to scrape the snow from her sidewalks! The fact that there are within fifteen minutes' walk of his house half a dozen churches, all struggling to maintain themselves, and making no appreciable impression upon the community, is not lost upon Smith,—the practical, unemotional, busy Smith. Smith speaks to me with sincere admiration of his friend the Salvation Army major, to whom he opens his purse ungrudgingly; but the church over the way—that expensive pile of stone closed tightly for all but five or six hours of the week!—Smith shakes his head ruefully when you suggest it. It is to him a bad investment that ought to be turned over to a receiver for liquidation."

Mr. Nicholson feels that Smith's critical attitude is well founded, and he urges the churches to meet it by achieving a greater unity and efficiency, and by devoting themselves more whole-heartedly to social service. He asks for the appointment of local commissions, representative of all Protestant bodies, to study the question of church unity, and to consider ways and means of bringing the church into vital touch with community needs. This would lead, among other things, to a "redistribution of church property, based wholly upon local and neighborhood needs." He would introduce "amusements," "theatrical entertainments, concerts and dances," and "motion-picture shows." He continues:

"In this unified and rehabilitated church of which I speak,—the every-day-in-the-week church, open to all sorts and conditions of men,—what would become of the creeds and the old theology? I answer this first of all by saying that coalition in itself would be a supreme demonstration of the enduring power and glory of Christianity. Those who are jealous for the integrity of the ancient faith would manifestly have less to defend, for the church would be speaking for herself in terms understood of all men. The seven-day church, being built upon efficiency and aiming at definite results, could afford to suffer men to think as they liked on the virgin birth, the miracles, and the resurrection of the body, so long as they practiced the precepts of Jesus.

"This busy, helpful, institutional church,

welcoming under one roof men of all degrees, to broaden, sweeten, and enlighten their lives, need ask no more of those who accept the service than that they believe in a God who ever lives and loves, and in Christ, who appeared on earth in his name to preach justice, mercy, charity, and kindness. I should not debate metaphysics through a barred wicket with men who needed the spiritual or physical help of the church, any more than my neighbor, Smith, that prince of good fellows, would ask a hungry tramp to saw a cord of wood before he gave him his breakfast."

Thus Meredith Nicholson analyzes the present religious problem in America, and thus he proposes to remedy it. Both his analysis and his remedy have awakened widespread interest. "There are some things in his article," remarks the *Chicago Continent* (Presbyterian), "for the orthodox to criticize, but there is nothing in it that serious-minded Christians ought not to think over." The *Boston Congregationalist* prints an open letter suggesting that responsibility for acknowledged imperfections may lie just as much in Smith as in the churches.

The Living Church, Milwaukee's Protestant Episcopal weekly, points out that Mr. Nicholson's ideal church is already realized in the Young Men's Christian Association building to which any policeman will direct him. It is an "every-day-in-the-week" establishment—and every night. It provides the games, the social service, the unification, the creedlessness, for which Mr. Nicholson pleads. And yet the Young Men's Christian Association, says *The Living Church*, would be the first to recognize that it does not cover the whole of religious life. The same paper goes on to ask:

"Why, then, does the Y. M. C. A. itself realize that something else is required beside what it is able to give? Why has not the active competition of Mr. Nicholson's ideal closed up the churches completely? Recognizing entirely how prolific are the Smiths in any community, how is it that one finds various Joneses and Browns and Robinsons and even, at rare intervals, an occasional Nicholson kneeling before the altar at some perhaps half-empty church?"

"Let us test Mr. Nicholson's ideal. When Jones's baby died last week, did Jones go to his 'every-day-in-the-week' establishment to play pool as a refuge? When Mrs. Brown's daughter was at death's door, and the slightest breath might turn the tide one way or the other, did Mrs. Brown seek relief in mov-



A NOVELIST WHO WANTS TO MAKE OVER THE CHURCH

Meredith Nicholson proposes a redistribution of church property, and new methods of bringing the indifferent into touch with Christianity.

ing pictures? When young Prodigal Robinson, having indulged himself in the luxury of companying with swine and dining on husks, finally came to himself and said 'I will go to my father,' was it at the billiard table that he found forgiveness and received the impetus of a new life?

"We do not underestimate the evils which flow from the church's broken unity. We are quite alive to the duty of social service. Perhaps these two themes come oftener to our editorial pen than any other.

"But Mr. Nicholson's perspective is not big enough."

Instead of bringing Smith up to a higher ideal so that he would *want* the church, complains the Milwaukee weekly, Mr. Nicholson would reduce the church to Smith's ideal; for "it is evident that both Mr. Nicholson and Smith fail to perceive that the highest need of mankind is neither games nor pictures nor amusement, but spiritual culture." *The Living Church* says, in concluding:

"Smith drifted away from the church in an age of materialism. The finer things of the spiritual nature were treated with contempt. Thus churchgoing ceased to be a matter of habit. It was looked down upon. It was effeminate. It was trivial.

"Then an age of idealism succeeded to that age—what matter that in these rapid days two or three 'ages' succeed one another in a lifetime? The Smiths began to be uncomfort-

able. The sordidness of materialism was not enough for them, and they espoused a gospel of bread. They threw themselves into philanthropics and humanitarianism—and they wondered that in the churches there could still be Joneses and Browns and Robinsons deriving spiritual strength from the altar, and living lives hid with Christ in God, that are as foreign to Smith as are the lives of Negritos or of Aztecs. And yet He who taught us to say 'Give us this day our daily bread,' said also, 'Man shall not live by bread

alone.' It is not very wise to say all manner of beautiful things of Him whose name they still expect to revere, illogically enough, in their creedless churches, and yet assume that a gospel of 'bread alone' exhausts His teaching.

"The only way to bring Smith back into the church is to give Smith a bigger, broader, more worthy ideal. His perspective must take in eternity. Until it does, the church cannot possibly compete with other agencies that call him."

THE CONQUEST OF LOVE AND OF DEATH



OVE and Death, says Edward Carpenter in his latest book,* move through this world of ours like things apart—underrunning it truly, and everywhere present, yet seeming to belong to some other mode of existence. In a very real sense, he suggests, they dominate and overawe us. In presence either of Love or of Death we feel ourselves helpless. When Death comes, breaking into the circle of our friends, words fail us, our mental machinery ceases to operate, all our little stores of wit and wisdom, our maxims, our mottoes, accumulated from daily experience, evaporate and are of no avail. And with Love, tho in an opposite sense, it is the same. Words are of no use, all our philosophy fails—whether to account for the pain or to describe the glory of the experience.

Is it possible, asks Mr. Carpenter, that at length and after ages we may attain to liberate ourselves from their overlordship—to dominate *them* and make them our ministers and attendants? Can we wrest them from their seeming tyranny over the human race, and from their hostility to each other? Can we persuade them to lay aside their disguise and appear to us for what they no doubt are—even the angels and messengers of a new order of experience?

Mr. Carpenter feels that these questions can be answered in the affirmative. And taking up, first of all, the question of Love, he expresses surprise that so small a beginning has yet been made toward facing it, in any serious sense, at all. In his earlier work, "Love's Coming of Age," which

Richard Le Gallienne has lately characterized as "something very like a modern classic," Mr. Carpenter has said that Love is fittingly symbolized, in these modern days, by a Cupid. Is it not time, he suggests, that Love grew up?

No one denies the fundamental importance of the experience we call "falling-in-love." It changes the whole character of man and of woman. It is often a very disturbing experience, full of dangers and pitfalls. Yet all are left practically without guidance to find their way. "The *positive* value of love," says Mr. Carpenter, "its positive cultivation as a gracious, superb and necessary part of our lives has hardly (at least in the Anglo-Saxon world) entered into people's minds. To teach young things to love, and how to love, to actually instruct and encourage them in the art, has seemed something wicked and unspeakable."

There are treatises on the Art of Love, it is true, of the nature of Ovid's "Ars Amatoria" or the "Kama-sutra" of Vatsayana; but they are concerned mainly or wholly with the details and technicalities of the subject. "It is like," says Mr. Carpenter, "instructions given to a boatman on the minutiae of his craft—how to contend with wind and wave, how to use sail and oar, to steer, to tack, to luff to a breaker, and so forth; all very good and necessary in their way, but who is there to point us our course over the great Ocean, and the stars by which to direct it?" The later works on this great subject will need to delve into the deep realms of psychology, biological science and ultimately of religion.

As steps in the creation of this new Art and Science of Love, Mr. Carpenter has many suggestions to offer. One of his maxims might be expressed as follows:

* THE DRAMA OF LOVE AND DEATH. A STUDY OF HUMAN EVOLUTION AND TRANSFIGURATION. By Edward Carpenter. Mitchell Kennerley.

"Avoid self-consciousness. Do not make love. Let love make you." In this connection he says:

"Self-consciousness is fatal to love. The self-conscious lover never 'arrives.' The woman looks at him—and then she looks at something more interesting. And so, too, the whole modern period of commercial civilization and Christianity has been fatal to love; for both these great movements have concentrated the thoughts of men on their own individual salvation—Christianity on the salvation of their souls, and commercialism on the salvation of their money-bags. They have bred the self-regarding consciousness in the highest degree; and so—tho they may have had their uses and their parts to play in the history of mankind, they have been fatal to the communal spirit in society, and they have been fatal to the glad expression of the soul in private life."

Another thing that Mr. Carpenter would have us remember is that marriages, while they may or may not be made in heaven, are marred by haste. "A long foreground of approach, time and tact, diffuzion of magnetism, mergence in one another, suffering, and even pain—all these must be expected and allowed for—tho the best after all, in this as in other things, is often the unexpected and the unprepared." The argument proceeds:

"And if the man has to allow time for all the elements of his nature to come forward and take their part in the great mystery, all the more is it true that he has to give the woman time for the fulfilling of *her* part. For in general it may be said (tho of course with exceptions) that love culminates more slowly in women than in men. Men concentrate obviously on the definite part they have to play; but in women love is more diffuzed and takes longer to reach the point where it becomes an inspired and creative frenzy of the whole being. Caresses, tendernesses, provocation, sacrifices, and a thousand indirect influences have to gradually conspire to the working out of this result; and not infrequently the situation so arising demands great self-control on the part of the man. Yet these things are worth while. 'The real marriage,' says someone, 'takes place when from their intense love there comes to birth another soul—apart from each, and invisible, yet joining them together, one hand ahold of each—a radiant thing born of the sun and stars, which, tho tender and fragile at first, grows just like a bodily child, and leads them on, and dances with them.'"

The idea that the great and primal object of union is to be sought in the next generation does not appeal to Edward Carpenter. Why not, he asks, in *this* generation? Why should the blessedness of mankind always be deferred to posterity? It is not merely, he asserts, the perpetuation of the race which is the purpose of love, but the perfection of the race, the completeness and adequacy of its self-expression, which love may make possible to-day just as well as to-morrow. He continues:

"The complementary nature of sex-attraction is made much of by that youthful genius, Otto Weininger, who in his book 'Sex and Character' has a chapter on the laws of Sexual Attractions in which, in the true German manner, he not only gives an algebraic formula for the different types of men and women, but a formula also for the force of attraction between any two given individuals—which latter of course becomes infinite when the two individuals are exactly complementary to each other! Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, in his very interesting work, 'Die Transvestiten,' goes even more into detail than does Weininger on the subject of the variations of human type in special regard to sex-characteristics. Sex-characteristics, he explains, may be divided into four groups, of which two are physiological, namely the primary characteristics (the sex organs and adjuncts) and the secondary (the hair, the voice, the breasts and so forth); and two are psychological or related (like love-sentiment, mental habit, dress, and so forth). Each of the four groups includes about four different elements; so that altogether he tabulates sixteen elements in the human being—each of which may vary independently of the other fifteen, and take on at least three possible forms, either distinctly masculine, distinctly feminine, or intermediate. Calculating up the number of different types which these variations would thus give rise to, he arrives at the figure 43,046,721!—which figure, I think we may say, we need not analyze further, since it is certainly quite large enough for all practical purposes! And really, tho we may mock a little at these fanciful divisions and dissections of human nature, they do help us to realize the enormous, the astounding number of varieties of which it is susceptible. And if again we consider that among the supposed forty-three millions each variety would have its counter-type, then we realize the enormous number of perfect unions which would be possible, and the enormous number of different ways in which the race-life could thus find adequate and admirable expression for itself."

If there is an Art of Love, there is also an Art of Dying, and we are as little versed in the latter, Mr. Carpenter holds, as in the former. Death, he says, seems to be "a break-up of the unity of the creature." In some instances it means the getting rid of or shedding off of an outworn husk. "Many an old person seems to die in this way—the body being the scene of little or no disturbance or conflict, but simply withering up, while often at the same time the spiritual nature of the man becomes strangely luminous and penetrating." In other cases death is something different. "There are diseases, or centers of disease—either in the body, like tumors, alien growths, nests of microbes, and so forth; or in the mind, like violent passions, greeds, anxieties, fears, rigid habits." The former mode of death is obviously the more normal, natural and desirable, of the two, and the one which should be encouraged. Mr. Carpenter therefore advises us to regulate the body so as to prolong life and to render death fairly easy and negotiable. "To live sanely and sensibly, in a certain close touch with Nature and with the roots of human life," he holds up as the ideal. He goes on to say:

"The ordinary medical methods—with their drugs, their stimulants, their sleeping-draughts, their operations, their injections of morphia, serums, and so forth, are surely acting all the time in the opposite direction. Their tendency surely is to confuze and weaken the central agency, while at the same time they excite and sometimes madden the local centers—till not unfrequently the patient dies, confuzed, unconscious, wrecked, and a mass of disorders and corruption. The launching of a ship on the great ocean is a thing that is prepared for, even during all the period when the vessel is being built and perfected. I am not a professional; but will no one write a manual on the subject, even from the medical and physiological point of view—How to prepare for death. . . . How to go through this great change with some degree of satisfaction, command, and intelligence? Above all, may we have a truce to the so common and unworthy conspiracies between doctors, nurses and relatives, by which for the sake of keeping the patient a few hours (or at most a few days) longer alive, the unfortunate one—instead of being let alone and allowed to die peacefully as far as may be, and as indeed in nine cases out of ten he himself desires—is on the contrary tormented (defenceless as he is) with operations, inocu-

lations and medical insults of all kinds up to the very last? The thing has become a positive scandal; and tho the ignorant importunities of lay relatives may sometimes be deplorable, yet the prospects in one's last moments of falling into the hand of professionals is even worse, and adds a new terror to dissolution."

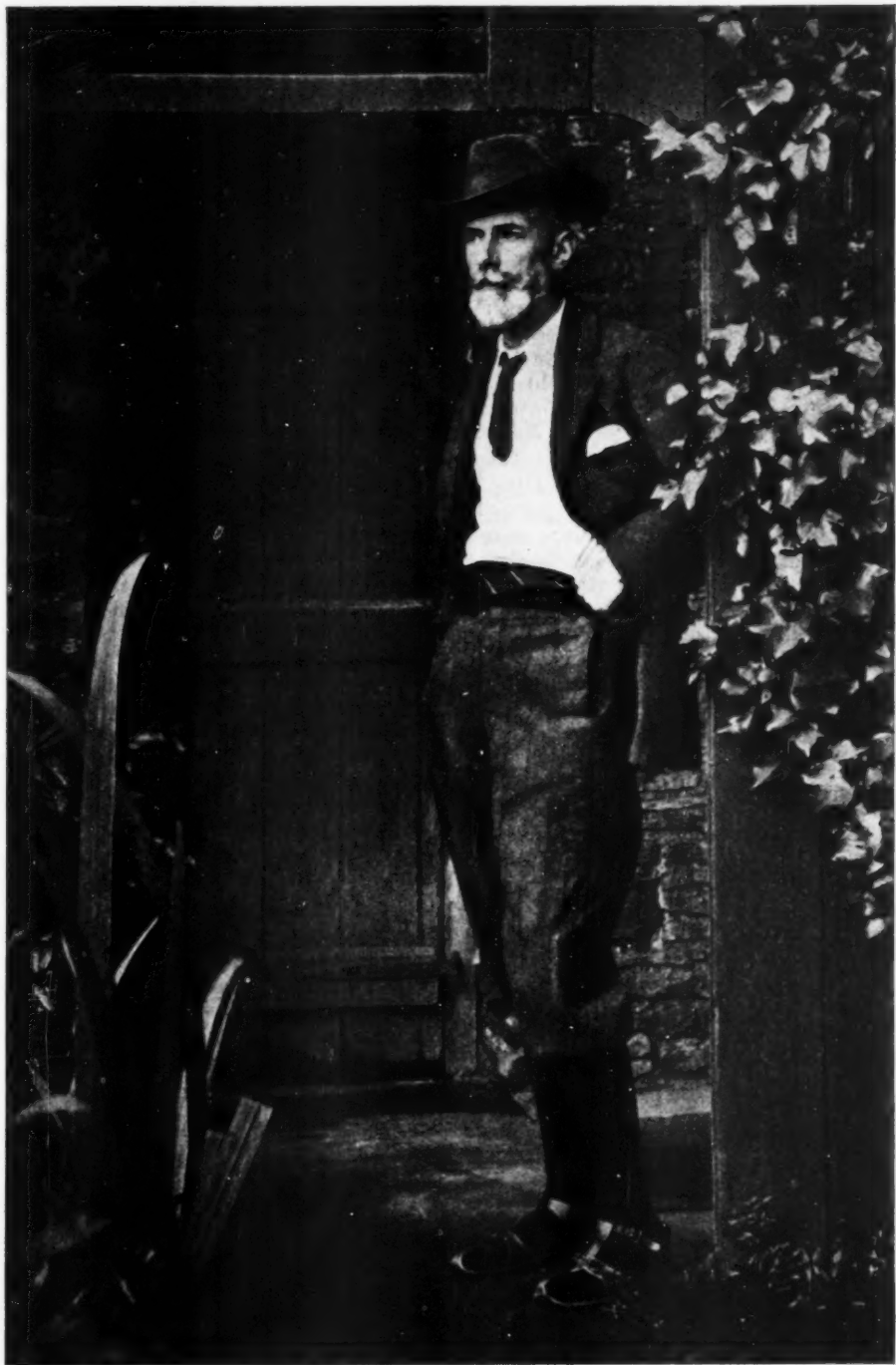
Perhaps the most pregnant of Mr. Carpenter's thoughts on the mastery of Death is contained in the following passage, in which he tells us that the best way to dispel the fear of death is "to walk through the gate oneself every day." He speaks as a seer, in a mystic sense, and his thought is singularly impressive:

"Most people regard the loss of ordinary consciousness (apart from sleep) with something like terror and horror. The best way to dispel that fear is to walk through the gate oneself every day—to divest oneself of that consciousness, and, mentally speaking, to die from time to time. Then one may get accustomed to it.

"Of all the hard facts of Science: as that fire will burn, that water will freeze, that the earth spins on its axis, and so forth, I know of none more solid and fundamental than the fact that if you inhibit thought (and persevere) you come at length to a region of consciousness below or behind thought, and different from ordinary thought in its nature and character—a consciousness of quasi-universal quality, and a realization of an altogether vaster self than that to which we are accustomed. And since the ordinary consciousness, with which we are concerned in ordinary life, is before all things founded on the little local self, and is in fact *self-consciousness* in the little local sense, it follows that to pass out of that is to die to the ordinary self and the ordinary world.

"It is to die in the ordinary sense, but in another sense it is to wake up and find that the 'I,' one's real, most intimate self, pervades the universe and all other beings—that the mountains and the sea and the stars are a part of one's body and that one's soul is in touch with the souls of all creatures. Yes, far closer than before. It is to be assured of an indestructible immortal life and of a joy immense and inexpressible—to drink of the deep well of rest and joy, and sit with all the gods in Paradise."

"So great, so splendid is this experience, that it may be said that all minor questions and doubts fall away in face of it; and certain it is that in thousands and thousands of cases the fact of its having come even once to a man has completely revolutionized his subsequent life and outlook on the world."



EDWARD CARPENTER, A MODERN PAGAN

In his Whitmanesque poems and in the books and essays in which he indicts modern civilization, Mr. Carpenter calls us back to the days when the world was young.

Music and Drama

"THE CASE OF BECKY"—EDWARD LOCKE'S PSYCHIC MELODRAMA

THE climax of twentieth-century melodrama" is the term applied by one of the leading critics of Boston to Edward Locke's sensational play, "The Case of Becky," staged by David Belasco, which, outdistancing Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and Du Maurier's "Trilby," is based on the most advanced scientific theories of multiple personality. Mr. Locke's central idea is derived from the professional experience of Dr. Morton Prince, a Boston specialist in abnormal psychology, who told the story of Christine L. Beauchamp, a feminine Jekyll and Hyde, in a formidable volume entitled "The Dissociation of Personality."

The Doctor's patient, if we are not mistaken, possessed at least four distinct personalities. Mr. Locke's heroine is content with two. Yet with the material in question he has evolved, in the words of the *Boston Globe*, one of the strangest and most weirdly fascinating plays that have ever been acted on any stage. "The Case of Becky," the writer goes on to say, does not provide a pleasant entertainment for those who visit the theater without serious purpose. "It is such a play as might have resulted from a collaboration of Ibsen and Zola—a blending of the Scandinavian's analytical exposition of mental disease and the Frenchman's brutal realism, with melodramatic interests and stage embellishments added by David Belasco. It is a demonstration in dramatic form of abnormal psychology, one of the latest scientific discoveries concerning mental phenomena, of hypnosis, hysteria, prenatal suggestion, dual personality, etc.

Like "The Return of Peter Grimm," "The Case of Becky" appeals to the psychic interest in the audience without insulting its intelligence. We need take nothing for granted that is not vouched for by some

scientific authority. "The Case of Becky" is far superior to Locke's first psychic play, "The Climax," both in structure and in dramatic intensity. Miss Frances Starr in the dual rôle of Dorothy and Becky evinces astonishing evidence of histrionic growth. Her performance, we are told in the *Boston Herald*, was powerful and convincing. "As Dorothy the actress was appropriately sweet and charming, and especially so in the quietness displayed in the last scene with the professor. As Becky, she was malicious, impish, hateful. The sudden changes in personality seemed plausible, at least to the layman, and they certainly were dramatically portrayed."

The action of the play transpires in the sanitarium of Dr. Emerson, where Dorothy is a patient. The Doctor's friend, John Arnold, is in love with the girl, but she refuses to say "yes" in view of her tragic and puzzling affliction. Her condition is approaching a crisis because the changes between her two personalities are of frequent, almost daily, occurrence. It is the Doctor's intention to drive Becky out of Dorothy's consciousness by suggestion, but Becky always manages to elude his gaze. In one of her transformations from Dorothy to Becky she attacks Miss Petingill, her nurse, with a hairpin. The Doctor attempts to interfere.

EMERSON. Becky!

BECKY. (*Makes a face in his direction, but never looks into his eyes.*) Old owl eyes. (*She produces a hairpin. To Miss Petingill.*) Now, you run or I'll stick you with this hairpin. (*She rushes at Miss Petingill.*)

EMERSON. Give it to me, Becky.

BECKY. (*Her hand behind her back.*) I won't.

EMERSON. (*Quietly but firmly.*) Give it to me, Becky.

BECKY. (*Sulky.*) Like the devil I will.

EMERSON. Give it to me.

BECKY. Take it if you can.

(Dr. Emerson holds out his hand. Becky looks at hand for a minute, then brings the hairpin reluctantly from behind her back, places it on his hand without looking into his eyes and backs away. As he turns away, she makes a face at him, says: "Oof!" Breaks into a dance step and suddenly grabs up a book from table and throws it at Petingill, who screams and dodges. Becky runs for the door. Arnold is between table and bookcase.)

EMERSON. Becky, come here.

BECKY. (Turning in door and leaning against bookcase.) Ah! Ha!

EMERSON. You're not afraid of me, are you?

BECKY. N-n-n- Afraid! Dorothy gave you that. (Taking flower from Arnold's coat and stamping on it.) Watch how much afraid I am. (Comes to Doctor, dancing a few steps as she nears him, always careful to avoid his eyes.) Well? What do you want? (Holds her two hands over her eyes.)

EMERSON. Becky, the next will be the last time you will ever come out.

BECKY. Ha! Ha!

EMERSON. (Tries to remove hands. She slaps his hands away.) The next time I'm going to catch you and send you back so far—you'll never be able to return.

BECKY. Ha! Ha!

EMERSON. You're a very wicked little girl, Becky.

BECKY. 'Course I am. I know what the men like. (Humming, dances, throwing a kiss to Arnold.)

EMERSON. (Taking up a box of caramels.) Becky. (Becky makes a face at him and ejaculates: "Ha-a!") See what I've got for you, Becky.

BECKY. Gee, caramels! (Grabs a handful and fills her mouth.)

EMERSON. Now—now, that's enough. (As he takes them away, she grabs another handful. He turns to the table, putting box down.)

BECKY. (Grabbing the box.) Well, by-by, owl eyes. (Rushes toward the door, gives Miss Petingill a sudden push that lands her on the steps.) Catch me, Petingill. (With a sudden scream, leaps out of the hall window.)

MISS PETINGILL. Doctor! Doctor Peters! Catch her quick.

PETERS. (Emerson's assistant.) Stop her if she comes through the back door. (Jumps through the window after her; Miss Petingill rushes out. Peters is heard outside, calling.) Becky. Becky.

EMERSON. (Looking out of window.) Catch her! Catch her! Look out, Peters, she'll trip you. (To Petingill.) She's coming in the back door. Peters is down. Look

out, Petingill, she'll hit you with that plate. (The crash of a plate is heard and Becky screams with glee.)

BECKY. (From afar.) Look out, old owl eyes. I'll hit you with this cup.

(A cup crashes against the wall above his head, while, roaring with laughter, Becky rushes upstairs, followed by Peters. Arnold looks deeply troubled.)

PETERS. Mrs. Watts! Head her off! Becky! Becky!

EMERSON. She fights against my power to control her more every day.

ARNOLD. Doctor, it breaks my heart to see our little Dorothy change into this.

EMERSON. Come, come, my boy, patience! We all have our griefs.

ARNOLD. But think, Doctor, if by any chance you should fail in this. Do you realize what it means to me?

EMERSON. (Turns to Arnold, turning Arnold to him, his hands on his shoulders.) My boy, I do, and if my power is what I believe it to be I shall not fail. John, great troubles sometimes make us do great things. I have spent years in acquiring the knowledge to do good with that which did me harm—

ARNOLD. You?

EMERSON. Yes. My wife was taken from me by the same power I now use to heal.

ARNOLD. I didn't know that.

EMERSON. We'd been married about a year when a traveling hypnotist came to our little town giving exhibitions, a Professor Swartz. He called at our house to invite me to see his entertainment that night. I was out. He left the tickets with my wife. She hadn't been feeling very well, a little nervous and out of sorts all the week—and was an easy subject. Ah, my boy, she was beautiful. Yes. She went twice during the week to his afternoon exhibitions. I didn't know it. On Saturday night I was called out to a patient. She kissed me and said, "Don't be long, dear." At eleven o'clock this Professor boarded a train with a woman heavily veiled. He said she was ill and had to be carried on the train.

ARNOLD. It was—

EMERSON. (Nods, the memory almost overcomes him.) For weeks and months I searched. I went all over the states; I could find no such man as Swartz. (Sits at desk.) I thought he had probably left the country and was getting ready to follow when one morning, eight months later, I received this letter.

(Doctor unlocks drawer and takes out envelope containing an old letter and a handbill or dodger. This dodger has a woodcut of a man's head on it. He hands the letter to Arnold.)

ARNOLD. (Reads.) "Your wife is dead in



SHE DID NOT LIKE TO CLIMB UP TREES

Dorothy, the demure and charming heroine of Edward Locke's psychic melodrama, did not like the antics which Becky, her psychic double, indulged in when she had obtained control of her body. Frances Starr plays both parts with a realism that to the layman, at least, is absolutely convincing.

Greentown, Indiana. Body awaits you. Professor Swartz."

EMERSON. When I got there she had been buried by the authorities. My search was over. I had found my wife.

ARNOLD. And this Professor Swartz?

EMERSON. (*Takes a handbill out of envelope.*) There's a handbill with his picture on it as he looked then. I had never seen the

man, but I managed to get this. For years I have never missed the exhibition of one of these fellows.

ARNOLD. I see there's one giving an exhibition at the theater to-night.

EMERSON. Yes. A Professor Balzamo. I shall go to see him. The name means nothing. (*Dr. Peters enters downstairs, chuckling.*) Did you catch her?

PETERS. Yes, sir, but we had quite a time. Becky finally got under the bed in her room. I think she must have hurt herself, for she swore like a trooper, something awful; then, like a flash, she became Miss Dorothy again.

EMERSON. And after that?

PETERS. Poor little Miss Dorothy was embarrassed at being found under the bed.

EMERSON. You say that when she was Becky she hurt herself. When she became Miss Dorothy again did she complain of any pain?

PETERS. Yes, she cried.

The door-bell rings and the traveling hypnotist, Professor Balzamo, is announced. When Balzamo appears, Emerson has a violent desire, at least for the moment, to seize him by the throat, altho Balzamo does not seem to resemble the villain who so many years ago had wrecked his domestic felicity. To Emerson's utter astonishment the traveling hypnotist calmly claims Dorothy as his daughter. The Doctor refuses to give up Dorothy without proof. Balzamo promises to submit his evidence in the evening.

Balzamo's presence has a curiously disquieting effect on Dorothy. She now tells for the first time the history of her youth, of how, as a little girl, she traveled with Balzamo and "his women." When she was seven he used her for his hypnotic exhibitions. When she was fourteen he began to take an interest in her that was distinctly *not* fatherly. She fled from him in disgust. "I don't believe he is my father," she cries.

The excitement engendered by the recapitulation of the past brings Becky again over the threshold of consciousness. The time has come when the Doctor must make his supreme effort to save Dorothy from the invader. In vain Becky, struggling for her existence, attempts to escape him.

EMERSON. Becky! (*She doesn't answer; hums softly to herself unconcernedly.*) Becky! You remember what I told you the last time you came?

BECKY. (*As tho she hadn't heard him.*) Gee, I wish I had a cigaret. I'm dying for a smoke. (*Not finding one, she's mousing*

about the Doctor's desk. The Doctor motions to Dr. Peters to offer one. She sees the speaking-tube, blows into it, saying:) Hello, Watts! Got any cigarets? Go to hell!

PETERS. (Offering one.) Here, Becky. (Becky takes it; Peters lights a match and holds it for her. She smokes.)

BECKY. (To no one in particular.) Wait till I get out of here, I'll show you.

EMERSON. You will never get out of here, Becky. You're going back.

BECKY. (Same tone as last speech.) Ha! Won't I be bad, tho! (Puffs her cigaret luxuriously.) Oh, what's the use of being good? There ain't no fun in it. (Snaps her garter. She makes a large detour around the Doctor.)

(The Doctor never lets his voice go above a conversational tone, but dominates Becky and the scene by mental force back of his speeches.)

EMERSON. Becky, come here!

BECKY. Nothing doing. (Flowers in hair, waving her hand at him. She avoids his eyes.)

EMERSON. (More tense.) Becky, come here.

BECKY. (Coolly.) I won't.

EMERSON. (Motions Peters and Petingill away. Peters goes into study door; Petingill into hall.) There's no use putting your will against mine, Becky. You know that.

BECKY. (Impudent grin.) What'll you bet?

EMERSON. (Goes to her slowly, puts his hands gently on her shoulders from the back.) Becky.

BECKY. (Worms back of him.) Ha! There's dope in these cigarets, Peters. (She throws cigaret at Peters' feet.)

EMERSON. Look into my eyes.

BECKY. I won't.

EMERSON. Look into my eyes.

BECKY. (Looks at the floor, still impudent.) Like the devil I will.

EMERSON. Don't you trust me?

BECKY. (Her finger in her eye.) Ha! (Runs, taunting him and singing:)

"There was an old man and he had a wooden leg,

He had no tobacco, no tobacco could he beg." (Around the table to locked door.)

EMERSON. (Through her song.) Becky,—Becky! Becky, come here!

BECKY. (Dancing defiantly in doorway.) I won't. And you can't make me, owl eyes. I've got as much right here as she has. I've got her where I want her. I can't help it if I ain't as good as she, can I? That's why I hate her. (Throwing book from table.) M-m—'tain't my fault. Oh! Nothing but Dorothy's damned things around the house. 'Tain't my fault. I've got her place and you can't make me give it up. That's why every time she's near me—I want to— Last night



A FEMALE JEKYLL AND HYDE

Becky, the wicked coinhabitant of Dorothy's body, is about to take possession of the house she invaded; when Dr. Emerson, by applying the methods of modern psychotherapy, drives her back into the nothingness out of which she came.

in bed I nearly, yes, I nearly— (Whining.) I want to live as well as she does. Everybody wants to live. You can't blame me for that, can you? I won't go back. (Violently.) I won't. I won't. I won't. (Turning on him.) I'll fight you (almost looking into his eyes, she lets her voice fall) like a c-c-cat. (Evades him, backs away.) You can't send me—you can't—you can't—you can't. Bet not. Bet not.

EMERSON. Becky!

BECKY. (*With a smile.*) I won't.

EMERSON. (*Going closer to her.*) Becky, I command you to look into my eyes.

BECKY. (*With bravado.*) I won't. 'Member, I tell you if I go, she goes with me. (*Whistling with assumed carelessness.*) I won't. Stop, stop looking at me that way. Stop! Don't, don't! You can't catch me. Why don't you try that on Dorothy? Quit, quit, I tell you. I'm mad clean through. God! I'm mad! You let me out of here! You let me out of here, I tell you! Let me go! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you ought to be—three against one—lemme (*Panting.*)

EMERSON. Dr. Peters.

BECKY. (*Violently.*) You try any of that funny business —

EMERSON. (*To Peters.*) Bring in the big light! (*Peters goes to door.*)

BECKY. (*With a terrible last cry of impotent unreason.*) If he does—if you do that to me again— (*Slyly working her way to chair.*) I'll kill both of us, that sleek-mugged Dorothy and myself. (*Grabs hat-pin and raises it above her head; turns triumphantly on Dr. Emerson, looking him square in the eyes.*)

EMERSON. (*Towering over her, with calm command.*) Becky, sleep—sleep. (*She relaxes slightly.*) Your eyes are closing, Becky. You can't keep them open. (*Pause. Her eyes gradually close. She allows the hat-pin to drop to the stage. She sways. The Doctor places his arm around her shoulder.*) Becky, you're asleep. (*Allows her to sink in chair.*) Becky, you are—asleep?

BECKY. (*As tho an effort to say it.*) Yeh.

EMERSON. Fast asleep?

BECKY. (*Same effort.*) Yeh.

EMERSON. You can open your eyes, but you cannot awaken until I tell you. (*She opens her eyes. They are fixed as in hypnotic sleep.*) You understand what I am saying, Becky? (*She nods.*) You can hear me distinctly?

BECKY. (*Long drawn out.*) Yes.

EMERSON. You are Becky?

BECKY. No, I'm Dorothy. (*Pause.*) Sweet Dorothy.

(*Petingill and Peters exchange glances.*)

EMERSON. Tell the truth.

BECKY. Oh, hell! Yes, I'm Becky.

EMERSON. Becky, you're going back to where you came from. Do you hear me? Back to where you came from.

BECKY. I hear you; but I won't go back.

EMERSON. It is my will; you can't resist my will. You're going back.

BECKY. Not while I can call on sweet Dorothy to take my place; I'll hide in a corner and laugh.

EMERSON. You've grown too big for the

corners, Becky. Dorothy's too far away. There's only one way for you to go back, and you're going there.

BECKY. I won't go back. It's—it's so—

EMERSON. (*Insistent.*) You are going, Becky.

BECKY. (*A little whine.*) It's dark. I don't want to. It's nothing—

EMERSON. It's no use fighting against my will, Becky. I'm too strong. It's no use trying to escape; you have nowhere else to go. You're going back.

BECKY. (*Struggling.*) N-no, I tell you. (*Weakly.*) Say, watcher trying to do? Cut it out, cut it out, I tell you.

EMERSON. You know you're going, Becky.

BECKY. (*Desperately, but weakly.*) I won't, I tell you, I won't. Say, owl eyes, what'd I ever do to you? (*Calls.*) Dorothy, Dorothy, come—come—I'm calling you, Dorothy, I call you. Dorothy, take my place. I'm tired. I won't tease you any more. I'll give you half of everything I got.

EMERSON. No use, she can't hear you.

BECKY. (*Rapidly and desperately.*) I won't go. I won't. I—I w-o-n't. Stop it! S-stop it! S—

EMERSON. You're losing strength.

BECKY. Wait a minute.

EMERSON. It's too late, Becky.

BECKY. (*Angry, petulant.*) Wait—wait—can't you. Something I want to tell you.

EMERSON. You're going faster and faster.

BECKY. You're a brute. You're hurting me.

EMERSON. God help me, Becky, I'm afraid I am.

BECKY. You're not afraid, you're not—you're glad. You hate me. (*Wearily.*) Everybody hates me.

EMERSON. (*Begins to show nervous strain himself.*) The struggle is almost over.

BECKY. (*Faintly.*) Dorothy! (*She pauses as tho listening for an answer.*) Dorothy! (*Same listening.*)

EMERSON. Becky, can you hear me?

BECKY. (*Pause.*) Yes.

EMERSON. (*Through this, Becky whines more and more faintly like a little animal in pain.*) You'll keep on going, always the same way, never returning, do you hear? (*After a pause.*) The farther you go the weaker you will get—weaker and weaker. Do you hear? (*Pause a little longer this time, but no answer.*) Becky! Becky! (*Pause, no response.*) Becky. (*Long pause.*) She has gone. (*Miss Petingill turns to wipe away a tear; Peters turns away.*) Poor little miserable creature. I feel like a murderer.

PETERS. It has never troubled you this way before.

EMERSON. No, but in some of her pretty, pettish ways, the sprite reminded me of one I loved. Poor little Becky. (*Bending over, kisses her head.*)

MISS PETINGILL. (*Seeing that the Doctor is overcome.*) Doctor! (*Dr. Emerson suggests that he is all right.*)

PETERS. Shall we— (*As he steps above table.*)

EMERSON. She^e must awaken naturally. (*Motioning quiet. There is a slight pause. Dorothy closes her eyes. Another pause, and she opens them again—rubs them. Dr. Emerson motions Miss Petingill, who comes forward and rearranges her dress and stands close to her. Dorothy's eyes at last rest on Dr. Emerson.*) Well, Dorothy?

DOROTHY. (*With a smile.*) Have I been "bad" again?

EMERSON. (*With a big smile.*) Just a little, dear; but for the very last time.

(*Dorothy looks at Dr. Peters. He nods "Yes." Then her glance rests on Miss Petingill, who nods assent, smilingly.*)

DOROTHY. You're sure you won't find me up any more trees? (*Dr. Emerson nods. Dorothy laughs softly, then cries—to the Doctor:*) Oh, I want to kiss you.

(*Peters opens doors and turns on hall lamps. The Doctor takes Dorothy in his arms and kisses her twice. She laughs and cries; the Doctor nods to Miss Petingill, who leads Dorothy off very gently.*)

This battle fought, there still remained the sinister influence of Balzamo, whose claim to Dorothy, legally at least, seems to be flawless. Emerson distrusts him from the depth of his heart and is determined, by matching his own scientific powers against Balzamo's natural magnetism, to wrest the truth from him in a terrific hypnotic battle. When the hypnotist arrives, the Doctor gorges him with food and thus reduces him to a state of mental torpor. Then he invites him to look at his laboratory. Balzamo's vanity is flattered and he accepts. He scornfully notices the Doctor's mechanical instruments, such as his Lark's mirror, his static, his motor and other paraphernalia. The Doctor playfully turns the mirror on Balzamo and starts to twirl it.

BALZAMO. (*Thoroughly aroused.*) You can't have that on me. I'll show you! (*He faces the instrument again, reels, faces it again.*) You can't ruin me, if that's what you're after. I see your game. (*Faces the instrument again. This time the Doctor lets it go for all it is worth. The Professor is caught. Gazes at it with fixed eyes, his cigar drops from his mouth. The Doctor increases the velocity, his eyes fixed on the Professor. After a pause, he stops the machine. The moment he has the Professor under control, he seems to be transformed,*

his manner tense, his voice low and far-reaching, as tho penetrating into the very brain and conscience of the sleeping man before him. His mental strength is terrific, his face white.)

EMERSON. You are asleep. Sit down.

BALZAMO. (*With closed eyes.*) Yes.

EMERSON. (*Putting him in a chair.*) Sit down. (*Balzamo does so. His hand at the base of Balzamo's head, the other on his forehead gently rotating his head. His voice is practically on a monotone.*) Your eyelids are so heavy that you cannot keep them open. Your head is becoming heavier and heavier—sound asleep—sound asleep—sound asleep. (*The Professor's head drops forward.*) I will now place your head in a comfortable position. (*The Doctor opens door of the room Dorothy is in. At door.*) Come in, Dorothy. (*He indicates that he wishes her to be alone. Dorothy enters room alone. The door is not closed. She is looking at the Doctor, but is not under any hypnotic influence.*) He is here—asleep. Remember what you promised. (*Stepping aside and speaking half laughingly.*) Take a good look at him. (*Dorothy hesitates.*) Look at him. You have nothing to fear. (*She slowly turns her eyes towards the Professor. The Doctor is using persuasive mental suggestion. He is talking as if to a child, trying to keep her confidence. He realizes the great effort the girl is making and her trust and faith in him.*) Well, that's over, isn't it? (*Trying to make light of it all.*) There's our terrible bugaboo. Ha! Ha! Come closer. (*She takes a step or two.*) Nearer. (*She does so.*) Look at him well, Dorothy.

DOROTHY. I am.

EMERSON. And you are not afraid? No, you are not afraid of him?

DOROTHY. (*Hesitating.*) N-no.

EMERSON. Say it.

DOROTHY. I am not afraid.

EMERSON. Go on!

DOROTHY. (*Trying to have it over, speaking faster.*) I am not afraid (*after a slight pause*) of him.

In his trance Balzamo speaks of the "chance" he took in coming to Dr. Emerson's house.

EMERSON. Dorothy! (*Motions her away. Dr. Emerson evidently has been struck by the words of the Professor.*) What chance did you take in coming to this house?

BALZAMO. He lives here.

EMERSON. Who?

BALZAMO. Him.

EMERSON. (*A thought gradually coming into his head.*) Go on. (*Balzamo does not reply.*) Go on. Dr. Emerson lives here. Go on.

BALZAMO. When he first saw me this morning, something told him I was the man. I knew it, alright, but you can't trap an old fox. Ha, ha! Not me. He had the feeling to take me by the throat and—

EMERSON. (*Quickly, pointing an accusing finger at him.*) You are Swartz.

BALZAMO. Naw. I only took his name after he died. (*Dr. Emerson now knows this is the man and makes a move for the Professor.*)

DOROTHY. Oh, Doctor! (*Holding his hand.*)

EMERSON. (*Very tense, closer to Balzamo.*) You took Dr. Emerson's wife away with you. (*Balzamo won't speak. His instinct, tho asleep, is fighting for self-preservation.*) Speak! I want to know everything. Speak!

BALZAMO. (*Stubbornly.*) I won't before her.

EMERSON. Alright. She is gone. (*He passes his hand through the air; Dorothy sinks into chair.*) You traveled a long time under Swartz's name, using handbills like this. (*Doesn't show handbill, just suggests it.*)

BALZAMO. Yes.

EMERSON. You went to Dr. Emerson's house in 1891. Come, you are good at dates. You went to this house to invite him to an exhibition you were giving that night of your miraculous power.

BALZAMO. (*Vanity-fed even in his sleep.*) Miraculous power, yes.

EMERSON. And saw Mrs. Emerson for the first time?

BALZAMO. Yes. (*The scene from here to the awakening of the Professor is one of intense excitement—the Doctor knowing that the man who took his wife away to misery and death is seated powerless before him. He does not lose control of himself.*)

EMERSON. You know you had power to influence her?

BALZAMO. I have the power of the devil. (*Dorothy is watching the Doctor's face. She realizes all that is passing in his mind.*)

EMERSON. You saw her several times that week?

BALZAMO. Yes, an' I kept getting hold of her stronger and stronger. (*His face shows his thoughts.*) She fascinated me, like— (*as tho trying to place Dorothy*) like— (*Dorothy rises in horror. The Doctor has fortified himself and is deadly calm.*)

EMERSON. Why did she go with you?

BALZAMO. Couldn't help herself. On Saturday night I rushed through my show 'cause I found out her husband was away an' wouldn't be home till late. She didn't want to let me in.

EMERSON. Go on!

BALZAMO. One look in her eyes an' I had her. I got her on the train. Colrain, Pa., where they lived, was my last place as Swartz.

On Tuesday I was in Nebraska, my old territory, under my own name, Uriah Stone.

EMERSON. And this girl-wife?

BALZAMO. Was in a store window stretched out in a box as Mademoiselle Halo, the world-renowned cataleptic. (*Peters appears in door.*)

EMERSON. When you revived her, what?

BALZAMO. I seldom revived her. Only when it was necessary to keep life in her. I was afraid she would run away. She was silly about her husband; made me weary with her gush. I could hold her, but she was too strong for me that way, damn her.

EMERSON. How did she die?

BALZAMO. Just faded away after the baby was born.

EMERSON. (*At first not quite understanding.*) A child? (*After a slight pause.*) She never—I never knew— (*As the thought is realized.*) My G—. (*Peters moves to the static; Arnold comes in door. To the Professor again, commanding.*) A child? Go on! (*He is prepared for any revelation.*)

BALZAMO. His child— (*A light of joy and relief comes into Dr. Emerson's face.*)

EMERSON. Where was the child born?

BALZAMO. Ellenville, Illinois.

EMERSON. Ellenville?

DOROTHY. (*At this, unseen and unheard by others, they being held spellbound by the Professor's story, cries out involuntarily, almost inaudibly.*) Ellenville? (*Hardly able to comprehend the revelation coming, she can only stand listening.*)

EMERSON. (*He seems to be petrified as the thought begins to crowd into his brain. He stands looking at Dorothy.*) Where is the child now?

BALZAMO. Here—Dorothy. (*It is a great moment as Dorothy stands gazing into the Doctor's eyes.*)

EMERSON. (*Making no attempt to call her to him or to go to her. Continues in the same even voice.*) And you, knowing, continued to use the mother as a subject?

BALZAMO. Of course, why not?

EMERSON. And she gave Dorothy life while she was under your hypnotic influence?

BALZAMO. Yes.

EMERSON. My poor little girl! My poor little girl! (*Dorothy simply lifts his hand and kisses it reverently. Turning to the Professor.*) And you dared to keep the child as you did the mother, you— (*Starts for him, with fingers outstretched. Arnold and Peters rush at him.*)

PETERS. Doctor! (*The first "Doctor" doesn't stop him.*)

ARNOLD. Doctor!

DOROTHY. Father! (*Dr. Emerson has his hands at the Professor's throat. At the word "Father" it brings him to himself—he lets his hands drop.*)

EMERSON. (*Quite calm again.*) You will go back to your parting with Alice Emerson in that wretched little room in Grenton, Indiana.

BALZAMO. Yes.

EMERSON. Are you there?

BALZAMO. Yes.

EMERSON. Look at her! Look, I say! See her stretched out on that miserable bed, see the suffering face? (*Balzamo looks, then draws back as tho he doesn't want to look.*) Look! Look! (*Balzamo does so.*) Do you see it? The dark rings under the eyes, with a look of agony in them?

BALZAMO. Yes.

EMERSON. You see the poor wasted body, the bloodless hands? Do you hear her cries? Do you hear?

BALZAMO. Yes.

EMERSON. (*To Dorothy, his voice low, without taking his eyes from Balzamo.*) Dorothy, come here. (*She goes to him.*) This moment has been planned by a power greater than ours. (*To Balzamo, with concentration of mind.*) Listen, Uriah Stone, listen. Hereafter, whenever you try to use your power on Dorothy, the suffering face of her mother, showing the agony of her pain-racked body, will come between you and her. Your mind will be distracted by her mother's cries. You will be powerless. (*Balzamo's face shows the struggle that he is passing through.*) Say it to Dorothy.

When Balzamo awakes, he is oblivious of what has passed.

BALZAMO. Hello, Dolly! How are you? (*To the Doctor.*) Well, well, I must say she looks mighty fine after it all. (*At a sign from the Doctor, the others step out, closing door. Balzamo and Dorothy are well front, facing each other, the Doctor standing, a silent figure, watching. This is the crucial moment. He turns his eyes on Dorothy again. You can see that he is trying to get her under his control. This is done in a very subtle manner, so as not to give the Doctor cause to interfere.*) There's been a misunderstanding, dearie. I always meant to treat you right, but people just kept interfering—that's all. The Doctor and I understand one another. (*To the Doctor.*) Don't we? He's my friend. Get your things.

DOROTHY. I am not going with you.

BALZAMO. (*With a confident smile.*) Oh, yes, you are.

DOROTHY. (*Without the slightest fear.*) I'm not.

BALZAMO. Oh, you're not? Oh, you're trying to brazen it out, are you? Doctor, you see for yourself what an obstinate, stubborn— (*Very friendly.*) Leave me alone with her for a moment.

DOROTHY. (*To the Doctor.*) I'm not

afraid— (*The Doctor goes out, closing door.*)

BALZAMO. (*The moment he is alone with Dorothy, all the bulldog in him is aroused.*) Now, we'll see. You know you are afraid of me, you know you've got to do as I want you, you know you can't get away from me, you know I always find where you are, you know you've got to follow me once I get my eyes on you, and I will you to come now. (*Pointing his finger and trying to cast his hypnotic power. With a quick tone of command.*) Look at me. (*Dorothy straightens up and by her own will looks him in the eyes without sign of fear, very simply, without bravado.*) What the— (*Surprised that he has failed, he tries again, using hands this time. He seems to be powerless. Tries again. Dorothy stands looking calmly into his eyes. He tries again, making one last effort to gain control of her; then, as tho he sees her mother's face, gives a cry and recoils from what he sees. Almost inaudibly.*) My God! (*He sees and hears all that was prophesied. Great beads of perspiration stand out on his forehead.*) That face!

DOROTHY. (*Quietly.*) My mother!

BALZAMO. That voice!

DOROTHY. (*Very quietly.*) My mother! (*The door is opened and the Doctor appears.*)

BALZAMO. (*As tho speaking to the dying woman.*) Don't! Don't! I— (*Looking around like some caged animal.*) What does it mean? (*His eyes finally resting on the Doctor's face.*) What does it—? (*He touches the Lark's mirror.*) God! I know. I know now. (*He leaps at the Doctor's throat. Before any of the others can interfere, the Doctor has him as in a vise.*)

EMERSON. (*Very calmly.*) It means I've sapped your power. Never again will you torture human beings, never again. (*Releasing him.*) Try it; try it here! I give you your best subject, my own child. Try it.

BALZAMO. (*He realizes that the whole truth is known.*) You got me, didn't you? And got the whole truth out of me? Well, you can't do anything; you can't, for her sake. (*Pointing to Dorothy; then, with a cry of despair, a whine in his voice.*) But you've done me, broken me. (*Passes out of room.*)

(*Dr. Emerson closes the door after Balzamo, goes up to Dorothy, takes her face in his hands and looks at her a long time, then draws her to him. Again he holds her face between his hands, looking at her longingly.*)

DOROTHY. Father! (*He draws her to his arms. Looks at her, then at the door through which Arnold has gone and then looks a question at her. She nods and the Doctor takes her toward the door, calls Arnold, who comes in, and leaves the two together. John takes Dorothy in his arms as the curtain falls very slowly.*)

THE FAUN THAT HAS STARTLED PARIS



HE best-laid schemes of the most unscrupulous press-agent in the United States could never have generated such a tornado of publicity as M. Auguste Rodin unsuspectingly caused, when he recently paid public tribute to the curious chorography of M. Vaslav Nijinsky. In "The Afternoon of a Faun," this post-impressionistic Russian dancer indulged in the bestial mimicry of a Caliban. His dancing was of such a character that M. Gaston Calmette, editor-in-chief of *Le Figaro*, deemed it best, in the interests of Parisian morality, to suppress a review of it, while *Le Gaulois* thought that the public was due an apology. Into this soil of shocked sensibilities, Rodin's statement (published in *Le Matin*) was the fertile seed of a world-wide scandal. "During the past twenty years," he declared, "dancing seems to have set for itself the task of making us love the beauty of the body, movement and gesture."

"First there came to us from the other side of the Atlantic the famous Loie Fuller, who has justly been called the rejuvenator of dancing; then came Isadore Duncan, teacher of an old art in a marvelously beautiful new form; and to-day we see Nijinsky, who possesses at the same time talent and training. The intelligence of his art is so rich and varied that it approaches genius.

"In dancing as well as in sculpture and painting, flight and progress had been smothered by routine, laziness and inability to rejuvenate. We admire Loie Fuller, Isadore Duncan and Nijinsky because they have recovered once more the freedom of instinct and discovered again the soul of a tradition founded on respect and love of nature. This is the reason why they are able to express all the emotions of the human soul.

"The last of them, Nijinsky, possesses the distinct advantage of physical perfection, harmony of proportions and a most extraordinary power to bend his body so as to interpret the most diverse sentiments. The sad mime in 'Petrouchka' seems in the last bound of the 'Specter of the Rose' to fly into infinite space, but in no part has Nijinsky appeared as marvelous and admirable as in 'The Afternoon of a Faun.' No jumps, no bounds, nothing but the attitudes and gestures of a half-conscious animal creature. He stretches himself, bends, stoops, crouches, straightens himself up, goes forward and retreats with movements now slow, now jerky, nervous, angular;

his eyes spy, his arms extend, his hands open and close, his head turns away and turns back, the harmony between his mimics and plastics is perfect; his whole body expresses what his mind dictates, he possesses the beauty of the antique fresques and statues; he is the ideal model for whom every painter and sculptor has longed.

"You would think that Nijinsky were a statue when he lies full length on the floor, with one leg bent, and with the flute at his lips as the curtain rises, and nothing could be more soul-stirring than his movement when, at the close of the act, he throws himself down and passionately kisses the discarded veil.

"I wish that every artist who truly loves his art might see this perfect personification of the ideals of beauty of the old Greeks."

Coming from the greatest, perhaps, of all modern sculptors, one can imagine the feelings this statement aroused in the heart of M. Gaston Calmette and all those critics who had condemned "The Afternoon of a Faun" as a "vile gesture of erotic bestiality." The attack immediately turned upon the aged sculptor, who, it appears, is a beneficiary of the State as a tenant of the famous Hotel Biron, which was recently purchased by the government at a cost of approximately 5,000,000 francs. Again the question has been aroused as to whether the State should convert the Hotel Biron into a Rodin museum. The attack on Rodin was precipitated by the following vitriolic editorial from the pen of M. Calmette:

"I admire Rodin deeply as one of our most illustrious and able sculptors, but I must decline to accept his judgment on the question of theatrical morality. I have only to recall that in defiance of common propriety, he exhibits in the former chapel of Sacré Cœur and in the deserted chambers of the excellent nuns at the Hotel Biron a series of objectionable drawings and cynical sketches which depict with greater brutality and in further detail the shameless attitudes of the Faun who was justly hissed at the Châtelet. And, now that I'm speaking my mind, I may say that the morbid mimicry represented by the dancer on the stage the other evening moves me to less indignation than the spectacle offered every day by Rodin in the ancient convent of Sacré Cœur to regiments of hysterical women admirers and self-satisfied snobs. It is inconceivable that the State, in other words the French taxpayers, should have purchased the Hotel Biron for 5,000,000 francs

simply to allow the richest of our sculptors to live there. A real scandal is there, and it is the Government's business to put a stop to it."

Gil-Blas sprang to the defence of Rodin, declaring that the State, instead of putting Rodin out of the historic mansion because of the expression of an artistic opinion, ought to instal him there for life, and convert the structure into a permanent Rodin museum. M. Mortier, the editor, succeeded in enlisting in his campaign some of the leading artistic and literary figures of France. Among them were Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau, Raymond Poincaré, Jules Lemaitre, Claude Monet, Maurice Barrès, Zuloaga, Raffaelli, Besnard, Hanotaux and Mmes. Alphonse Daudet, Catulle Mendès, Marie Cazin and Judith Cladel. "Business" at the Châtelet, needless to say, did not "fall off." That perhaps was the most provoking feature of the whole affair to the champions of Parisian morality—to *Le Figaro*, *La Liberté*, *Le Gaulois*, and to M. Berenger.

What was the offensive feature of the dance? This was a question that could be answered only by a visit to the Châtelet—and visit the Châtelet the Parisians promptly did. Even then their opinions on the merits or demerits of "The Faun's Afternoon" seemed to differ as greatly as did the critics'. M. Nijinsky, it seems, has evolved nothing less startling than "the dance cubist." Combined with the eccentric scenery designed by M. Léon Bakst, of which the black soil and red trees resemble a physiological chart, such stuff as sensations are made of was certainly provided. Nijinsky, according to M. Adolphe Jullien, musical critic of the *Journal des Débats*, is the creator of the chorographic tableau. His effort is to "create an entirely new rhythmical and plastic composition, by obtaining a perfectly rational evolution, with an eye to dimensions, successive planes, a linear truthfulness that is quasi-geometrical, which aims to animate and elevate color, charm, and esthetic emotion." Says M. Jullien:

"What beautiful things they are, to be sure, not to mention the 'bond which must be established more intimately and more directly between the elements of the music and the movements of the body, which so emphasizes the esthetic unity in a stricter discipline of muscular expression.'

"In short, all the beautiful theories which have been formulated by M. Nijinsky (or which are said to have been formulated by him) on the 'danse cubiste,' resolve themselves to this: A living reproduction of antique frescoes, by means of jerky, angular, almost distorted gestures, by means of automatic movements which become suddenly fixed, movements that have left absolutely nothing of the dance of animation, and which appear to be executed by mechanical dolls. A strange progress, truly! This attempt, tho it seems to me to remain without any profitable result, was an interesting one to make and a curious one to watch, as all artistic attempts, seriously made, are. At any rate, it was enough to study the rules it followed and under what conditions it took place, and to find out that the dancer-chorograph did not hesitate to sacrifice himself to his ideas, for, by restraining himself to mimicry, at least half his precious gifts were lost. With the exception of a single leap—and a very timid one at that—he did nothing under his russet-spotted costume but immobilize into distorted and *baroque* poses. And he treated the dancers who surrounded him no better. They had to give up all desire for undulating charm and supple elegance. 'A faun is slumbering, the dryads gull him, a forgotten scarf satisfies his dreams.' This is the very brief scenario for the music of M. Debussy—so light, so aerial, so fluent."

More appreciative is the review of Henri Bidou, dramatic editor of the *Journal des Débats*. The dance of Nijinsky, he declares, is a wonderful resuscitation of Greek sculpture. The erudition of this critic seems to increase his appreciation:

"Cultured persons in the audience—how many there were I do not know—at first had the feeling that they were witnessing the animation of the whole archaic art of the Greeks. There was scarcely a movement that did not recall some masterpiece. The astonishing flight of the nymphs, with bended knees, lifted arms, and with one of the arms akimbo, is phenomenal. This is the posture in which, at the end of the seventh century, Mikkiades and Archermos sculptured the winging Artemis on the point of flight. . . . If the Faun keeps his hands straight and long, it is because they were carved in this fashion on the bas-reliefs of Chrysapha; if his elbows are held close to his body, it is because those of the Apollo of Canakhos are the same. Consequently and very naturally the idea strikes you that the 'Afternoon of a Faun' is a curious sequence of pictures of the seventh and eighth centuries. Yet there is something more than an ingenious restitution in this strange pantomime. When M. Nijinsky ex-

plains himself, he gives us a glimpse of the principles of a keen and reflected art.

"The main idea seems to be this: to treat movement as poets treat language—to abolish, therefore, all useless half-gestures and meaningless steps, just as one excludes from poetry all meaningless words; to make only gestures that are defined, rhythmical and necessary, just as the poet honors only chosen syllables. In a word, to establish a prosody of gesture. One cannot dismiss the austere beauty of this naked and concise art. It is at once studied and instinctive, voluntary and natural. It recalls to you first of all that Artemis which was found at Pompeii, which after seven cen-

turies reproduces the smile, the posture, the countenance of those Artemises of Delos. So 'The Afternoon of a Faun,' tho first of all an entertainment, suggests other things. Nature gives us examples of this immobility, these sudden, terse movements, this abrupt effulgence, these mysterious dead waits. At the edge of the meadow the hare waits completely motionless, until with a sudden springy motion it flees, and you see only the two joints of its long bent legs. In all wild animals you observe this abruptness, this simplicity, this rhythmical movement. A happy relation with the beasts of the forests is perhaps the final victory of Art and the positive sign of style."

FIRST AID FOR PLAYWRIGHTS



THIS is the golden age of the budding playwright. Simultaneously with the establishment at Columbia University of a Dramatic Museum—the first of its kind in the world with the exception of that in the library of the Paris Opéra—Mr. William Archer, the distinguished critic who discovered Ibsen to London, has published a book which may justly be regarded as a first primer for playwrights.* In line with these first aids to playwrights is David Belasco's prospective kindergarten for actors, to which he is prepared to devote from \$40,000 to \$45,000 for the first two years.

Oscar Wilde once remarked: "There are three good rules for writing a play. The first is, Never go to see anything by Henry Arthur Jones. The second and the third rule are to the same effect." Mr. Archer's book, declares Mr. Floyd Dell in the Chicago *Evening Post*, has made it unnecessary for prospective playwrights to read or see the plays of either Henry Arthur Jones or of his multitudinous contemporaries. "He has definitely relieved the younger generation of that pain and that danger. He has made himself a martyr upon the altar of the new drama."

"Having seen all the plays produced in England in the last twenty years, and read (it seems) all those ever produced anywhere, he has taken into his own hands all this thorny mass of falsity and ineptitude, pulled it apart patiently, stem by stem and leaf by

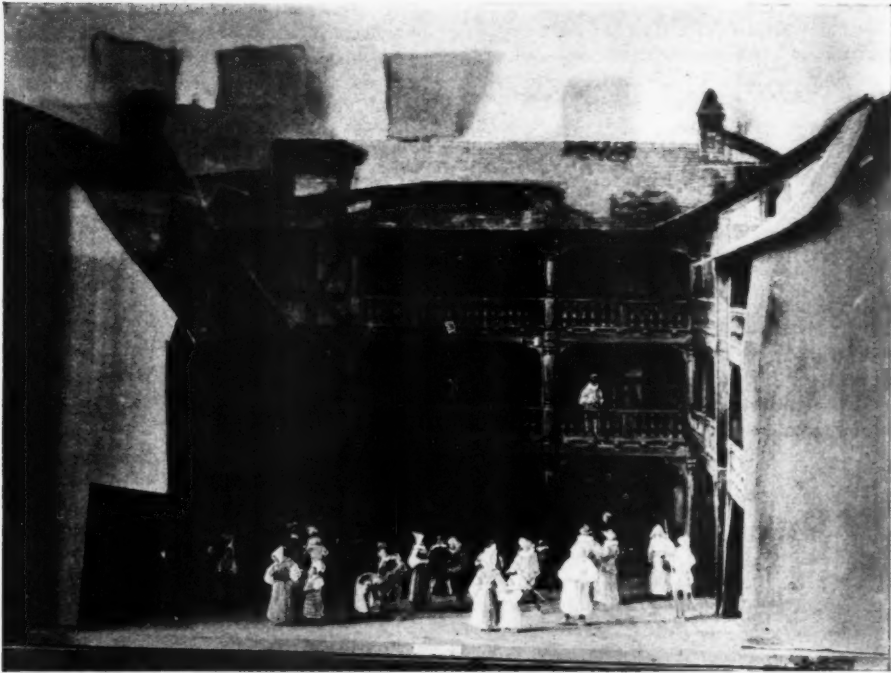
leaf, and expozed the few lovely blossoms to be found among them.

"It is now unnecessary for anyone to go back to those tedious originals to learn what they have to teach. Everything is contained right here in this book, which henceforth stands, like the line at the foot of a column of figures, between us and the past. It is all summed up here.

"In fact, it now appears reasonable that the plays of Jones, Pinero and Fitch (and a host of other mediocrities) have existed solely to give Mr. Archer examples to use in this really valuable book on the technique of play-making. Does Mr. Archer wish to show into what pitfall the novice is likely to stumble? Mr. Pinero has considerably illustrated it beforehand in 'The Benefit of the Doubt' or 'The Princess and the Butterfly.' Does Mr. Archer wish to show exactly how not to do a thing? Clyde Fitch is very useful in that way. All of which reconciles us to the ways of destiny by indicating to us that all things have their purpose."

Unlike Oscar Wilde, Mr. Archer formulates no set of rules for the playwright. "There are," he distinctly states, "no rules for writing a play." Mr. Archer, however, advises the playwright never to play upon the trivial emotions of his audience. For the dramatist has it in his power to make his audience like unto gods. "Sitting in the theater," he remarks, "we taste for a moment the glory of omniscience. With vision unsealed, we watch the gropings of purblind mortals after happiness, and smile at their stumblings, their blunders, their futile quests, their misplaced exultations, their groundless panics. . . . When Othello comes on the scene, radiant and confident in Desdemona's love, our knowledge of the

* PLAYMAKING: A MANUAL OF CRAFTSMANSHIP. By William Archer. Small, Maynard and Company.



Courtesy of *Review of Reviews*

WHEN SHAKESPEARE WENT TO SEE THE SHOW

This model, to be seen in the Dramatic Museum at Columbia University, reveals the traveling road companies of Shakespeare's day presenting their plays in the courtyard of village inns. "The Nice Wanton," a morality play on the road four hundred years ago, was here staged without scenery and little "make-up" or costume.

fate awaiting him makes him a hundred times more interesting than could any mere curiosity as to what was about to happen. It is our prevision of Nora's exit at the end of the last act that lends its dramatic poignancy to her entrance at the beginning of the first."

Mr. Archer frequently takes issue with current theories of the drama. We have often been told that things that are related on the stage are uninteresting—that they must be presented to be made effective. The Greeks thought otherwise, but the Elizabethans insisted on bringing everything, from the blinding of Gloucester to the suffocation of Edward II., before our faithful eyes. Mr. Archer champions the point of view of the Greeks. He takes, however, issue with Aristotle's saying that a play must have "a beginning, a middle and an end"—each well defined. He suggests that the modern tendency to take this demand lightly arises not from a decline in craftsmanship, but from a new intimacy of

relation to life and a new sincerity of artistic conscience.

"Nowadays we do not insist that every play should end with a tableau, or with an emphatic *mot de la fin*. We are more willing to accept a quiet, even an undecisive, ending. Nevertheless it is and must ever be true that, at a very early period in the scheming of his play, the playwright ought to assure himself that his theme is capable of a satisfactory ending. Of course this phrase does not imply a 'happy ending,' but one which satisfies the author as being artistic, effective, inevitable (in the case of a serious play), or, in one word, 'right.' An obviously makeshift ending can never be desirable, either from the ideal or from the practical point of view. Many excellent plays have been wrecked on this rock. The very frequent complaint that 'the last act is weak' is not always or necessarily a just reproach; but it is so when the author has clearly been at a loss for an ending, and has simply huddled his play up in a conventional and perfunctory fashion."

"I suggest," Mr. Archer goes on to say,

"that the 'weak last act' of which critics so often complain is a natural development from which authors ought not, on occasion, to shrink, and of which critics ought, on occasion, recognize the necessity."

Mr. Archer disabuses our mind of the idea that stage directions of the old style (R. 2. e., etc.) have any value. The modern method of setting a scene leaves the author free to ignore such cabalistic signs, and to write plain-pointed directions. He pours ridicule upon the elaborate analytical stage directions of Bernard Shaw and his more recent disciples. He emphasizes a fundamental rule of dramatic technique when he declares that the playwright must choose a subject that "hangs together." A definite idea must run through the whole like a herring-bone.

In defining the dramatic and the undramatic, Mr. Archer, true to the canons of his master, Ibsen, maintains that the drama does not always consist in the conflict of will against will or in victory over obstacles. He suggests that the real essence of any drama is crisis, and that a dramatic scene reveals a crisis within a crisis, furthering the ultimate event.

Mr. Archer's book, in the opinion of *T. P.'s Weekly*, is no guide to quick success, but each page is packed with suggestions of real use to a writer of dramatic instinct, and a distinct stimulus to enjoyment of what is best in the theater. The *London Outlook* seems to indorse this opinion. "No one," we are told by that eminent weekly, "has spotted so many plays and told so many people about them as Mr. William Archer. It is his misfortune that they have not been better plays; it is his achievement that their general level is a great deal higher to-day than when he first gave himself to criticism."

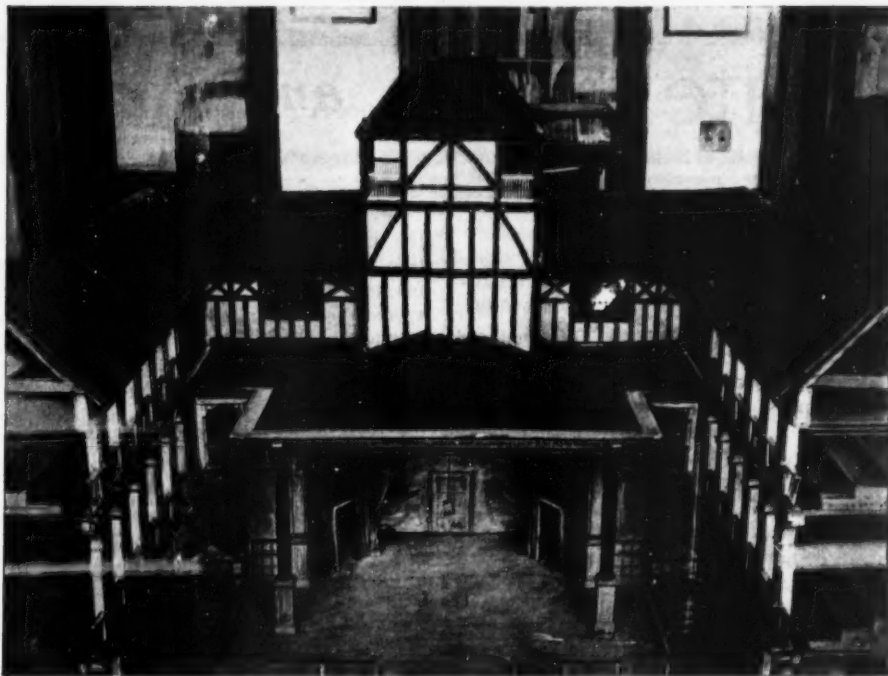
If Mr. Archer appeals to the dramatic intelligence through the printed page, the Dramatic Museum at Columbia University makes a direct appeal to the eye. The museum inaugurates a new scientific method of studying the drama. Plays printed and bound, remarks Dudley H. Mills in the *Review of Reviews*, have too long been treated in college courses as mere literature. To study them in a library is, however, to miss their true character. The greatest plays were written to engross an audience seated in some kind of a theater, whether it be under the open sky, hewed

from the solid rock of the hillside, as in ancient Athens, or a luxuriously furnished room in modern New York seating only 299 persons. The author who had in mind the Greek amphitheater would write a much different play from the man who knew that every change in the actor's facial expression could be seen from the back row. The Museum at Columbia, named after its founder, Professor Brander Matthews, contains not only an exhaustive library on the history of the drama and five hundred plays of American authorship, but a model-room where the eye can trace all significant steps in the development of the drama.

The nucleus of the group is a reproduction of the stage, on which a medieval mystery play was acted, constructed from three distinct manuscripts of a passion-play produced in 1547. The art of the theater was vastly different from what it is to-day.

"There was no effort to make the stage look like a room in an actual house, or to use back curtains so painted as to deceive the eye into thinking it was gazing at mountains miles in the distance. On the contrary, a dozen or a score of different places might be shown or rather indicated at once, and indicated in a very summary way. A chair between two columns became the great hall of a royal palace. Four trees represented a forest. A pool of twenty feet square was called at one time the Sea of Tiberius, at another the Mediterranean. Thus, on a single multiple stage, as it may be termed, were indicated enough places to furnish a course of action lasting all day, for frequently the plays were of such duration."

The three other models at present in the museum illustrate periods in the development of the English drama. The first represents an open place in an English village in the Middle Ages, with the pageant wagon supposed to be Noah's Ark. A glance informs us that the English in those days placed the setting for each scene of a play on a separate wagon, instead of putting them all together on one platform as the French across the channel were doing at the same period. The second model shows the courtyard of an English inn some time during the sixteenth century, with its surrounding galleries from which spectators are looking down on a performance of "The Nice Wanton," a morality play "on the road" four centuries ago. The last model, Mr. Miles remarks, is the most im-



Courtesy of Review of Reviews

WHEN PLAYWRITERS APPEALED TO THE IMAGINATION INSTEAD OF THE EYE

A faithful reproduction of the Fortune Theater, which saw most of Shakespeare's plays produced, is shown at the Dramatic Museum at Columbia University. The action took place forward where the actor was surrounded on three sides by the audience.

portant, as it reveals the kind of stage on which Shakespeare's plays were performed. This model was made at the suggestion of Mr. William Archer in 1907. Mr. Archer accordingly consulted Mr. Walter H. Godfrey, a London architect who was familiar with the customs of woodworkers in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

"The architect and the critic found that it was indeed easy to prepare a set of plans and cross-sections—plans which aroused among scholars a great deal of discussion. From them, at the special request of Professor Matthews, Mr. James P. Maginnis constructed an elaborate model, perfect in all its details and open in the center, so that its interior is wholly displayed. When it was exhibited in London last summer, regret was expressed that it could not remain in England.

"The contract and specifications for the building of the Fortune Theater in Golden Lane, London, between Edward Alleyn and his father-in-law, Philip Henslowe, of the first part, and Peter Street, carpenter and builder, of the second part, are still extant among the Alleyn papers preserved in Dulwich College. At several places in the document are

phrases like this: 'The said stadge to be in all other proportions contrived and fashioned like unto the stadge of the saide Plaie-howse called the Globe.' Now the Globe was built in 1599, and was used by Shakespeare and his company for ten years. Here, then, is a chance to determine for what kind of stage our greatest poet and dramatist devised his immortal plays. . . .

"As is evident from the photograph here reproduced, it shows at a glance how much theaters have changed since 1600. The size, to be sure, was about the same as to-day. The galleries seated nearly 1200. The orchestra, or pit, all devoted to standing-room, accommodated only 400. This was because the stage, although of about the dimensions of one in the present theater of moderate size, projected halfway into the pit. The acting was always in daylight. The setting was even more summarily indicated than in the French mystery play. There was no scenery. The same stage, by a little shifting of properties, such as chairs or trees, might indicate anything from a throne-room to a primeval forest."

Such a museum, says Mr. Mills, clarifies the problem of the playwright as books never could.

· Literature and Art ·



"The Citadel." POLITICAL insurgency has found its novelist. In "The Citadel" (Century Company), Mr. Samuel Merwin offers a story reflecting the present national unrest. The New York Times says that "its pages are a succession of live wires," and George Middleton declares in *La Follette's*: "It means business; it has a purpose; it takes off its coat and gets busy. It isn't a complete dramatization of the Progressive Movement, but it comes mighty near saying all that its leaders are feeling—if one can say that in view of the confusion of issues caused by Colonel Roosevelt's entrance into the race." But "The Citadel" is more than a description of a political movement. It is the expression of a yearning, almost a religion, that is stirring the hearts of many. "It's a human story, too," Mr. Middleton exclaims; "not merely the vehicle upon which a lot of high-sounding phrases are riding for an airing. In fact, the technical skill of the story is going to let it stand on its own legs to say nothing of being able to support a lot of wholesome propaganda. There's no denying it is going to make talk and converts. We've had graft novels galore, but this novel, soaked in the spirit of our political revolt, reaches beyond the mere squabbles of two groups of men—those who have and those who would get—and burrows down to the real congenital differences that mark the two orders of minds." The period of change, Mr. Middleton reminds us, is ever with us; but it is a question of emphasis and the gift of vision given to a few who can popularize it for the many, which makes it loom ominously only once or twice in the centuries.

An Insurgent Congressman
and a "New" Woman.



THE hero of "The Citadel," John Garwood, is a radical Congressman who follows the call of principle and breaks away from party allegiance. He declares, in a speech in

the halls of Congress, that the Constitution is no longer the Citadel to protect the masses, but the retreat that protects the special few. His followers are alienated. He has to fight for his political life. He loses the fight, but is inspired in his struggle by the love of Margaret Lansing, a real woman and a "new" woman, who persuades him that there can be no real political and social progress until women are put upon an equal footing with men. "In the treatment of this girl's heart," comments Charlotte Perkins Gilman in *The Forerunner*, "Mr. Merwin shows a subtlety of perception and delicate firmness of presentment enough in themselves to carry a story." Mrs. Gilman continues: "But this story has far more in it. Back of this man and woman, in them and through them, drawing them together in the first place, and holding them together in the assurance of a lasting union, is the common spirit of human growth, the social consciousness wakening in them, transmitted by them—the real movement of the book."

Are We Outgrowing the
Constitution?



THE sense of spiritual enlargement conveyed by "The Citadel" is commented on by more than one critic. "It is indeed a 'romance of unrest,'" remarks the *Chicago Tribune*, "and through the lips of the leading characters, John Garwood and Margaret Lansing, Mr. Merwin voices those daring yet inspiring ideas that mark the social progress of the race." The New York *Evening Mail* says:

"John Garwood, as Mr. Merwin draws him, is an ideal progressive. There is nothing quite like him in American politics. He understands what must come before progressive principles can triumph. He perceives—or is made to perceive before he gets through—that progress is a thing that will never stop—that it is not merely a new condition to work forward to, and then have tight and fast forever. There must be changes, and then more changes, and changes after that. To give a chance for these, we must have a

political system that is more flexible than the present Constitution permits. The Constitution must be easily amendable. Our laws must answer to the flux of ideas."

But Edward Bedinger Mitchell, writing in *The Bookman*, complains that "The Citadel" is more the story of a political campaign than a novel. "Like 'The New Macchiavelli,'" he says, "'The Citadel' is primarily a novel of ideas, but the breadth of view that permits H. G. Wells to grasp many sides of many subjects, and the intellectual agility that enables him to express, if not to share in, diverse opinions are lacking in the latter work." Mr. Mitchell writes further:

"If the reader believes with John Garwood, the hero, that the Constitution of the United States is 'this citadel of reaction and restraint,' 'an instrument devised to hold a people down forever,' the novel will furnish him with fresh enthusiasm; if his politics chance to be quite the opposite, he will hardly find in the story itself sufficient to recompense him for what amounts to a prolonged stump speech to which he must listen without the privilege of interruption or protest."



AN goodness be made romantic? The question has often been asked and seems to receive an affirmative answer in a new novel by Frank Danby (*Mrs. Julia Frankau*). "Joseph in Jeopardy" (Macmillan) is the story of a modern Joseph and of a modern Wife of Potiphar. Mrs. Frankau evidently also has in mind the temptation of Parsifal by Kundry, for she calls her hero Dennis Passiful. Her delineation is conceded to be vivid and powerful. She is "one of the very few woman novelists of real importance now writing in English," says Frederic Taber Cooper in *The Bookman*. If her books in the past, he continues, have suffered from lack of cordiality on the part of reviewers and the general public, the reasons are easy to understand. In her earlier novels, such as "Dr. Phillips" and "Pigs in Clover," she told unsavory truths about life with an outspoken frankness that carried dismay to many. "Joseph in Jeopardy" may also offend for the same reason, but ought, in Mr. Taber's judgment, to be more favorably received because the story ends on a conservative note

and centers in the character of Joseph's wife quite as much as in the characters of Joseph and his temptress.

A New Kind of Marital Triangle.

HERE is a triangle with a new twist," exclaims Milton Bronner in the *Kentucky Post*. "Here is the man standing between two women—his wife and the other woman—and clinging fast to his wife. The exposition is a fine piece of work." Dennis appears in these pages as a fine, big, athletic fellow in the business of picture-selling. He is a man of conscience, but lacks robustness of spirit. His friends call him "the Immaculate Exception." Mabel, his wife, is physically unattractive and mentally commonplace, but a loyal and self-sacrificing soul. The marriage is some years old when Dennis, at a theater one night, first gazes on Lady Diana Wayne. "His eyes, before they had time to reach the stage, were arrested by the most perfect back he had ever seen; he did not know a woman's back could be so beautiful."

"The back and arm absorbed him during the first act. It was only toward the end of it that he was seized by an overmastering desire to see the face that surmounted this wonderful torso. He gratified this desire by going to the end of the stalls in the interval during the first and second act. The dark hair, parted in the middle, waved loosely into that roll of hair that left the back part of her neck visible. The profile, the short nose, the square chin, were pure Greek. She turned to speak to the man by her side. The movement of the slender neck was like music. Dennis could see the pencilled brows under her dark hair and the iridescent green of her eyes."

On Lady Diana's side, as on Dennis's, it is a case of love at first sight. She sets out to win him, and it seems an easy task. But she fails to take into account certain fundamental qualities in his nature.

A Plea for the Colorless Wife.

DENNIS is saved by his wife—not by anything that she says or does consciously, but by what she is. The crisis comes when Lady Diana, fascinating and unmoral, makes a blunder. She repeats to Dennis unfounded gossip about Mabel, urges him to get a divorce, and suggests that even if the scandal is groundless it is still possible to doctor

up the evidence so as to win. What happens next is best told in the words of the story:

"There was a flush upon his forehead, and every thought of Diana and her loveliness left his mind. *Mabel*—that Mabel's name should be used in this way, her reputation threatened! The heat in his blood was different now and more generous. He was overwhelmed with sudden anger or shame. That he should have to defend his wife to Diana! . . . 'You must understand how impossible this story is about my wife; I must make you understand. *My wife!*' he said the words again and was conscious of the tenderness in his heart: 'My wife is the most loyal, gentle, faithful. . . ' He could not go on."

So Mabel triumphs in her own way, and conventions are saved. "In this disquieting and subversive era of the suffraget," observes Mr. Cooper in *The Bookman*, "it is pleasant to find that Frank Danby retains a sane and wholesome belief in the old-fashioned domestic virtues and the courage to make a timid, unattractive little woman win a difficult victory solely by force of them."

Was Joseph a Real Hero?

THE deeper phazes of the character of this modern Joseph are discussed by several critics. Was Dennis Passiful a hero or was he a weakling? Is he convincing or unconvincing as a character? Mrs. Frankau has been rather careful to make him stodgy and uninteresting. He is a soul in embryo rather than an actual character. The San Francisco *Argonaut* says, flatly: "Dennis is entirely colorless, wholly negative and sexless until he meets with Diana. He is pure simply because it has never occurred to him to be impure. He is not virtuous, because temptation has never presented itself to him. Frankly we have never met his like, and we are tempted to believe that 'there ain't no sich a person,' except in the imagination of a woman." The New York *Evening Sun* adds in similar vein: "He was not built for an ardent wooer, a hero of romance." But the San Francisco *Chronicle* feels that credit should not be withheld from this "Immaculate Exception" who resisted the lure of woman; and the author of the book, in closing Dennis's career at thirty, says:

"At thirty no man's story is told, and it were strange if Dennis Passiful proved the exception. . . . But were I to tell more about him and his future the story might be found to hinge upon such a little woman, such an infinitesimal and speechless specimen of her sex, that it is possible she would prove tedious to any one less alive to her wiles and fascinations than Dennis after he had fallen under her spell."

"Carnival."



LIFE is a comedy, a carnival, and all of us wear masks. So Compton Mackenzie would have us feel, if we can judge from the spirit of his "Carnival" (Appleton), a story hailed by the New York *Times* as "about the best novel published this season." The central figure of the book is Jenny, a cockney ballet-girl, who shows herself a true daughter of the carnival, a Columbine in actuality. At her birth the fairies had endowed her with the gift of rhythm. "She had deliciously slim legs and a figure as lithe as a hazel wand. Her almond eyes were of some fantastic shade of sapphire—blue with deep gray twilights in them and sea-green laughter." When she reaches maturity and goes on the stage, she achieves only a doubtful success. Men come into her life, but never *the* man. "Look here," she says to one too presumptuous suitor; "you think yourself a lad, I know, and you think girls can't say no to you, but I can, see? You and your little cottages built for two! Not much!" Yet she longs for love, and almost feels she has found it in Maurice Avery, a gentleman dilettante. But his fickleness and weakness drive her at last into marriage with a jealous and uncouth Cornishman, a farmer Othello. The carnival ends in tragedy.

How Character is Wasted.



JENNY'S tragedy, Compton Mackenzie tells us, "was herself, not her death." The meaning of "Carnival" seems to be that we let the best of ourselves run to waste.

"For her there was no joy in lovely transience. . . . Without an edifice of love or religion or art or philosophy there seemed no refuge from decay.

"When the body finds existence a mock, the mind falls back upon its intellectual defenses. But Jenny had neither equipment, commissariat nor strategic position. She was a dim

figure on the arras of civilization, faintly mobile in the stressful winds of life. She was a complex decorative achievement and should have been cherished as such. Therefore at school she was told that William the Conqueror came to the throne in 1066, that a bay is a large gulf, a promontory a small cape. She had been a plaything for the turgid experiments by parrots in education on simple facts, facts so sublimely simple that her mind recorded them no more than would the Venus de Milo sit down on a bench before a pupil teacher. When she was still a child, plastic and wonderful, she gave her dancing and beauty to a country whose inhabitants are just as content to see two dogs fight or a horse die in the street. When ambition withered before indifference, she set out to express her-

self in love. Her early failures should not have been fatal, would not have been if she had possessed any power of mental recuperation. . . . Yet she might have been useful in her beauty could some educationalist have perceived in her youth that God as well as Velasquez can create a thing of beauty. She lived, however, in a period of enthusiastic waste, and now brooded over a realization that nothing in life seemed to recompense her for living, however merrily, however splendidly, the adventure began."

One feels keenly Jenny's frustration, says Lucian Cary in the *Chicago Post*. "One is aroused at society's waste of her, the precious human stuff of her."

MAUPASSANT—A HERO TO HIS VALET



DEMOCRACY in literature is putting forth some new and interesting shoots. A short while ago the tramp appeared in England as an accredited author, closely followed by H. G. Wells's *protégé*—Meek, the Bath Chairman; and now we have the well-written "Recollections of Guy de Maupassant" (John Lane Company) by his valet François. That François should be an able pupil of his master, and that he should have chosen the master for the hero of his book, is sufficiently remarkable. "Certainly," says Robert Blatchford, "this book disproves forever the sneering axiom that no man is a hero to his valet." But that the writer should have succeeded, not only in unconsciously revealing his own gentleness and humanity, but in giving us a clean presentation of the enigmatic personality of Guy de Maupassant, is very remarkable indeed.

François was Maupassant's almost inseparable companion for ten years, and it is important to note that the lofty potentialities discovered by Tolstoy in the great French writer's character and genius existed also in the humble opinion of his valet. Beneath the corrupt and fashionable storyteller was the author of "Solitude" and "Sur l'Eau," and it is the latter who appears very frequently in these recollections.

It is evident from the following descriptive passage that François was no unworthy pupil of his master:

"After passing several hamlets and farms, surrounded by the famous *carrés normands*

or gardens, we arrived at the top of the hill, whence one could see in the hollow Étretat, with its tiled roofs mingling with the tints of the sea. On the left a huge valley slopes down. The sky was very clear, the sun rather pallid, resembling almost a waning moon, one of those African moons which throw such sad beams on the ocean of sand after a storm."

But at Étretat, François was occupied with cooking, while his master was writing—always writing, with wonderful rapidity and precision—or wildly dissipating, occasionally giving the good valet some such instruction as the following:

"You understand, François, to see and to distinguish, the eye must be educated; therefore when you look you must notice everything; never be content with want of precision; you must give time for the eye to define and to follow out those things which are but faintly visible. It is only by slow and patient practice that you can make your eyes do all the work they are capable of. Even the greatest painters must give themselves trouble, a great deal of trouble, to educate their eyes, and make them really useful."

"Then," adds François, "he took out his little green pocketbook and wrote three notes on it, the only ones I saw him write down in the course of ten years. He always wrote from memory, and hardly ever hesitated; his marvelous memory was of the greatest use to him."

The relative merits of Flaubert and Zola were subject for extended conversation between Maupassant and François.

"Have you read any of Zola's books?" questions the master.

"Yes, sir, but not many, only the 'Rougon-Macquart' series."

"Well?"

"Sir, I don't know what to say. It is literature, which, of course, I do not understand. . . ."

"But you know well how to cook," says my master; 'one can't know everything. Still, you did read the "Rougon-Macquart" series?'

"Yes, sir; and since you really wish to know what I think of those books, I will tell you. M. Zola exaggerates terribly when talking about servants; he puts all sorts of horrors in the mouths of the maids; in 'Pot-Bouille' he makes them scream the nastiest expressions out of the courtyard windows. I repeat, sir, all this is exaggerated. Twenty-five years have I been a servant and I have never heard speeches bordering in any way on those M. Zola puts into the mouths of his characters. . . ."

"I should have thought it more praiseworthy if M. Zola had set forth the honesty, the devotion of servants, the trials they have to go through; for in most of the homes where they go to service, they must possess no individuality, they must efface themselves; if humiliated, they must not show it. We often work very hard, without consolation or encouragement, for we are separated from our relations; these and many other details might have been a better subject for the studies of M. Zola, and would have been more truthful than the disgusting events he tells about, and which he has certainly invented, since he never could have seen what he describes. It does not exist, and I am not alone in thinking a man's thoughts must be evil and unwholesome when his brain creates those loathsome things which, I repeat, have never existed."

By this time, François says, he was terribly excited, and Maupassant was not unmoved. He smiled, occasionally shaking his head, or striking the ground with his cane. He certainly was not free from the same culpability as Zola. At last, he replies:

"Pray, François, do believe that Zola did not wish to attack those honest girls you talk about. He only wished to show the bad side of that class of society. His work is good, but, as he always does, he goes in for a striking effect so as to ensure a good sale. If he had written in the sense you advocate, he would not have sold a single volume, whereas owing to what he did do, all the depraved people will rush after his books, like dogs in their quarry; and money, all that he cares

for, will simply pour down on him. That is, I think, a mistake. . . ."

"Now, look at Flaubert. . . . What patience he had, how disinterested he was! . . . Later on, in a hundred years, after two centuries, perhaps, when society will have undergone frightful convulsions, when the true republic shall have found its path, when first-class artists and authors shall have sprung from the new and wiser generations, be sure that most of the writers of this country will be forgotten, while the beautiful work of Flaubert will shine all the more. All intelligent people will want to read it, because they will understand all they can gather from such a noble, such a powerful masterpiece!"

Maupassant, it appears, was more desirous of winning the Humane Society's medal than the cross of the Legion of Honor. He was an expert swimmer, and very proud of the fact that he had rescued thirteen bodies from the waters of the Seine. He continually sought to counteract overwork and dissipation with violent physical exercise, and journeyings to and fro; finding most satisfaction on board his famous yacht, the *Bel-Ami*. "I struggle hard not to think," was the pathetic cry with which François became so familiar. Sometimes, the master would go ashore and work a month or more in a strange town, where, perhaps, one of his torturing headaches would incapacitate him for days from gathering impressions. Then would the faithful François serve him as eyes and ears as well as hands. Or Maupassant would walk along the beach, his face "radiant," silent and preoccupied, forgetting entirely the presence of his valet. At such times, says François:

"I walked occasionally by his side, sometimes behind him, taking great care not to speak, not to disturb him during his moments of inspiration, which I had witnessed so often; I was aware his thoughts were then hard at work. He was storing up impressions, and fixing in that magical memory of his all he saw; not a single detail was forgotten; nothing escaped that scrutinizing eye of his! I thought: 'In a year, later perhaps, he will express in a few sublime pages the poetry of this scenery, which is now causing such a deep impression on his artistic and literary faculties; and by those pages he will soothe the heart and the mind of those who love Beauty and Truth. . . .'"

Towards the end Maupassant was enthusiastically at work on a novel, "Angelus," and a short story, "The Monk of

Fécamp," which were destined never to be completed. For occasionally now, across that marvelously trained vision, would pass a shadow, a phantom—a something which even Maupassant could not describe, and for which he had no name. François suffered from evil presentiments. Then, early one morning—

"It was about a quarter to two when I heard a noise. I rushed into the small room next the staircase; I found M. de Maupassant standing with his throat bleeding.

"See, François," said he immediately, 'what I have done. I have cut my throat. This is a case of absolute madness (*sic*). . . .'

"I called Raymond. [One of the *Bel-Ami*'s crew.] We put him on the bed in the next room, and I hastily bandaged the wound. Dr. de Falcourt, suddenly called in, kindly helped me. . . .


"My poor master was quite calm, but did not utter a single word before the doctor. When the latter had left he told me how he regretted having done 'such a thing' and causing us so much worry. He gave his hand to Raymond and to me; he wanted to ask our

forgiveness for what he had done; he fathomed all the depth of his misfortune; his large eyes were fixed upon us as if he were requesting some words of consolation, if possible, of hope.

"In moments like these (so painful that it seems we could not undergo them a second time without losing our reason) whence comes the strength that enables us to struggle against evidence itself? I continued to try and comfort my poor wounded master with all the soothing expressions I could find. I repeated them twenty times. They did him some good; he clung desperately to the most insane of hopes. At last his head drooped, his eyelids closed, he slept. . . .

"Raymond, leaning on the foot of the bed, was totally exhausted; he had done all he could; he was pale as death. I advised him to take a little rum, which he did, and then terrible sobs burst from him, tho his eyes remained quite dry. We both watched over our good master. I never stirred, for he had put a hand on one of my arms; I was so afraid of waking him that we did not even speak. We had turned the lamps down and, in the dark, we reflected on the irreparable misfortune. . . ."

PLACING OSCAR WILDE IN LITERATURE

HE day for an impartial judgment of Oscar Wilde's genius and personality is not yet at hand. Arthur Ransome, a brilliant young English critic, nevertheless attempts the impossible by following his work on Poe with a critical study of Wilde. The book has challenged the attention of the critics on both sides of the ocean and has involved its author in a libel suit brought against him by Lord Alfred Douglas, of whom another biographer of the poet speaks as Wilde's evil genius. Mr. Ransome's volume* is essentially an essay in biographical interpretation. No man's work, as Mr. Ransome reminds us in his introduction, can be treated as a mere disembodied result; and in the case of Wilde, whose books are "by-products of a life more important than they in his own eyes," a biographical criticism is not only legitimate, but necessary. The method, as Lewis Piaget Shanks remarks in *The Dial*, is none the less discreetly employed: a spirit of moderation character-

izes, in the main, "this study of one who, in spite of his life, has a certain importance in the history of contemporary literature."

The present influence of Wilde, as Mr. Ransome points out, may be said to be universal. He has been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Yiddish, Polish and Russian. "In his own country," Mr. Ransome goes on to say, "he has left no form of literature exactly as he found it. He brought back to the English stage a spirit of comedy that had been for many years in mourning. He showed both in practice and in theory the possibilities of creation to the critic. He found new use for the dialog, and brought to England a new variety of novel."

In his study of Wilde, Mr. Ransome takes up Wilde's works, volume by volume, interpreting them by such references to his life as the subject demands. Upon Wilde's early poems Mr. Ransome looks justly as parodies of genius. But he overlooks the deeper significance of all this plagiary, which, Mr. Shanks insists, makes Wilde's poetry a "summary of the poetic tendencies of his age." Mr. Shanks sees "beneath all

* OSCAR WILDE: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Arthur Ransome. Mitchell Kennerley.

this epiphytic verse" no mere literary discipline, but "a real inability to derive poetic impulse or inspiration from life untouched by art." "An unemotional temperament, I believe we must surely call Wilde, in spite of his sensuousness and his sensuality. Possibly the latter was the direct result of his frenzied search for emotion."

Of Wilde's later poems, such as "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," Mr. Ransome speaks with profound respect. He calls attention to the curious mineral character of Wilde's imagery in "The Sphinx," that strange companion-piece to Poe's "Raven." "It is," Mr. Ransome remarks, "as if a man were finding solace for his feverish hands in the touch of cool hard stones, and at the same time stimulating his fever by the sexual contrast between the over-sensitive and the utterly insensible."

In none of his works can Wilde keep from self-portrayal. "Intentions" is, in one sense, an exposition of his egoistic philosophy. In "The Picture of Dorian Gray," the "first French novel written in English," Wilde depicts the perverse and paradoxical atmosphere in which his own life was passed. And in one of his most brilliant essays he defends Wainewright the murderer, perhaps with a prophetic intuition of his own destiny. In estimating the possible power of crime to intensify a personality, Wilde was analyzing himself, and expressing through a psychological account of another man the results of that analysis. "Anyhow," as Mr. Ransome remarks, "he foreshadows the line of defence to be taken by his own apologists when he exclaims that the fact of a man being a poisoner is nothing against his prose." In "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," half essay, half story, a convincing analysis of the mysterious "begetter" of Shakespeare's "Sonnets," Wilde reveals himself even more intimately. He read something of himself into the "Sonnets," and in reading became fascinated by a theory that he was unable to prove. Wilde assumes that Shakespeare addressed the sonnets to a boy-actor, William Hughes, and, that assumption granted (tho there is no William Hughes to be found), colors his theory with an abundance of persuasive touches. Tho all his argument is special pleading, Wilde contrives to make us feel that counsel knows, albeit he cannot prove, that his supposition is right.

The theory beneath that delicate brain-

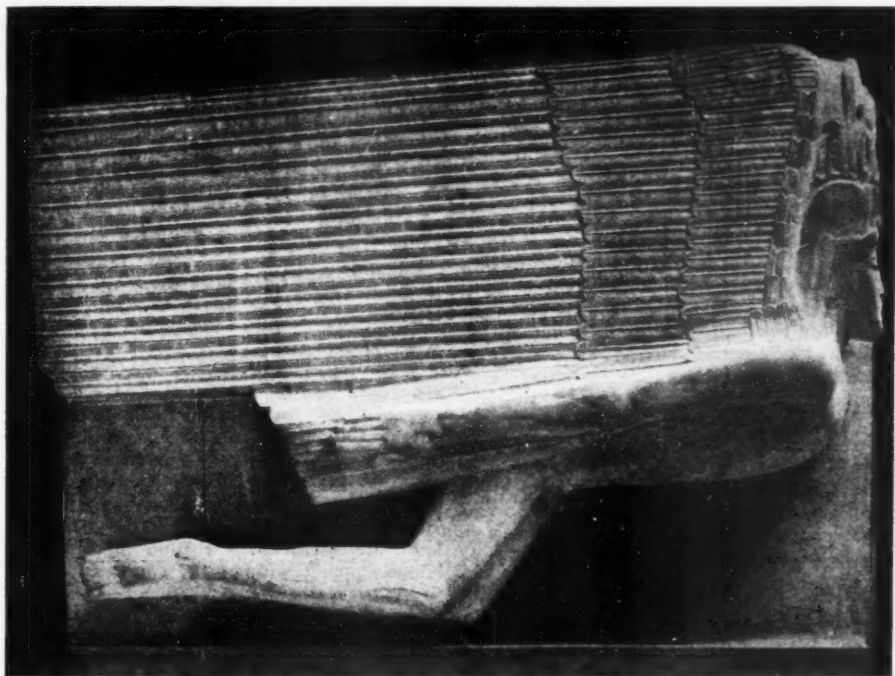
play had a lasting fascination for him, and with it proofs grew in his mind. He rewrote it at greater length after delays. When he was arrested, Mr. Ransome goes on to say, the publishers who had already announced the new version as a forthcoming book returned it to his house, whence it disappeared on the day of the enforced sale of his effects. It has not been recovered.

Contrary to the opinions expressed by such critics as Arthur Symonds and James Huneker, both of whom are somewhat unjust to Wilde, Mr. Ransome ranks Wilde's poems above his comedies. Wilde himself, we are told, was a little contemptuous of the success of most of his plays. "It is impossible not to feel that Wilde was impatient of the methods and meanings of his first three successful plays, like a juggler conscious of being able to toss up six balls who is admired for tossing three."

"These good women, these unselfish, pseudonymous mothers, these men of wit and fashion discomfited to make a British holiday; their temptations, their sacrifices, their defeats, are not taken from any drama played in Wilde's own mind. He saw them and their adventures quite impersonally; and no good art is impersonal. Salomé kissing the pale lips of Iokanaan may once have moved him when he saw her behind the ghostly footlights of that secret theater in which each man is his own dramatist, his own stage-manager, and his own audience. But Lady Windermere did not return to her husband for Wilde's sake, and he did not feel that Sir Robert Chiltern's future mattered either way."

Nothing better illustrates Wilde's extraordinary versatility than his ability to write almost simultaneously such plays as "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "The Duchess of Padua." While "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "Lady Windermere's Fan" were drawing full houses in London, he was trying to finish a poetic play called "La Sainte Courtisane," and had submitted to a manager the latter part of "A Florentine Tragedy."

"When he was released from prison, he left the manuscript of the first in a cab, and did not complete the second. He had imagined, while in Reading Gaol, two other such plays as 'Salomé'—'Ahab and Isabel,' and 'Pharaoh.' These, unfortunately, like 'The Cardinal of Arragon,' portions of which Wilde was accustomed to recite, were never written. The non-existence and the incompleteness of these plays are explicable on



JACOB EPSTEIN'S GROTESQUE MONUMENT TO OSCAR WILDE

This figure, made of gray limestone and reminiscent of Oscar Wilde's weird poem "The Sphinx," will be placed over his grave in Père-Lachaise Cemetery in Paris. Pronounced a caricature by some critics, to others it is curiously, if vaguely, suggestive of the man it commemorates. "The sensuality of Wilde's genius," says William Marion Reedy, "is surely expressed, and with it something of the classic spirit that lay behind his distorted concept of life."

other grounds than those of inclination. I think that if 'Salomé' had been produced with success as soon as it was written, Wilde would very likely not have written his plays about good women and conscience-stricken men of State, or, having written one, would have written no more. It is possible that we owe 'The Importance of Being Earnest' to the fact that the Censor prevented Sarah Bernhardt from playing 'Salomé' at the Palace Theater. For tho Wilde had the secret of a wonderful laughter, he preferred to think of himself as a person with magnificent dreams. He would rather have been a magician than a jester. The well-dressed modern plays starved too many of his intimate desires. He was unable to clothe magnificent emotions in evening dress. But applause was necessary to him. He made sure of it by the modern plays, and had not a chance of securing it by anything else. And so there are four social comedies, and only one 'Salomé.'

Wilde's success as a playwright, remarks Mr. Ransome, in leading up to the disaster that overtook the poet, placed him in so strong a limelight of public attention that

he could do nothing in secret. He became one of those people whose celebrity lends a savor to gossip. "Scandal," the writer continues with surprising frankness, "borrowed wings from the knowledge that it had a beginning in truth."

"In 1889, before the maleficent flood of gold was poured upon him, he had become accustomed to indulge the vice that, openly alluded to in the days and verses of Catullus, is generally abhorred and hidden in our own. He had been in youth a runner after girls, but, as a man, he ceased to take any interest in women. In the moment of his success, when many were ready to throw themselves at his feet, one, perhaps, of the reasons of his power was his own indifference to his conquests. Many excuses have been made for him. It has been suggested, for example, that in his absorption in antiquity he allowed himself to forget that he was not living in it. But Wilde was not a scholar with a rampart of books between himself and the present. Our business here is scientific, not apologetic, and such evidence as we have shows that the vice needs none but a pathological explanation. It was

a disease, a malady of the brain, not the necessary consequence of a delight in classical literature. Opulence permitted its utmost development, but did not create it. Opulence did, however, make it noticeable, and prepared the circumstances in which it was publicly punished.

"Wilde had always been laughed at, and, even before the facts of his conduct were generally known, the laughter was colored by dislike. A book that was written by a small, prehensile mind, gifted with a limber cleverness, enables us to see him through the eyes of the early nineties. This book, 'The Green Carnation,' is a limited but faithful caricature. Wilde was accused of having written it, but characteristically replied: 'I invented that magnificent flower. But with the middle-class and mediocre book that usurps its strangely beautiful name, I have, I need hardly say, nothing whatsoever to do. The flower is a work of art. The book is not.' Here, as in the matter of 'Patience,' he could not forego the perversity of lending color to other people's parodies of himself."

Mr. Ransome replies to the query "Is 'De Profundis' sincere?" Speaking of that fruit of Wilde's life in prison, he remarks in Wilde's own words: "What people call insincerity is simply a method by which we can multiply our personalities." Repentance like that of "De Profundis," he insists, is a guarantee of a moment of humility, but not of a life of reform. "I don't defend my conduct. I explain," Wilde wrote to his faithful friend, Robert Ross. That statement, the published portions of the book, or rather of the letter, for such it was originally, those unpublished portions which, presumably, will never be read in our lifetime, the whole of Wilde's works, the whole of his life, the character of the friends by whom he desired to be read, the character of that person to whom he was immediately writing (apparently Lord Alfred Douglas), the character which, without deliberate choice, he had himself grown accustomed to present to them,—all these things, Mr. Ransome contends, we must weigh and balance in judging that curious human document which has startled and puzzled the world.

Wilde's "social conscience" undoubtedly was aroused by his own bitter fate. The "Ballad of Reading Gaol," as Mr. Ransome puts it, is "both poetry and propaganda." For Wilde's relapse after he left prison, Mr. Ransome blames "the friend whose friendship had cost him more than

it was worth," and who, Mr. Ransome insists, deserted him when he was left without funds. Wilde's death, we are here told for the first time, was directly due to meningitis, the legacy of an attack of tertiary syphilis. We also learn definitely for the first time that on the day before his death a priest brought by Mr. Ross baptized Wilde into the Catholic Church and administered extreme unction. The poet, Mr. Ransome goes on to say, left three things behind him, a legend, his conversation, and his works.

"The legend will be that of a beautiful boy, so gifted that all things were possible to him, so brilliant that in middle age men still thought him young, stepping through imaginary fields of lilies and poisonous irises, and finding the flowers turned suddenly to dung, and his feet caught in a quagmire not only poisonous but ugly. It will include the less intimate horror of a further punishment, an imprisonment without the glamor of murder, as with Wainwright, or that of burglary, as with Deacon Brodie, but a hideous publication to the world of the sordid transformation of those imagined flowers. The lives of Villon and of a few saints can alone show such swift passage from opulence to wretchedness, from ease to danger, from the world to a cell. We are not here concerned to blame or palliate the deeds that made this catastrophe possible, but only to remark that to Wilde himself, in comparison with the life of his intellect, they probably seemed infinitely unimportant and insignificant. The life of the thinker is in thought, of the artist in art. He feels it almost unfair that mere actions should be forced into a position where they have power over his destiny. As time goes on, the legend will, no doubt, be modified. It is too dramatic to be easily forgotten.

"In fifty years' time the last of those who heard him speak will be old men and dull of memory, or garrulous with tedious invention. The talk is gone, but its effects remain in the conversational ease of his prose, and in the mental attitude that his writings perpetuate. Conversation fosters criticism and dilettantism alike, and these are Wilde's most noticeable characteristics."

Much of Wilde's work, concludes Mr. Ransome, fails; much of it has faded; but "Intentions," "The Sphinx," "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," "Salomé," "The Importance of Being Earnest," one or two fairy tales, and "De Profundis" are surely enough with which to challenge the attention of posterity.

WHAT VICTOR HUGO MEANS TO US TO-DAY



IT IS twenty-seven years since Victor Hugo was carried, with much pomp and ceremony, to his grave in the Panthéon, France's national Valhalla. His life had been glorious, but stormy; and even his death could not silence the hubbub of controversy. During recent years, commentators on his life and work have been active. We have heard from his friends. We have heard from his enemies. And now appears a volume* which may be said to raise squarely the question of his present influence and ranking.

Mr. Davidson, the author of the new book, is an Englishman, lately deceased. In a Prefatory Note, Francis Gribble calls the work "the most complete and at the same time the most impartial" English study of Victor Hugo, alike as a man and as an author, with which he is acquainted. Mr. Davidson concedes the intellectual greatness of Hugo, but takes an almost malicious pleasure in exposing his weaknesses and foibles. His picture at times is more of a great windbag than of a great genius. He tries to convey that Hugo was a liar, a libertine and a braggart. On the strength of this portrayal a critic of the *New York Times* predicts "the end of Hugolatry."

But such a prophecy, it is safe to say, is premature. Hugo's fame has survived the stabs of a hundred hostile critics, and will survive this latest disillusionizing analysis. The idol, be it granted, had feet of clay, but at least it was a genuine idol, adored by a whole nation. The name of Victor Hugo still has magic, and "romanticism" may be held to cover a multitude of sins.

Hugo's lapses from the moral code were practically all of a romantic nature, as Mr. Davidson makes clear. The great man needed, for instance, an aristocratic family tree to give contrast to his revolutionary opinions, and so he constructed one. It became habitual with him to "help out" reality, so to speak, by inventing what *ought* to have happened at various crises in his career. He felt that he was making posterity his debtor by describing, in his

inimitable style, the heroic postures that, in imagination at least, he assumed at the time of the *Coup d'Etat* in 1851 and again at the time of the Paris Commune.

His "libertinism" he also covered with a mantle of romanticism. Geniuses, he said, are not as other men. If it is true that he repeatedly violated the conventions, it must also be recognized that he succeeded, in the end, in reconciling his friends to his most flagrant transgression. For half a century he was "faithful in his fashion" to Juliette Drouet, his acknowledged inspiration, a kind of second wife. Mr. Davidson admits the appropriateness of the tribute that Jules Claretie paid her at the time of her death: "The white-haired woman whom we have lost will be inseparably associated in literary annals with the imperishable memory of Victor Hugo. There is a majestic dignity in the figure which she presents to us."

Personal vanity, it must be conceded, was the mainspring of most of what Victor Hugo did. Mr. Davidson tells us that as Hugo grew older he either dropped his friends or converted them into "disciples" and "courtiers."

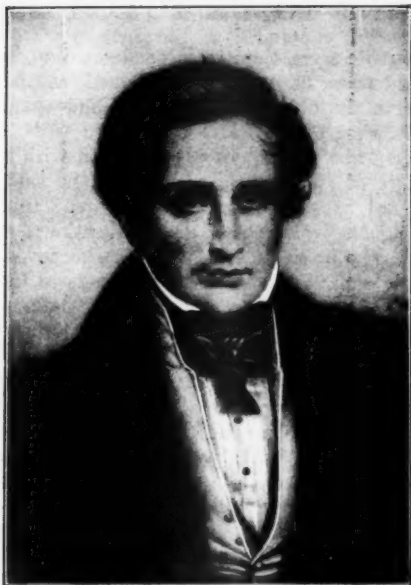
"It was inevitable, perhaps, the melancholy, that as his fame and his consciousness of it increased, he should shed some of those early and genuine personal attachments in which admiration existed side by side with the sense of equality and good fellowship. At any rate, it happened—we have evidence of it in letters from some of those early friends. Perhaps they were unreasonable in not recognizing that the enlargement of a man's life and interests must remove him—insensibly, involuntarily—from the old footing of intimacy. Certain it is, however, that they complained of Hugo as harsh, self-centred, dogmatic. Others, besides Sainte-Beuve, discovered and lamented his abnormal appetite for praise, his morbid resentment of criticism, however friendly. One knows Heine's severe judgments, written about this time:

"He is forced and artificial . . . essentially cold and icy even in his most passionate outbursts. His enthusiasm is merely phantasmagoric—a calculation into which no love enters except self-love. He is an egoist, and to be still more exact—he is a Hugoist."

"Again: 'Most of his old friends have left him, and it is his own fault; they have been hurt by his egoism.'

"Discounting whatever personal or literary

* VICTOR HUGO: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By A. F. Davidson. J. B. Lippincott Company.



THE YOUTHFUL HUGO

Twenty-seven years after his death, and in spite of continued detraction, the stature of Hugo, like that of Goethe, remains Olympian.

prejudice may underlie these sentiments, they point, together with much similar evidence, to a common impression that Hugo cared now only for those people who were prepared to render him unquestioning homage. 'It is necessary,' wrote one to another, 'always to speak to him about himself.'

But even Hugo's egoism may be forgiven if his genius was great enough. The egoist, it can well be argued, has his place in the cosmic scheme.

More important even than the issue of personal integrity raised by the new biography is the question of Hugo's present ranking as an intellectual figure. Mr. Davidson observes that Hugo's play, "Hernani," marked an epoch in the modern drama. He speaks of "Notre Dame" as a masterpiece and of "Les Misérables" as "a work of genius." He recalls that the poets of two generations hailed Hugo as master; and adds: "He was, indeed, not only 'the great man' but 'the grand old man' of literature, if this phrase of ours may be used to imply a shade of more personal esteem and affection which Emile Augier indicated at the Press banquet of 1880 when he toasted the guest of the evening as *le Père*—the father of all literary France."

Toward the end of his life, Hugo was

universally recognized as the uncrowned king of French letters. As his last birthdays came round, as some fresh edition of his works was issued, all the schools paid common tribute to the patriarch's fame, and bowed the knee before a giant of genius and a champion of freedom, who in both aspects could be deemed typically French. "He sat as it were in triumph," remarks F. G. Bethany, a writer in the *London Bookman*, "removed from the range of criticism and exalted to the dignity of a demi-god." The same writer continues:

"But, in point of fact, his was to some extent a false position, and the homage he received was accorded less to the talents and achievements on which he prided himself than to the age and general reputation of the veteran. In one respect no mistake could be made; Hugo was the premier poet of France—nay, of Europe. But in other ways he was the exemplar of an outworn tradition. Long before his own death that burst of romanticism with which his first blaze of popularity synchronized, was exhausted beyond the hope of revival, a Rostand or so notwithstanding. Drama, poetry, fiction had traveled miles away from his aims and conventions, and it is difficult to believe that his most respectful colleagues knew much or could esteem much of his work apart from his lyrics. 'Hernani' and 'Ruy Blas' might be reproduced during this or that hour of Hugo-worship, but they were already virtually on the shelf as stage-classics, their rhetorical exuberance, their sentimentality, their melodrama making little appeal to a public among which the problem-play was in vogue. 'Les Misérables' and companion stories might claim their tens of thousands of readers, but the naturalistic novel was even then winning its brief spell of favor, and tho a reaction was bound to follow its excesses, that reaction was not to take as its motto any such cry as 'Back to Hugo.' No, romance as he understood it is dead, and we need not regret that Victor Hugo left no real school behind him. For, entertaining as 'Hernani' still is as a piece of literature, magical as is the fantastic atmosphere of 'Notre Dame de Paris,' there is no denying that this style of art lends itself to insincerity, exaggeration and the striving after effect, vices only too easily developed. The one side of Hugo's invention which is immune from criticism is just the one which could not be imitated, the side which reveals itself in his exquisite lyrics. Fortunately all through his career he poured these out with inexhaustible profusion. Posterity may ignore some of his romances, it may cease to read his dramas, it may turn away from that section of his

verse in which he is inclined to pose and be pontifical, but this Hugo at least, Hugo the lyrical poet, will never be allowed to die."

In similar spirit, the London *Guardian* praises Hugo, the romantic writer, the graceful and inspired poet, at the expense of Hugo, "the man with a message":

"Apart from 'Hugoism' and his genuine love of children the only other inspiring motive of the author's life was a questionable species of sentimentalism. It was this rather than any reliance on reason which moved Hugo in his crusade against capital punishment, a matter wherein his mind visualized rather the accidents than the essentials. In the advocacy of his principles, indeed, facts were allowed to count for nothing, as witness the gross fiction imported into the story of 'Claude Gueux.' It is impossible, of course, to belittle the true genius of the author's greatest works. 'Notre Dame,' 'Les Misérables,' 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' are productions which, with some of the poems, will stand for some time. It is only to be regretted that persiflage, hypocrisy, and a complete blindness to the ridiculous element in things should have marred so much of the master's abundant output. Hugo's deservedly great reputation rests on comparatively few of his works. Even here his admirers must read him in a spirit far different from that which he himself demanded. Our admiration must be for Hugo the romantic writer, the graceful and inspired poet, not for the man with a message to deliver, with a lesson to inculcate which necessitated the prefixing of a platitudinous preface to each several volume."

From these cautious and somewhat derogatory estimates we turn to a whole-hearted tribute by Edgar Saltus in *The Forum*, written in Hugo's own manner and with an emotionalism that would have delighted him. Mr. Saltus declares: "Hugo reached the top. The light he there projected is quite intense. Sometimes when you are not withered by it, you are sun-struck."

"Of the two conditions heliosis is perhaps the more frequent. But you are exposed to other assaults, to words that are bombs, to sentences that are rapiers, to pages that lash, to books that thunder, to the contagion of pity and to scenes that are choked with tears:

Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux,
Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont de purs sanglots.

[The most despairing strains are the most beautiful,
And I know pure sobs that are immortal.]

"One does not choose between tears, yet if some may be preferred to others it will be those to which de Musset referred. The 'Misérables' convey them. There are sobs in that book. There are also shudders, unexceeded perhaps since Æschylus. Of the central character one might say a god doomed to expiate among demons the mystery of some celestial crime. The simile may seem excessive. But so is Jean Valjean. So is Ruy Blas. So is Gwynplaine. So is Gilliatt. So is Hernani. Hugo's characters are all excessive. But they exist. They do better, they persist. There is more longevity in them than in the pale multitude of the quick. Men and women who may do the present writer the honor to read this page are phantoms by comparison. They will pass. These others endure. In them is that quantity of eternity that belongs but to master-works. Antiquity foundered, the gods were reabsorbed and forgot. From that shipwreck of a world and of a sky, Ulysses, escaping, survives. Since the 'Divina Commedia' dawned, the heavens have been unveiled and the earth enlarged. These miracles were insufficient to ablate that marvel. Since Shakespeare wrote there has been a renaissance more effective than that which closed and bolted the Gothic door of the Middle Ages. Hamlet, moribund then, is universal now. So are Jean Valjean, Ruy Blas, Les Travailleurs and l'Homme Qui Rit. These are but dreams, you may say. But dreams that achieve immortality are more real than the children of men."

For sixty years, Mr. Saltus affirms, Hugo was a volcano in eruption, and above the crater was "a sky from which, in an enchanted shower, fell sequins, opals, perfumes and stars." The tribute concludes:

"Hugo wrote too much. In the excess was the pontifical and also the trite. It may be that in the plays of Æschylus there was an equal amount of verbiage. But from his meager remains he rises the taller for what has been lost. Ultimately the same may be true of Hugo. Disencumbered of the trivial and the labored, it may come to be recognized that, a sorcerer in verse and in meditation a seer, he was the Spanish grandee of the drama.

"Meanwhile, in any summary of him, the story of the fairies recurs. As a writer Hugo had every gift save one; Homer's laughter, Cervantes' humor, Shakespeare's mirth, he lacked or else disdained. Often sinister, more often superb, he was not al-

ways serene. That, however, is perhaps explicable. He wrote with one hand and fought with both. The adventurer who called himself Napoleon III. complained that 'Monsieur' Hugo had a personal quarrel with him. Hugo admitted it. 'But,' he said, 'it is the old quarrel of the judge on the bench with the felon in the dock.' On the part of a poet silence were perhaps better than the long arraignments—'Napoléon le Petit' and 'Histoire d'un Crime'—that ensued. Yet Tacitus branded, Juvenal flayed, Dante gibbeted. Hugo damned. Also he built.

"Hugo, primarily an artist, was an architect. He erected a gallery from which Time may detach many a column. But doubtless

enough will remain to uphold the dome. Even now it is not difficult to differentiate between the destructible and the lasting. Hugo had three distinct methods. These developed before, during and after exile. It was in the solitudes of the middle period that he elaborated the lasting. Plays from the first period and poems from the third possess a probable longevity. But the works done at Guernsey—'Les Misérables,' 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer,' 'L'Homme Qui Rit,' 'Quatre-vingt-treize,' 'Les Châtiments' and 'Les Contemplations'—are perhaps as enduring as anything fashioned by man can be. In any event, for a long time yet, they are certainly safe from the dust-bin."

SHELLEY AS THE LAUREATE OF NIHILISM



SHELLEY has been described by Arthur Symonds as "the one perfect illustration of the poetic nature," and yet, according to A. E. Randall, a writer in *The New Age* (London), he was a poet who knew nothing. That he called this void Reality, and hymned it with all the fervor of his passionate soul, only goes to strengthen Mr. Randall's contention. "He was," we are told, "of the tribe of the Preacher and Omar Khayyam. He differed from them in this, that their denial of the value of life resulted directly from their experience of it: Shelley condemned with an interrogation what he had never experienced." Mr. Randall says:

"His passion for abstractions offered him a way of escape from knowledge, and 'The Triumph of Life' he left unfinished with the question, 'What is life?' 'While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts,' he said in the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'; and he never sought or discovered anything else. What he said of the poet in 'Prometheus Unbound' is true of himself:

He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.

He looked at life as he looked at bees, 'Nor heed nor see what things they be'; and in his lyric rapture he praised not life but Life of Life, hypostatizing his abstraction of a mystery."

A deep pessimism underlay his glowing

aspirations. He talked much of Liberty, but he loved the thought of Death, without the hope of resurrection. Like his own Adonais, he wished to be made one with Nature. The "Ode to Liberty" left him defeated and hopeless:

As a far taper fades with fading night,
As a brief insect dies with dying day,
My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far
away

Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
As waves which lately paved his watery
way

Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

The burden of his cry was, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing!" His Pantheism had no theos, and he closed his hymn to the Golden Age in "Hellas" with the words:

The world is weary of the past,—
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

"Adonais" carries the same mournful message:

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows
fly;

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost
seek!

Follow where all is fled!

The life he desired, Mr. Randall comments, was to be like the Anglican conception of God, "without body, parts or passions."

The featureless and the inane were his ideals; and in justifying the absence of human interest from "The Witch of Atlas," he wrote:

Oh, let me not believe
That anything of mine is fit to live!

If he was not, as Matthew Arnold said, "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," it was because he wished to be less. He fled from the articulate and the concrete; his poetry was always trying to become music. The consequence is, Mr. Randall observes, that no poetry in our language is more void of content, or more nearly resembles Macbeth's famous description of life.

Shelley's passion for abstraction, the argument proceeds, drove him to infer the eternal existence of what he desired from its temporal absence. "In spite of his experiences with Harriet Westbrook and Mary Godwin, he wrote that stupendous lie about love, 'Epipsychidion.'" His friend, Helen Rossetti Angeli, quotes him as saying, when sending the poem for publication, that "it is a production of a portion of me already dead." Later he wrote: "The 'Epipsychidion' I cannot look at; the person whom it celebrates was a cloud instead of a Juno; and poor Ixion starts from the centaur that was the offspring of his own embrace. If you are curious, however, to hear what I am and have been, it will tell you something thereof. It is an idealized history of my life and feelings. I think one is always in love with something or other; the error—and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it—consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." In this matter, Mr. Randall thinks, the cynic is preferable to the wilful idealist. For the cynic reports truly of his experience; he does not pretend that what is untrue here is true in some other world. "Other world?" said Emerson. "There is no other world." If, as Mrs. Angeli remarks, "having found love at last in the semblance of a woman, we again lose sight of the woman in the all-consuming universality of the passion of love," evidently Shelley did not write of love. "To strip a passion of its particulars," Mr. Randall contends, "is not to prove its universality, but its nonentity; and only then could Shelley write of it."

His dramas, in Mr. Randall's interpretation, show the same ignorance of life:

"Whatever he touched he simplified into a simple contest of good will and evil will. 'Prometheus Unbound' is a sciomachy concluded by a miracle. The Cenci, like Jupiter, is the embodiment of abstract evil and the friend of the Pope. Charles the First and Archbishop Laud conspire to make England suffer. To Shelley there was no power in the world but the tyranny of evil. God was the first tyrant, the Pope and the king were his agents; and Freedom was the only desideratum. He did not know, not even with the result of the French Revolution before his eyes, that Freedom is the magic word that releases the fettered tyrant. Napoleon said that 'Liberty is the privilege of the few; therefore it may be abridged with impunity.' Shelley knew nothing of consequences because he knew nothing of reality: an abstract Tyranny made an abstract Freedom desirable, and we have not forgotten his fatuous inspiration of Harriet Westbrook's revolt against the Tyranny of being sent to school. All the questions that Nietzsche asked: 'Good for what?' 'Freedom for what?' would have been nonsense to him. Freedom was a good in itself, and it had no consequences. He was not in his poetry 'of a large discourse, looking before and after.' Whether he looked beyond or not is a moot question. What is certain is that he regarded life as Fate flying towards oblivion: he would have agreed with Omar Khayyam that 'I came like water and like wind I go.'"

He was no breviary bard, Mr. Randall adds. "Had he not divorced his poetry from his experience, he might have been less prolix; but he meant so little and he wrote so much that even Keats advised him to write less." Leigh Hunt records that when he met Shelley in Italy he found him much the same but with less hope. It is doubtful, Mr. Randall thinks, whether disappointment would ever have taught him the blessedness of brevity. The article concludes:

"He shrank from society; and in the company of Byron he became mute. He wrote from Pisa in 1822: 'I do not write. I have lived too long near Lord Byron, and the sun has extinguished the glow-worm.' Solitude and a boat was his ideal. In a castle on a lonely island, furnished with the comforts of civilization, he could despise life at any length without fear of critics. He was an excommunicated saint who had forgotten his savior, and he wished to float on the smoothest tide to Lethe."

A REDISCOVERED SATIRIST OF GENIUS



WILL the name of Thomas Love Peacock be rescued from oblivion and placed among those of the great satirists of the world? This is the problem that now seems to be presented to worshippers of the Comic Spirit—to the disciples of Aristophanes, Rabelais, Molière, La Rochefoucauld, Montaigne, Cervantes, Fielding, and of the lesser deities like Anatole France, Mark Twain, Samuel Butler, or even Mr. Bernard Shaw. Tho he was one of the closest friends of Shelley, and had lived for years in intimate daily contact with the philosophical radicals of the early nineteenth century (Godwin, Bentham, and Malthus among others), and tho he was the father-in-law of George Meredith, he seems to have cut himself off intellectually from his own contemporaries and to have remained a mere name to nine out of ten readers for nearly half a century after his death. He eluded the claue of the ordinary necrologist as he eluded bores during his lifetime. In the world of English satire he was a unique figure who slipped out of the world "with much the same stealth as he had lived in it for over eighty years." And now, suddenly and simultaneously, but quite independently of each other, appear two critical biographies* of the eccentric novelist and poet. Although he reviled them bitterly in all his works, and was in turn arrogantly ignored by them, it is one of the ironies he himself so loved to point out that Peacock should now be posthumously discovered by the "intellectuals" and professional students of literature.

Peacock's satire is prophetic and future-piercing. Its appeal is much greater to the social student than to the student of literary types or of the novel. The eclipse of Peacock's reputation may be partially explained, as Mr. Van Doren, his American biographer, points out, by the fact that his novels have been continually placed in a class of writings to which they belong only by a vague external resemblance. Nothing could be more typical of the quality and vigor of Peacock's sardonic satire than the

discussion of science and the bitter arraignment of American society in "Gryll Grange," the last of the Peacock novels, published in 1860, five years before the death of the author. In one of the characteristic debates of the story, Lord Curryfin, an arrogant "intellectual" of the period, praises the achievements of Science. The typical Peacockian retort comes from the mouth of an eccentric clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Opimian. The dialogue that takes place is as follows:

REV. DR. OPIMIAN. Science is one thing and wisdom is another. Science is an edged tool with which men play like children and cut their own fingers. If you look at the results which science has brought in its train, you will find them to consist almost wholly in elements of mischief. See how much belongs to the word Explosion alone, of which the ancients knew nothing. Explosions of powder mills and powder magazines; of coal-gas in mines and in houses; of high-pressure engines in ships and boats and factories. . . . See collisions and wrecks and every mode of disaster by land and by sea, resulting chiefly from the insanity of speed, in those who for the most part have nothing to do at the end of the race, which they run as if they were so many Mercuries speeding with messages from Jupiter. . . . Look at our scientific machinery, which has substituted rottenness for strength in the thing made, and physical degradation in crowded towns for healthy and comfortable country life in the makers. The day would fail, if I should attempt to enumerate the evils which science has inflicted upon mankind. I almost think it is the ultimate destiny of science to exterminate the human race.

LORD CURRYFIN. Well, then, what say you to the electric telegraph, by which you converse at the distance of thousands of miles? Even across the Atlantic, as no doubt we shall yet do.

REV. DR. OPIMIAN. I have no wish to expedite communication with the Americans. If we could apply the power of electrical repulsion to preserve us from ever hearing anything more of them, I should think that we had for once derived a benefit from science. . . . Without magnetism we should never have discovered America; to which we are indebted for nothing but evil; diseases in the worst forms that can afflict humanity, and slavery in the worst form in which slavery can exist. The Old World had the sugar cane and the cotton plant, tho it did not so misuse them. Then, what good have we got from America?

* THE LIFE OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. By Carl Van Doren. E. P. Dutton & Company.
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK: A CRITICAL STUDY. By A. Martin Freeman. Mitchell Kennerley.

MR. GRYLL. If they have given us no good, we have given them none.

REV. DR. OPIMIAN. We have given them wine and classical literature; but I am afraid Bacchus and Minerva have equally 'scattered their bounty on barren ground.' On the other hand, we have given the red men rum, which has been the chief instrument of their perdition. On the whole, our intercourse with America has been little else than an interchange of vices and diseases.

LORD CURRYFIN. Do you count it nothing to have substituted civilized for savage men?

REV. DR. OPIMIAN. Civilized. The word requires definition. But looking into futurity, it seems to me that the ultimate tendency of the change is to substitute the worse for the better race; the Negro for the Red Indian. The Red Indian will not work for a master. No ill-usage will make him. Herein he is the noblest specimen of humanity that ever walked the earth. Therefore, the white man exterminates his race. But the time will come when, by mere force of numbers, the black race will predominate and exterminate the white. And thus the worse race will be substituted for the better, even as it is in St. Domingo, where the Negro has taken the place of the Carib. The change is clearly for the worse.

But Peacock's mockery does not stop here. Not only does he insert the scalpel; he twists it as well. For the reverend gentleman goes on to declare that the human mind degenerates in America, and that the superiority of the white race, such as it is, is only kept up by intercourse with Europe. "If it were possible," he opines, "that the two worlds could be absolutely dis severed for a century. I think a new Columbus would find nothing in America but savages!"

"It seems almost as if to him," says Mr. Van Doren in his attempt to describe the quality of Peacock's point of view, "the Me of existence were the power to ridicule, and the Not-Me the state of being ridiculous."

"There may be satirists whose orthodoxy consists of a complete acceptance of things as they are, and who ridicule, by comparison with the present, both the outgrown past and the half-grown future. Others will censure the present for divergence from the noble past, or its failure to attain to the possibility of a gorgeous future. But still a third class mocks alike the present, past, and future, in the name of the canons of common sense which all three offend. To this third class Peacock belongs. Such a satirist need not



A LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

Thomas Love Peacock, according to his American biographer, Carl Van Doren, "belongs to a class which he exhausts, standing alone in laughter as Landor stands in wrath."

ally himself either with Liberal or Conservative; he is free from the necessity of institutional attachment; the orthodoxy to which he holds is synonymous with reason. His philosophy of life includes him in that class of individuals, difficult to define and too often maligned by the assumption of their name on the part of persons unworthy to bear it—sensible men. Peacock was keen enough to perceive how slow stupidity can make the world's progress to better things, if there are better things, and could yet appreciate the admirable social qualities of stupidity. He could admire the devotion that shoulders a lost cause without expecting that the solid work of the world will ever be done by fanatics. . . . This catholic mockery of his may lead many readers into the error of thinking that he had no principles of his own at all, because he seems to laugh at nearly every deed or thought of a foolish worldful of mortals. . . . Peacock indeed delighted in whimsy and intellectual caprice so much that he often admits ridicule which is, soberly speaking, unjust. But the methods and aims of comic satire are not those of solemn justice, and Peacock must be judged on different grounds."

Peacock used the novel as his form of expression in much the same fashion that Anatole France does, or as Bernard Shaw used the dramatic form. The narrative and dramatic interest is almost lacking. Yet if his novels are all based upon a single model, as A. Martin Freeman points out, we are hardly justified in characterizing Peacock's

as a narrow or opinionated point of view, or in identifying the views of his characters with his own. The very simplicity and uniformity of his plan of building a "novel" gave the greatest freedom for the expression of the comic spirit. The recipe of the Peacock novel thus is given by Mr. Freeman:

"The recipe is simple: Let there be a country house (described); let there be a gathering of numerous guests therein (catalogued); let the various opinions of the party be as opposite and irreconcilable as possible (opinions briefly but adequately sketched); invent a slight plot for form's sake, bring your characters together at the dinner table, and conversation will follow as a matter of course, leading to amusing scenes and revelations. When you have written enough, disperse the guests and add a formal Conclusion. Such is the general scheme of the Peacockian novel. 'Headlong Hall' adheres very closely to this type. Some of the others depart from it in varying degrees, but they gain little or nothing by such divergence. In 'Crotchet Castle,' for instance, the harmony and cohesion of the work suffer considerably owing to the unusual amount of importance assumed by the plot; the book consequently challenges a criticism from which it would otherwise have been safe and which can only be destructive. The true genial atmosphere, with the author at his best, is to be found in 'Headlong Hall,' 'Nightmare Abbey' and 'Gryll Grange,' and in parts only of 'Crotchet Castle' and 'Melincourt,' where the company around one or at most two hospitable tables, and the conversation, now amicable, now acrid, now uproarious, but always formal and complete, furnishes the main interest. . . .

"Each man is allowed to state his case to the bitter end, and is similarly answered. They grow heated, but not careless. They wrangle, and even quarrel violently, in rigidly grammatical and accurately punctuated sentences of perfect balance. Yet we read it all with avidity, for the sake of the wit, the neatness and ingenuity in the manner of stating the various points of view, and for the ridiculous picture of the discomfited and enraged theorists."

Peacock's satire is perhaps unique in the history of English literature because it ridiculed almost exclusively the tyranny of the "intellect" and the arrogance of science. The enemy of oppression and tyranny in all forms, Peacock mocked most of all those who vaunted their scientific and intellectual superiority. The universities, the public schools, the transcendentalists, the

political economists, and those poets who too frequently combined the "most arrogant assumption of freedom and independence in theory with the most abject and unqualified venality, servility and sycophancy in practice." Not that he would object if "they would be content to announce themselves as dealers and chapmen."

In "Headlong Hall," Wordsworth, Byron and Southey come in for stinging characterization of this type. "Melincourt" ridiculed among other things the political and parliamentary system of England. An orang-outang, by name Sir Oran Haut-Ton, is elected to Parliament and comports himself with honor in that distinguished assemblage. "Maid Marian" is an apotheosis of forest liberty, the happy life among primeval surroundings, governed not by arbitrary or oppressive laws but on the principles of natural justice. In it Peacock laughs at the nineteenth century from the point of view of the twelfth. He has no illusions about progress. Such illusions ensnare only his intellectual friends. "The Misfortunes of Elphin" is written in the same spirit. The Welsh of the sixth century had no political economy, no paper money, no factories "wherein the squalid many, from infancy to age, might be turned into component portions of machinery to work for the purple-faced few." Patriotism was much the same then as now. "The powerful took all they could get from their subjects and neighbors; and called something or other sacred and glorious when they wanted the people to fight for them."

"They lacked, it must be confessed, some of our light, and also some of our prisons. The people lived in darkness and vassalage. They were lost in the grossness of beef and ale. They had no pamphleteering societies to demonstrate that reading and writing are better than meat and drink; and they were utterly destitute of the blessings of those 'schools for all,' the house of correction, and the treadmill, wherein the autochthonal justice of our agrestic kakistocracy now castigates the heinous sins which were then committed with impunity, of treading on old foot-paths, picking up dead wood, and moving on the face of the earth within the sound of the whirr of a partridge."

Yet Peacock did not seek to reestablish the society of a past age. He compared it with the present merely to puncture our inflated ideas of "progress" and "the march of mind."

RECENT POETRY



THE poet who is really a poet," says William Watson, "however deeply he may strike root in the past, emphatically lives and moves and has his being in the present. There is nothing of the mustiness of antiquity about him. He is, and he ought to be, the latest and freshest flower of time. And the need for him is never so great as in an age exceptionally fruitful in scientific discovery." This note of modernity is almost as obvious in the poets of the day—Ezra Pound is a striking exception—as in, let us say, the muckrakers. But modernity alone will not make a real poem. What Richard Le Gallienne says, in a recent review of Mr. Viereck's latest volume, is just as true as what Mr. Watson says. "After all," says Le Gallienne, "beauty must continue to be the first and last test of a poet, whatever his theme, whatever his method. There must be magic in his words that got there neither he nor the reader knows how—or why. Nothing can finally take its place—neither intellectual force nor dramatic sense nor rhetorical vigor."

In the poetry of John Masefield we have no trouble whatever in discerning the note of modernity. But we have had a good deal of difficulty in discovering beauty. But in a recent poem by him in *The Forum* we easily discern both. It is long, filling eight pages, and it has for a title the one prosaic word, "Biography"; but it is real poetry, full of golden phrases and glowing pictures. We reprint (with a title of our own) selections from it:

GOLDEN MOMENTS.

BY JOHN MASEFIELD.

By many waters and on many ways
I have known golden instants and bright days;
The day on which, beneath an arching sail,
I saw the Cordilleras and gave hail;
The summer on which in heart's delight
I saw the Swansea Mumbles bursting white;
The glittering day when all the waves wore
flags
And the ship Wanderer came with sails in
rag;
That curlew-calling time in Irish dusk
When life became more splendid than its
husk,
When the rent chapel on the brae at Slains
Shone with a doorway opening beyond brains;

The dawn when, with a brace-block's creak-
ing cry,

Out of the mist a little barque slipped by,
Spilling the mist with changing gleams of red,
Then gone, with one raised hand and one
turned head;

The howling evening when the spindrift's
mists

Broke to display the four Evangelists,
Snow-capped, divinely granite, lashed by
breakers,

Wind-beaten bones of long since buried acres;
The night alone near water when I heard

All the sea's spirit spoken by a bird;
The English dusk when I beheld once more
(With eyes so changed) the ship, the cited
shore,

The lines of masts, the streets so cheerly trod
(In happier seasons) and gave thanks to God.
All had their beauty, their bright moment's
gift,

Their something caught from Time, the ever-
swift.

Years blank with hardship never speak a word,
Live in the soul to make the being stirred.
Towns can be prisons where the spirit dulls
Away from mates and ocean-wandering hulls,
Away from all bright water and great hills—
And sheep-walks where the curlews cry their
fills,

Away from men who rank in social plan
By something generous in the inner man,
Away from simple men who do not shirk
Their part in friendship or their share in
work,

Away in towns, where eyes have naught to see
But dead museums and miles of misery,
And floating life unrooted from man's need,
And miles of fish-hooks baited to catch greed,
And life made wretched out of human ken
And miles of shopping women served by men,
And lust and vice and hatred and foul mind
Crying for blood and turning people blind,
Where sedentary days breed paper strife
And books and pictures take the place of life.

Days of endeavor have been good: the days
Racing in cutters for the comrade's praise;
The day they led my cutter at the turn
Yet could not keep the lead and dropped
astern;

The moment in the spurt when both boats' oars
Dipped in each other's wash and throats grew
hoarse

And teeth ground into teeth and both strokes
quicken'd

Lashing the sea, and gasps came, and hearts
sicken'd,

And coxwains damned us, dancing, banking
stroke,

To put our weights on, tho our hearts were broke,
 And both boats seemed to stick, and sea seemed glue,
 The tide a millrace we were struggling through,
 And every quick recover gave us squints
 Of them still there, and oars tossed water-glints,
 And cheering came, our friends, our foemen cheering,
 A long wild rallying murmur on the hearing,
 "Port Fore!" and "Starboard Fore!" "Port Fore!" "Port Fore!"
 "Up with her, Starboard!" and at that each oar,
 Lightened, tho arms were bursting, and eyes shut,
 And the oak stretchers grunted in the strut,
 And the curse quickened from the cox; our bows
 Crashed, and drove talking water; we made vows—
 Chastity vows and temperance; in our pain
 We numbered things we'd never eat again
 If we could only win; then came the yell,
 "Starboard!" "Port Fore!" and then a beaten bell
 Rung as for fire to cheer us. "Now!" Oars bent,
 Soul took the looms now body's bolt was spent.
 This many pictured world of many passions
 Wears out the nations as a woman fashions,
 And what life is is much to very few,
 Men being so strange, so mad, and what men do
 So good to watch or share; but when men count
 Those hours of life that were a bursting fount,
 Sparkling the dusty heart with living springs,
 There seems a world beyond our earthly things,
 Gated by golden moments, each bright time
 Opening to show the city white like lime,
 High towered and many peopled. This made sure,
 Work that obscures those moments seems impure,
 A part of all this death that darks our land,
 Withholding light from all we understand,
 Making our not-returning time of breath
 Dull with the ritual and records of death,
 That frost of fact by which our wisdom gives
 Correctly stated death to all that lives.
 Best trust the happy moments. What they gave
 Makes man less fearful of the certain grave,
 And gives his work compassion and new eyes:
 The days that make us happy make us wise.

Among the "best sellers" in England—
 and proud are we to say it—are the volumes

of poetry by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. According to an incredible report in the *New York American*, 44,891 copies of her poems were sold last year in Great Britain! We find in *The Nautilus* the following poem, apparently written since the disaster of the *Titanic*:

BROTHERHOOD.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

When in the even ways of life
 The old world jogs along,
 Our little colored flags we vaunt,
 Our little separate selves we vaunt,
 Each pipes his native song.
 And jealousy, and greed and pride
 Join their ungodly hands,
 And this round lovely world divide
 Into opposing lands.

But let some crucial hour of pain
 Sound from the tower of time,
 Then consciousness of brotherhood
 Wakes in each heart the latent good
 And men become sublime.
 No swarming insects of the night
 Fly when the sun bursts in,
 Self fades before love's radiant light,
 And all the world is kin.

God, what a place this world would be
 If that uplifting thought,
 Born of some vast world accident,
 Into our daily lives were blent,
 And in each action wrought!
 But while we let the old sins flock
 Back to our hearts again,
 In flame, and flood, and earthquake shock,
 Thy voice must speak to men.

It is a little late for *Titanic* poetry, but we feel compelled to publish two poems this month on the tragedy, one by the best known of English writers, the other by an unknown American writer. Mr. Hardy's we take from the *Fortnightly*. The conception of it is a fine one; the execution, with such phrases as "stilly couches she" and "cold currents thrid," and "the which each hears," is very trying indeed. Mr. Doolan's poem we glean from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. Needless to say, we like it or we would not reprint it:

THE CONVERGENCE OF THE TWAIN.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

In a solitude of the sea,
 Deep from human vanity,
 And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly
 couches she.

Steel chambers, late the pyres
Of her salamandrine fires,
Cold currents thrid and turn to rhythmic
tidal lyres.

Over the mirrors meant
To glass the opulent,
The sea-worm crawls—grotesque, slimed,
dumb, indifferent.

Jewels in joy designed
To ravish the sensuous mind
Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and
black and blind.

Dim moon-eyed fishes near
The daintly gilded gear
Gaze querying: "What does all this sumptu-
ousness down here?"

Well: while was fashioning
This ship of swiftest wing,
The Immanent Will, that stirs and urges
everything,

Prepared a sinister Mate
For her—so gaily great—
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and disso-
ciate.

And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace and hue,
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg,
too.

Alien they seemed to be:
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history,

Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august
event;

Till the Spinner of the Years
Said "Now!" The which each hears,
And consummation comes, and jars two hemi-
spheres.

FATE'S COMEDY.

By THOMAS DOOLAN.

A thousand years since, Fate had planned
To stage a playlet on the sea,
And moved her pawns with patient hand
To build a merry comedy.

She caught the raindrops from the sky
And welded them with icy blows,
Until they towered mountain high—
An iceberg mid the Northland floes.

A thousand years have come and gone
While men have slowly learned their part.
Each gave his little brain or brawn,
That Fate might try her comic art.

Some burrowed deep in endless night,
To break the steel from earth's strong grip,
While others forged the atoms bright
And built for Fate a noble ship.

They pitted toll and ant-like skill
Against the chance of Fate's grim game;
With hope to fright her cruel will,
They gave their craft a giant's name.

And when the scene and stage were set,
And all things tuned in time and space,
The puppet ship and iceberg met
True in the long appointed place.

A little crash that scarce was heard
Across the pulsing deep a mile,
A little cry, a frightened word,
And Fate put on an age-worn smile.

The stars looked down in cold content,
The waves rolled on their endless way,
And jaded Fate, her interest spent,
Began to plot another play.

There is a quaint and homely symbolism
in the next poem (from *The Vineyard*)
that would have delighted George Herbert,
and which delights us, somehow, even by a
certain clumsiness which it has and which
adds to its simplicity:

A CHILD'S FOOTPRINTS ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

By ANNA BUNSTON DE BARY.

What little feet they were,
How poorly shod,
That lately passed by this rough way
Toward the house of God!

Such little feet! and yet
The shoes so worn,
The nails uneven, blunt or lost,
The leather clouted, torn.

And here the child ran off;
What caught his eye?
Some gift of God, a daisy bud
Or dappled butterfly.

But see, he turned again
And ran apace—
O lovely feet in evil shoes!
To God's receiving place.

Ah little one! tho bare
Of earth's increase

Upon such ways ye shall not lack
The sandals of God's peace.

Here is a parable
I would not lose:
God made the feet, the living faith,—
Man made the creed, the shoes.

And prophets who would help
Poor souls to Heaven
Must use, to make and mend their creeds,
The best that can be given.

O tender feet of faith,
Too oft ill shod!
O wounded feet, turn not aside,
Press on to Home and God.

And, child, no need to knock;
The door stands wide.
Pass in with glory on your head
And leave the shoes outside.

We can't see why the wealthy magazines,
of large circulation and big reputation, can
not publish as good poems as are to be
found in magazines of small circulation
such as *The Forum* and *The Nautilus*; but
they seldom do so. One reason why, in the
case of *The Forum*, is that its editor is not
afraid to give a number of pages to a single
poem. The following stanzas are selected
by us from a poem that fills four of its
pages:

SECOND AVENUE.

BY ORRICK JOHNS.

In gutter and on sidewalk swells
The strange, the alien Disarray,
Flung from the Continental hells,
From Eastern dark to Western day.

They pass where once the armies passed
Who stained with splendid blood the land;
But bloody paths grow hard with years
And bloody fields grow rich and grand.

Are you, O motley multitude,
Descendants of the squandered dead,
Who honored courage more than creeds
And fought for better things than bread?

The eternal twilight of the street
Drives you to madness like a wine,
To bastioned gates with bleeding feet,
To walls that curse and locks that shine.

O vaulting walls that drive the wind
To feats of such fantastic fun,

You make men dull, you make men blind,
You mar the ritual of the sun;

The dramas of the dawn you mar,
The streaming tapestries of dusk—
For fruit of life the visions are
And things are but the fibred husk.

Lo, these who all unthinking strive
To ports they do not dimly guess—
Can any arts among them thrive?
Can they be bred to loveliness?

By strange design and veiled pretext
God's will upon the race is told,
For one year does not know the next,
And, youthful still, the world grows old.

And you who live from hour to hour
Know little of the mysteries,
Nor stand aghast before a flower,
Nor worship under wistful trees.

Yet maybe now there passes here
In reverential dream a boy
Whose voice shall rise another year
And rouse the sleeping lords of joy.

Beat on then, O ye human seas,
Beat on to destiny or doom:
The world shall hear your harmonies
And follow in your widening flume;

Beat on, ye thousand thousand feet,
Beat on through unreturning days;
Not mine to say whereto ye beat,
Not mine to scorn you or to praise;

The world has seen your shining bands
Thrown westward, binding sea to sea,
And heard your champing hammers drum
The music of your deity;

The world has seen your miracles
Of steel and steam and straining mass;
And yet shall see your fingers mold
A finer plaything ere you pass.

You, having brothers in all lands,
Shall teach to all lands brotherhood;
The harlot, toiling with her hands,
Shall lead the godly and the good.

And on some far-off silent day
A thinker gazing on a hill
Shall cast his staff and horn away
And answer to your clamoring will.

He shall bring back the faded bays,
The Muses to their ancient rule,
The temples to the market-place,
The genius nearer to the fool.

An Egyptian mummy is not a pretty thing to see, but it makes a powerful appeal to the imagination. In a volume of verse ("London Windows") just published we find the appeal put into excellent form:

FROM THE EGYPTIAN ROOM.

By ETHEL TALBOT.

A thousand years we feasted with the dead;
Night after night we saw the watch-fires lit
To cleave the dark with yellow flame and red—

And never a man of men had word of it. . . .

Man rives from us our silence and our sleep,
Man mocks our evil and our good denies:
We, in the somber treasure-house they keep,
Gaze on futility with amber eyes.

The little busy people that live now,
Their white arms have no strength, they are
not wise,
But the old hate is graven on their brow,
And the old passion riots in their eyes.

The eternal dream lives in their hearts again,
They cherish yet the old elusive bliss,
Through the sad streets, under the London
rain,
As once we dreamed in Heliopolis.

Mr. Underwood's second volume of verse, "Americans" (published by himself), is an interesting experiment. It contains one hundred poems—"poems of progress" he calls them—each having for its subject a particular type of American life, such as "The Old Grad," "The Commuter," "The Dancer," "The Chorus Girl," "The Judge," "The Surgeon," to name a few titles at random. All the poems are written with spirit, and the performance is far less uneven than one would expect. If the inspiration is often cudgeled into action, there are times when it moves spontaneously and freely, as in the following:

THE PAWN-BROKER.

By JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD.

This is the chapel of despair. And here her pilgrims lay
Gifts on my greasy altar and slowly creep away.
Here in my black confessional I mark with ear and eye
Their secret shames, their agonies. Pledges of days gone by

Out of their breasts like life-blood from their sick hearts they draw.

They shall strip off their wedding rings when hunger's iron law

Divorces them from happiness and love's last memory;

And tears their sacrament of loss confirm eternally.

These are life's failures, yours not mine, predestined of the past

And of to-day. I give them grace and strength. So some at last

Through the stern creed of sacrifice to foothold sure shall win.

I am the clerk that in my books records a city's sin,

The hand that sifts your dross to-day, the court of last resort

For starving spirits cast away, through good and ill report.

And shall not I do good by stealth who day by day must dole

Out of life's clinic drear the drug that saves or slays the soul?

Have you not made me what I am as you have fashioned them,

I who strip off the midnight's sham from morning's sordid hem?

I who the secrets of the heart, the dregs of life, reveal,

I who must see the slow tears start; have I no time to feel?

And yet my heart looks up and sings when some bold gambler flings

Upon my counter bare the pledge of life's diviner things.

I keep a starling in a cage, find heaven inside my cell,

See sunlight on life's darkest page its golden letters spell.

The London *Spectator* gives us the following. It is slight, but there is so much human nature in it:

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

By J. H. MACNAIR.

The baby takes to her bed at night
A one-eyed rabbit that once was white;
A watch that came from a cracker, I think;
And a lidless inkpot that never held ink.
And the secret is locked in her tiny breast
Of why she loves these and leaves the rest.

And I give a loving glance as I go
To three brass pots on a shelf in a row;
To my grandfather's grandfather's loving-cup
And a bandy-legged chair I once picked up.
And I can't, for the life of me, make you see
Why just these things are a part of me!

THE UNRULY SPRITE—"A PARTIAL FAIRY TALE"

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has been publishing in *Scribner's* a series of "Half-Told Tales." This is one of the series, and the descriptive term, "a partial fairy tale," is the author's own. It seems very charming to us; but it may seem dull to those who prefer to have all their love stories served with tobacco sauce.



HERE was once a man who was also a writer of books.

The merit of his books lies beyond the horizon of this tale. No doubt some of them were good, and some of them were bad, and some of them were merely popular. But he was all the time trying to make them better, for he was quite an honest man, and thankful that the world should give him a living for his writing. Moreover, he found great delight in the doing of it, which was something that did not enter into the world's account—a kind of daily Christmas present in addition to his wages.

But the interesting thing about the man was that he had a clan or train of little sprites attending him—small, delicate, aerial creatures, who came and went around him at their pleasure, and showed him wonderful things, and sang to him, and kept him from being discouraged, and often helped him with his work.

If you ask me what they were and where they came from, I must frankly tell you that I do not know. Neither did the man know. Neither does anybody else know.

But the man had sense enough to understand that they were real—just as real as any of the other mysterious things, like microbes, and polonium, and chemical affinities, and the northern lights, by which we are surrounded. Sometimes it seemed as if they were the children of the flowers that die in blooming; and sometimes as if they came in a flock with the birds from the south; and sometimes as if they rose one by one from the roots of the trees in the deep forest or from the waves of the sea when the moon lay upon them; and sometimes as if they appeared suddenly in the streets of the city after the people had passed by and the houses had gone to sleep. They were as light as thistle-down, as unsubstantial as mists upon the mountain, as wayward and flickering as will-o'-the-wisps. But

there was something immortal about them, and the man knew that the world would be nothing to him without their presence and comradeship.

Most of these attendant sprites were gentle and docile; but there was one who had a strain of wildness in him. In his hand he carried a bow, and at his shoulder a quiver of arrows, and he looked as if, some day or other, he might be up to mischief.

Now this man was much befriended by a certain lady, to whom he used to bring his stories in order that she might tell him whether they were good, or bad, or merely popular. But whatever she might think of the stories, always she liked the man, and of the airy fluttering sprites she grew so fond that it almost seemed as if they were her own children. This was not unnatural, for they were devoted to her; they turned the pages of her book when she read; they made her walks through the forest pleasant and friendly; they lit lanterns for her in the dark; they brought flowers to her and sang to her, as well as to the man. Of this he was glad, because of his great friendship for the lady and his desire to see her happy.

But one day she complained to him of the sprite who carried the bow. "He is behaving badly," said she; "he teases me."

"That surprises me," said the man, "and I am distressed to hear it; for at heart he is rather good, and to you he is deeply attached. But how does he tease you, dear lady? What does he do?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, "and that is what annoys me. The others are all busy with your affairs or mine. But this idle one follows me like my shadow, and looks at me all the time. It is not at all polite. I fear he has a vacant mind and has not been well brought up."

"That may easily be," said the man, "for he came to me very suddenly one day, and I have never inquired about his education."

"But you ought to do so," said she; "it is your duty to have him taught to know his place, and not to tease, and other useful lessons."

"You are always right," said the man, "and it shall be just as you say."

On the way home he talked seriously to the sprite, and told him how impolite he had been, and arranged a plan for his schooling in botany, diplomacy, music, psychology, deportment, and other useful studies.

The rest of the sprites came in to the schoolroom every day, to get some of the profitable lessons. They sat around quiet and orderly, so that it was quite like a kindergarten. But the principal pupil was restless and troublesome.

"You are never still," said the man; "you have an idle mind and wandering thoughts."

"No!" said the sprite, shaking his head. "It is true, my mind is not on my lessons. But my thoughts do not wander at all. They always follow yours."

Then the man stopped talking, and the other sprites laughed behind their hands. But the one who had been reprov'd went on drawing pictures in the back of his botany book. The face in the pictures was always the same, but none of them seemed to satisfy him, for he always rubbed them out and began over again.

After several weeks of hard work the master thought his pupil must have learned something, so he gave him a holiday, and asked him what he would like to do.

"Go with you," he answered, "when you take her your new stories."

So they went together, and the lady complimented the writer on his success as an educator.

"Your pupil does you credit," said she; "he talks very nicely about botany and deportment. But I am a little troubled to see him looking so pale. Perhaps you have been too severe with him. I must take him out in the garden with me every day to play a while."

"You have a kind heart," said the man, "and I hope he will appreciate it."

This agreeable and amicable life continued

for some weeks, and everybody was glad that affairs had arranged themselves. But one day the lady brought a new complaint.

"He is a strange little creature, and he has begun to annoy me in the most extraordinary way."

"That is bad," said the man. "What does he do now?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, "and that is just the trouble. When I want to talk about you, he refuses, and says he does not like you as much as he used to. When I propose to play a game, he says he is tired and would rather sit under a tree and hear stories. When I tell them he says they do not suit him, they all end happily, and that is stupid. He is very perverse. But he clings to me like a bur. He is always teasing me to tell him the name of every flower in my garden and give him one of every kind."

"Is he rude about it?"

"Not exactly rude, but he is all the more annoying because he is so polite, and I always feel that he wants something different."

"He must not do that," said the man. "He must learn to want what you wish."

"But how can he learn what I wish? I do not always know that myself."

"It may be difficult," said the man, "but all the same he must learn it for your sake. I will deal with him."

So he took the unruly sprite out into the desert and gave him a sound beating with thorn branches. The blood ran down the poor little creature's arms and legs, and the tears down the man's cheeks. But the only words that he said were: "You must learn to want what she wishes—do you hear?—you must want what she wishes." At last the sprite whimpered and said: "Yes, I hear; I will wish what she wants." Then the man stopped beating him, and went back to his house, and wrote a little story that was really good.

But the sprite lay on his face in the desert for a long time, sobbing as if his heart would break. Then he fell asleep and laughed in his dreams. When he awoke it was night and the moon was shining silver. He rubbed his

eyes and whispered to himself: "Now I must find out what she wants." With that he leaped up, and the moonbeams washed him white as he passed through them to the lady's house.

The next afternoon when the man came to read her the really good story she would not listen.

"No," she said, "I am very angry with you."

"Why?"

"You know well enough."

"Upon my honor, I do not."

"What?" cried the lady. "You profess ignorance, when he distinctly said—"

"Pardon," said the man; "but *who* said?"

"Your unruly sprite," she answered, indignant. "He came last night outside my window, which was wide open for the moon, and shot an arrow into my breast—a little baby arrow, but it hurt. And when I cried out for the pain, he climbed up to me and kissed the place, saying that would make it well. And he swore that you made him promise to come. If that is true, I will never speak to you again."

"Then, of course," said the man, "it is not true. And now what do you want me to do with this unruly sprite?"

"Get rid of him," said she, firmly.

"I will," replied the man, and he bowed over her hand and went away.

He stayed for a long time—nearly a week—and when he came back he brought several sad verses with him to read. "They are very dull," said the lady; "what is the matter with you?" He confessed that he did not know, and began to talk learnedly about the Greek and Persian poets, until the lady was consumed with a fever of dulness.

"You are simply impossible!" she cried. "I wonder at myself for having chosen such a friend!"

"I am sorry indeed," said the man.

"For what?"

"For having disappointed you as a friend, and also for having lost my dear unruly sprite who kept me from being dull."

"Lost him?" exclaimed the lady. "How?"

"By now," said the man, "he must be quite dead, for I tied him to a tree in the forest five days ago and left him to starve."

"You are a brute," said the lady, "and a very stupid man. Come, take me to the tree. At least we can bury the poor sprite, and then we shall part forever."

So he took her by the hand and guided her

through the woods, and they talked much of the sadness of parting forever.

When they came to the tree, there was the little sprite, with his wrists and ankles bound, lying upon the moss. His eyes were closed, and his body was white as a snow-drop. They knelt down, one on each side of him, and untied the cord. To their surprise his hands felt warm.

"I believe he is not quite dead," said the lady.

"Shall we try to bring him 'round?" asked the man.

And with that they fell to chafing his wrists and his palms. Presently he gave each of them a slight pressure of the fingers.

"Did you feel that?" cried she.

"Indeed I did," the man answered. "It shook me to the core. Would you like to take him on your lap so that I can chafe his feet?"

The lady nodded and took the soft little body on her knees and held it close to her, while the man kneeled before her rubbing the small, milk-white feet with strong and tender touches. Presently, as they were thus engaged, they heard the sprite faintly whispering, while one of his eyelids flickered:

"I think—if each of you—would kiss me—on opposite cheeks—at the same moment—those kind of movements would be sure to revive me."

The two friends looked at each other, and the man spoke first.

"He talks ungrammatically, and I think he is an incorrigible little savage, but I love him. Shall we try his idea?"

"If you love him," said the lady, "I am willing to try, provided you shut your eyes."

So they both shut their eyes and tried.

But just at that moment the unruly sprite slipped down, and put his hands behind their heads, and the two mouths that sought his cheeks met lip to lip in a kiss so warm, so long, so sweet that everything else was forgotten.

Now you can easily see that as the persons who had this strange experience were the ones who told me the tale, their forgetfulness at this point leaves it of necessity half-told. But I know from other sources that the man who was also a writer went on making books, and the lady always told him truly whether they were good, or bad, or merely popular. But what the unruly sprite is doing now nobody knows.

The Humor of Life

The other day we were asked by the kind of person you would expect to propound such a question, "Why is an Irishman?" We did not stop to hear his answer, but the question put us to thinking. Just why is an Irishman? During the next six months a large per cent. of the inhabitants of the United States might answer, "For political reasons, of course!" Six months ago, when one of our theaters afforded twice the amusement it advertized, the quieter portion of the audience therein assembled might have answered: "To interpret the 'Celtic Movement.'"

In seeking the humor of life, the Irishman's highest reason for being is the laughter he makes. Laughter that is oftener with him than against him.

Here are some words concerning the Hibernian spoken by a New England preacher, Nathaniel Ward, in the sober year of sixteen hundred,—a spark of humor struck from flint. "These Irish, anciently called 'Anthrophophagi,' man-eaters, have a tradition among them that when the devil showed Our Savior all the kingdoms of the earth and their glory, he would not show him Ireland, but reserved it for himself; it is probably true, for he hath kept it ever since for his own peculiar."

If given a chance, the Irishman can always answer for himself. This, from the *Ladies' Home Journal*, shows Pat with a working knowledge of mathematics:

SUBTRACTION.

Among the members of a working gang on a certain railroad was an Irishman who claimed to be very good at figures. The boss, thinking that he would get ahead of Pat, said: "Say, Pat, how many shirts can you get out of a yard?"

"That depends," answered Pat, "on whose yard you get into."

In these days when the fashion seems to be to call a spade a spade, or worse, we turn with pleasure to this tale of the tactful Frenchman as told in the *Argosy*:

FRENCH GALLANTRY.

The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and, after a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

After reading the following, from the *Argonaut*, one appreciates the wisdom of Shakespeare and others in preparing their own epitaphs:

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

A man wished to have something original on his wife's headstone and hit upon, "Lord, she was Thine." He had his own ideas of the size of the letters and the space between words, and gave instructions to the stonemason. The latter carried them out all right, except that he could not get in the "e" in Thine.

Real appreciation is often misunderstood as is exemplified by the following from *Judge*:

HISSING THE PERFORMERS.

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m-man alive, I w-was-n't h-hissing! I w-was s-s-implly s-s-s-saying to S-s-s-sammie that the s-s-s-singing is s-s-s-superb."

From the *San Francisco Star* comes this story of matrimonial felicity:

HIS MASTER'S WORDS, IF NOT THE VOICE.

WEARIED CLERK (at telephone): Hello, dear. I won't get home until about 10:30. Don't sit up for me, but tumble right into bed.

VOICE OVER TELEPHONE: You impudent wretch,



"You say you were in one place for ten years. Why did you leave?"

"I was pardoned by the gov'nor, mum."

—Judge



JUST SUPPOSING

There was no such thing as wrapping-paper.
—*Harper's Magazine*

just tell me who you are and I will have my husband beat you within an inch of your life.

WEARIED CLERK: I—er—beg pardon. Guess I have the wrong number. Your language is similar to that of my wife, but your voice is different.

This old darkey gives one reason for the saying that every good American wants to go to Paris when he dies. The story is from *Lippincott's*:

INTERESTING IF TRUE.

When Mr. Levy bought "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, he fell heir to one of the old family servants. After the new master returned from abroad, extensive improvements were made in the grounds, and this old darkey had occasion one day to show some visitors about the garden. Calling their attention with some pride and more embarrassment to the nude statues of Venus and Ceres, he said, "Them ladies is Mis' Venus an' her—her daughter. Mr. Levy knowed 'em in Paris."

The old Yankee spirit of Sam Slick is still alive in New England—the spirit that resents all assumption of superiority because of artificial distinctions. The *Argonaut* gives us this:

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

When in England, Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, had luncheon with a prominent Englishman noted for boasting of his ancestry. Taking a coin from his pocket, the Englishman said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling." "Indeed!" replied the governor, smiling, as he produced another coin. "What a coincidence! My great-great-grandfather was made an

angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

In behalf of the husband in the following tale (from *Lippincott's*) we cautiously suggest that some women never are happy unless they are miserable, and so his complaint might be defended if one only had courage enough to try:

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

In Concord, New Hampshire, they tell of an old chap who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following:

"Look here, Sarah: mustard-plasters, fifty cents; three teeth extracted, two dollars! There's two dollars and a half in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?"

The superior intellectuality of women is proved by the superhuman ingenuity of mothers in finding perfectly good reasons for the conduct of their offspring under all circumstances. Which is thus illustrated by the *San Francisco Star*:

OF COURSE HE WAS.

MOTHER: Why did ye strike my child for naething?

TEACHER: I struck him because he wouldn't tell me where the River Thames was. He only stood and looked at me.

MOTHER: He wad be dumbfounded at yer ignorance, likely.

The contemplation of eternity is a dizzy exercise; to illustrate it is nearly impossible we would say wholly so were it not for the colored preacher quoted in *Everybody's*:

AND THEN SOME!

In order to impress upon his congregation the length of eternity, a colored preacher used the following illustration:

"If a sparrow, breddern, should take a drop of water from the Atlantic Ocean at Coney Island, and with this drop of water in its beak should hop a hop a day until it reached the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco, and when it got there should let the drop fall into the Pacific, and when this was done should turn around and hop a hop a day all the way back to Coney Island and get another drop and do the same thing over, and keep on doing this very same thing until it had carried the whole Atlantic Ocean over into the Pacific, it would then only be early morning in eternity."

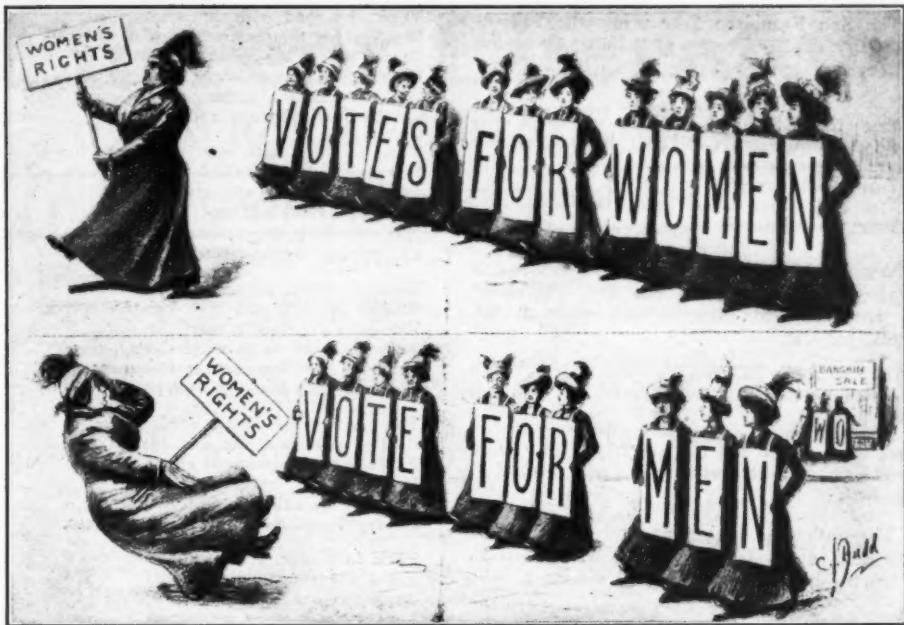
We are wondering how the place from which this man came remained a village *Judge* prints the story:

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

It was at a ten and fifteen-cent vaudeville ticket window. A country villager approached

"Ten or fifteen?" asked the ticket seller.

"Jist one," said the villager. "I hain't got the fam'ly along."



AN UNEXPECTED EFFECT

—Woman's Home Companion

We are all being educated to appreciate the expressiveness of American slang. Perhaps even Miss Edna Ferber may learn something from the following, taken from *Satire*:

ANOTHER REFORMER.

"Yes, I've cut out the slang stuff," Nell was telling her latest "gentleman friend." "Gee, but my talk was gettin' fierce! I'd worked up a line o' fable-material that had George Ade backed off the map and gaspin' for wind, but I've ditched all that now. I seen it was up to me to switch onto another track. Jammed on my emergency brakes one day and says to myself, 'You mutt, where you think you'll wind up if you don't slough this rough guff you're shovin' across on your unprotected friends? You never will land a Johnny-boy that's got enough gray matter in his cupola to want a real, bang-up flossy lady for his kiddo instead of a skirt that palavers like a brainstorm with a busted steerin'-gear.' Any girl can talk like a lady, even if she never gets closer to one than to stretch her neck when some swell dame buzzes past in her gas-wagon. I says to yours truly, 'It's time to reformat your grammar, little sister,' and you betcher sweet life I've cut the mustard."

The *Argonaut* tells of a preacher with a far-reaching sort of religion:

NEEDED WATCHING.

At a ball in the Balkans a guest complained to the host, a divine, that another guest, a judge, had stolen his watch.

"Which judge was it?" the divine asked, frowning.

The guest pointed out a distinguished-looking jurist with gray hair, and, an hour or so later, the divine returned his watch to him. Thrusting it back into his pocket with a contented sigh, the guest asked: "And what did the judge have to say for himself?"

"Ssh!" said the divine. "He doesn't know I've got it back yet."

Mr. Bernard Shaw might find the following story from the *Saturday Evening Post* an addition to the appendix of Man and Superman, as an illustration of his accusations against child-spankers.

HARDLY HIS FAULT.

A Southern woman who moved to the City of Mexico, where her husband was a railroad official, had three exceedingly wide-awake and lively small sons. Parental correction was frequently needed to keep them in bounds, and it was the habit of the mother to punish first and inquire afterward, she feeling that she could not go amiss.

One day, soon after her arrival in her new home, hearing a rumble and a crash in the next room, she jumped up and ran in to see what damage had been done. A handsome vase lay on the floor in fragments and by it stood one of her sons with a startled look on his face.

Without asking any questions, the lady laid him across her knee and started operations. At that moment other ornaments began to tumble off the mantel and a couple of pictures dropped off the wall. So she stopped spanking.

She felt that it would be unfair to hold her son at fault for an earthquake!

The San Francisco *Star* prints the following story, and, of course, attributes it to the patient and long-suffering Smith family:

EITHER WAY.

TIM: Sarer Smith (you know 'er—Bill's mis-sus), she throwed herself horf the end uv the wharf larst night.

TOM: Poor Sarer!

TIM: An' a cop fished 'er out again.

TOM: Poor Bill!

Why was this beggar (in N. Y. *World*) a beggar, since jokes like this are marketable at from one to three dollars each in the comic papers?

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ONE AND TWO.

MILLIONAIRE (to a beggar): Be off with you this minute?

BEGGAR: Look 'ere, mister; the only difference between you and me is that you are makin' your second million, while I am still workin' at my first.

The following makes a good story and if the hero did not say it he probably felt it. *The Argonaut* says that he did say it:

WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

A Southerner, with his intense love for his own district, attended a banquet. The next day a friend asked him who was present. With a reminiscent smile he replied: "An elegant gentleman from Virginia, a gentleman from Kentucky, a man from Ohio, a bounder from Chicago, a fellow from New York, and a galoot from Maine."

Now at last the poets are getting their bearings and learning what to write about. Edmund Vance Cooke is responsible for the wonderful rhymes that follow. They are taken from a little book, "Baseballogy," written by him and published by Forbes & Co., Chicago. It is full of "good stuff" similar to this:

THE IMMORTAL NINE.

Thou who stand'st behind the plate
As the globules deviate,
With thy hands outstretched to show
Whither should the next one go,
Hail, all hail, the stony-wallness
Of thy reaching wide-and-tallness.

Thou who fling'st the twirling twist,
Steel of arm and wire of wrist,
With thine eye alert to know
Every weakness of the foe,
Hail, all hail, the deep astuteness
Of thy out-drop and in-shootness.

Thou who stand'st at first to nip
Runners in their early trip,
Thou with hand which seems a ham,
Yet as nipping as the clam,
Hail, all hail, thy deft alertness,
High up-reach and scoop-up-dirtiness.

Thou of second with thy squat
Waiting for thou scarce know'st what;—
Throw of catcher, hissing grounder,
Texas-leaguer, awkward bounder,
Hail, all hail, the versatility
Of thy limber-legged agility.

Thou at third with one eye front
For the foul-intentioned bunt,
Swift and certain as a gunner
As thou nailest ball and runner,
Hail, all hail, thy timeless-lossness
Catapulting throw-acrossness.

Thou of short, whose spread is wide,
Elbows crooked and both hands thighed,
Eager on thy toes to start,
Backward run or forward dart,
Hail, all hail, the running stoopness
Stop-and-snap-it-at-one-swoopness.

Thou out in the dexter garden,
As thy muscles strain and harden,
Swift of act and sure of clinch
Needful in the hasty pinch,
Hail, all hail, the bound-to-winness
Of thy long and strong throw-in-ness.

Thou in center, fever-footed,
Yet a moment standing rooted
At the bat-crack, then upspringing
Like a hawk away a-winging,
Hail, all hail, thy glad get-over
Hasty rods of grass and clover.

Thou in left whose eye is scorched
By the constant sunbeam torched,
Glove upshaded from the habit,
Yet as swift as any rabbit,
Hail, all hail, thy foul-and-flyness
Judgment of the dizzy highness.

Hail, ye Nine, ye modern muses,
Hail your hidden, slidden bruises;
Hail each memory which lingers
Round your blunt and skew-skawed fingers;
Hail each face, by this afflatus,
Hail its hue of ripe tomatoes!

The game of golf, as every humorist knows, is conducive to profanity. It is also a terrible strain on veracity, every man being his own umpire. This man, in *Saturday Evening Post*, we fear succumbed:

LINKS WITH GOOD ACOUSTICS.

Four men were playing golf on a course where the hazard on the ninth hole was a deep ravine.

They drove off. Three went into the ravine and one managed to get his ball over. The three who had dropped into the ravine walked up to have a look. Two of them decided not to try to play their balls out and gave up the hole. The third said he would go down and play out his ball. He disappeared into the deep crevasse. Presently his ball came bobbing out and after a time he climbed up.

"How many strokes?" asked one of his opponents.

"Three."

"But I heard six."

"Three of them were echoes!"